MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

SUMMER FASHION SPECIAL—

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— BLACK EYES OPTIONAL

25 THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT the WAR in COLOMBIA • VALENTINE KILLERS • CRIPPLE BASTARDS • LORD HIGH FIXERS • FEDERATION X • AMBITION MISSION • NOSEDIVE 'ZINE

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 143, 145-146, 148, 150-151, 155-163, 165-166, 168-203 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–**NO LATER!!!**
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

AD SIZES AND RATES:
1/6 page: (2 1/2" x 5") $25
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AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands.

CLASSIFIEDS: 40 words cost $3/60 words max for $4. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Jeff Heerman

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within U.S., we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Must order five or more of the same issue. Need street address (not PO Box) to UPS to.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (415) 642-6800 or fax (415) 642-6810. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Rotz, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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Fax (415) 923-9617
Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10 — For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

GOOD CLEAN FUN-On the Streets-CD	OUTO-LP
DEATHREAT-Severing-LP	A.V.O.-Fuck Positive Hardcore-LP
RAW NOISE-Stench of Death-10"	VOORHEES-Bookburner-EP
CATTLE DECAPITATION-Homovore-LP	CODE 13-Discography-CD
DAYBREAK/ULTIMATE WARRIORS-EP	DS-13/CODE 13-split-EP

JEFF HEERMANN

COME-ONS-Whatcha Got-45	HORRORS-LP
LE SHOK-We Are Electrocution-LP	LAUNDERETTES-Rebel Love-EP
VALENTINE KILLERS-LP	TESTORS-New York Punk Rock-LP
DEFEX-Beyond Machine Gun Love-LP	THE STATIC-Stab at the Night-EP
SELLOUTS-You Leave Me Cold-EP	TAXI-Eat Me-45

TOM HOPKINS

INSULT TO INJURY-LP/DEFIANCE-LP	DIG DUG/SORE LOSER-EP
LE SHOK-EP & LP/TREADWELL-6"	NMDS-EP/ARGUE DAMNATION-LP
JAM SESSION/SWITCHBLADE-split-EP	YOUTH STRIKE CHORD-EP
ORCHID/RED SCARE-EP/URCHIN-LP	DS-13/CODE 13-EP/VOORHEES-EP
CIGARETTEMAN-EP/SORE LOSER-EP	GREAT DECEIVER-10"/SANDIEST-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

BLACKS-Shattered-45/HORRORS-LP	BUDGET GIRLS-Miso Hornie-EP
UPHOLSTERERS-Makers of High-EP	SELLOUTS-You Leave Me Cold-EP
FITTS-I Can't Break Away-EP	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Black Godfather-LP
PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS-LP	VALENTINE KILLERS-LP
A.P.P.L.E.-All Punks Please Leave-LP	FEATURES-Floozie-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

LE SHOK-We Are Electrocution-LP & EP	TESTORS-New York Punk Rock-LP
VALENTINE KILLERS-LP/HORRORS-LP	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Black Godfather-LP
COME-ONS-Whatcha Got-45	DICK B. HARDY-I Whistle-CD
THE TROTS-Walk the Plank-45	SELLOUTS-You Leave Me Cold-EP
FEATURES-Floozie-LP/DOGS-Teen-LP	KRIMINELLA GITARRER-LP

RAY LUJAN

LEATHERFACE-Horsebox-CD	HISSYFITS-Wish-CD & live
BUSHMEN-CD/LAUNDERETTES-EP	CIGARETTEMAN-EP/NUGGETS-EP
DILLINGER 4/PINHEAD GUNPOWDER-EP	BUDGET GIRLS-Miso Hornie-EP
TENPIN-EP/SORE LOSER/DIG DUG-EP	KOWALSKIS-All Hopped Up-CD
THOSE UNKNOWN-Malice-CD	PUFFBALL-Leadfoot Ninja-EP

TIMOJHEN MARK

CATTLE DECAPITATION-Homovore-LP	CODE 13-Discography-CD
D.D.I./STALKER-split-CD	DEATHREAT-Severing-LP
DS-13/CODE 13-split-EP	MALEFACTION-Defining Moment-EP
OUTO-LP	V/A-Progress for Annihilation-EP
DAYBREAK/ULTIMATE WARRIORS-EP	AMULET-Burning Sphere-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

BANGS-LP/PINHEAD GUNPOWDER-EP	URCHIN-LP/RED SCARE/ORCHID-EP
TREADWELL-Pour-6"/STELLINA-EP	ELEVENTH SYMPHONY-Stimulate-EP
MAN IN THE SHADOW-Pax Americana-EP	ASTRID OTO-EP/SORE LOSER-EP
ABE FROMAN-Baltimore is Scum-EP	CIGARETTEMAN-EP/DEATHREAT-LP
JAM SESSION/SWITCHBLADE-split-EP	JUGGLING JUGULARS-Skeletons-EP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

DEFIANCE-LP	THE WRETCHED ONES-All-LPs
THE BODIES-Fire-Power-12"	SMOGTOWN/BODIES-live
TRUST FUND BABIES/DISEASES-live	CONFESSIONS-EP/TRENDS-live
STOSSTRUP-Wie Lang Noch-LP	TESTORS-New York Punk Rock-LP
ANDRE WILLIAMS-Black Godfather-LP	STARVATIONS-Church-EP

ARWEN CURRY

STELLINA-EP/ASTRID OTO-EP	SELLOUTS-EP/TROTS-Plank-EP
DS-13/CODE 13-split-EP/TESTORS-10"	KRIMINELLA GITARRER-Studio-LP
YOUTH STRIKE CHORD-None For All-EP	FEATURES-LP/ABE FROMAN-EP
COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION/THEY LIVE-EP	NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD-EP
DILLINGER 4/PINHEAD GUNPOWDER-EP	INSULT TO INJURY-LP/TREADWELL-6"

SEAN SULLIVAN

INSULT TO INJURY-LP/MINIWATT-EP	DEATHREAT-LP/STELLINA-EP
CATTLE DECAPITATION-LP/AMULET-LP	VOORHEES-EP/DS-13/CODE 13-split-EP
RED SCARE/ORCHID-split-EP	TREADWELL-6"/LE SHOK-Whips-EP
YOUTH STRIKE CHORD-None For All-EP	STATIC-EP/BLACKS-Shattered-EP
PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS-LP & 45	BORN UNDER SATURN/SHORD-split-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

TERMINUS CITY-Justice CD, Castle EP	COCK SPARRER / THE CRACK-LIVE
WRETCHED ONES- 3x LPs / NABAT- LP	RANDUMBS-CD/PANDEMONIUM-LP
THOSE UNKNOWN- Malice/Misfortune CD	STOSSTRUPP-LP/ CHAOS Z-EP
RABBLE ROUSERS-Street Justice-CD	LAGER LADS-CD / IRON CROSS- LP
DIE ALLIERTEN-LP/ CANAL TERROR- LP	V/A - BREWED IN CANADA-CD

MAX WARD

YOUTH STRIKE CHORD-EP	ARGUE DAMNATION-Direct Action-LP
DAYBREAK/ULTIMATE WARRIORS-EP	V/A-Outo Maa-flexi
AMULET-Burning Sphere-LP	DESPITE-Destroyers-LP
VOORHEES-Bookburner-EP	V/A-Progress for Annihilation-EP
LIMPWRIST/NO JUSTICE/LIFE'S HALT...	THE REAL ENEMY-live at Chicago Fest

RYAN WELLS

STENCH BAND-Pray for the Fred-LP	FEATURES-Floozie-LP
LE SHOK-We Are Electrocution-LP	UPHOLSTERERS-Makers of High-EP
TAXI-Eat Me-45	ROTTERS-Pull it and Yell-LP
VIBRATORS-BBC Sessions-CD	PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS-LP & 45
KRIMINELLA GITARRER-Studio-LP	FITTS-I Can't Break Away-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

HELLBENDERS-Pop Rock Suicide-LP	THE BLACKS-Shattered-EP
SIN CITY SIX-45/SEWERGROOVES-EP	AUTOMATICS/MOTIVS-split-7"
THE LAUNDERETTES-Rebel Love-EP	PUFFBALL-Leadfoot Ninja-EP
DAYLIGHT LOVERS-One Man Gang-EP	THE TROTS-Walk the Plank-45
VALENTINE KILLERS-LP	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Black Godfather-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Doris #15	(em) Zine #14
No Longer Blind #0	East Village Inky #7
Standing #3	Turning the Tide vol.13 #1
Cometbus #46	Motion Sickness #9
Noods #5	Open Up and Bleed #7

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#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music, Defiance, Real MacKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp,

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

#205/June 2000. "Punks with Kids," Coalition Records, the Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, "ASCGB—Third World War."

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Fed X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things About the War in Colombia."

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested.

SIX WEEKS RECORDS

***PLUTOCRACY "Sniping Pigs" LP/CD**
West Bay grind killing spree...

***DESPITE "The Destroyers Will Be Destroyed" LP/CD**
Rapidfire Midwest downtuned bombraid! Ex-members of URBN DK and 10-96.

***THE NEIGHBORS "The More Money One Has the More Important is One's Life" CD**
Classic, snotty fast hardcore from San Diego. Re-released on Six Weeks!

***VIOLENT HEADACHE "Bombs of Crust" LP/CD**
Furious political hardcore from Spain. CD has unreleased Fase Terminal LP from 1995.

***WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? "Brutiful Fearing" 6"**
SF hardcore attack! Didn't get an insert? Send a stamp!

***RUIDO 7"**
Ripping L.A. thrash.

***INTENSITY "The Virtue of Progress" 7"**
Raging, fast, and heavy posi-core from Sweden.

***BOILING MAN "Roadkill Museum" 7"**
Crunching early 80's hardcore punk like if The Pist met Filth.

***VOORHEES "13" 12"/CD**
Thirteen new tracks from U.K. thrashers.

***FORCA MACABRA/ARMAGEDOM split LP/CD**
Brazil legends vs. Finnish hardcore freaks. All new tracks!

***CAPITALIST CASUALTIES "Subdivisions in Ruins" LP/CD**
West Coast hardcore.

***JAPAN IN DECLINE compilation LP/CD**
Slang, Fuck On The Beach, Shikabane, 324, Smash Your Face, Curtainrail, plus 13 more! LP has bonus tracks.

PRICES PPD: LPs are $8 No. America/$13 Europe/$16 Japan and Australia
CDs are $10 No. America/$12 Europe/$14 Japan and Australia
6" is $4 No. America/$6 Europe/$8 Japan and Australia
7" /flexi is $3 No. America/$5 Europe/$7 Japan and Australia

Please make checks & money orders out to "Six Weeks Records."
Still available for mailorder only: Nailed Down "Honour and Glory" flexi, Europe In Decline 12" comp., and MRTVA BUDOUCNOST/LEFT IN RUINS split 12" (repressed).
Six Weeks: 225 Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931 U.$.A.

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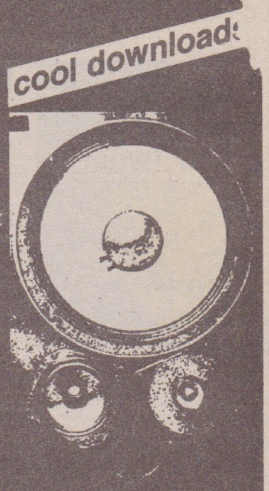

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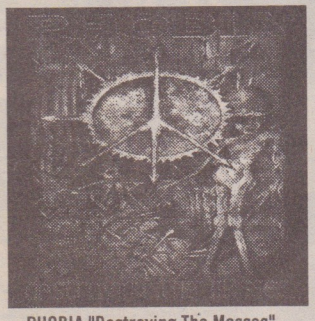

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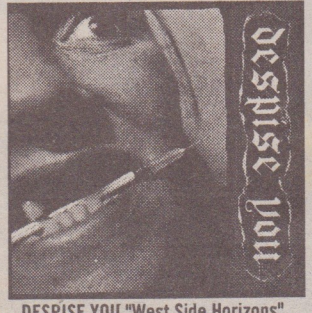

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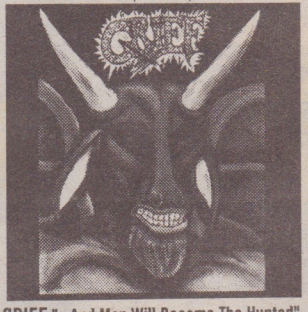

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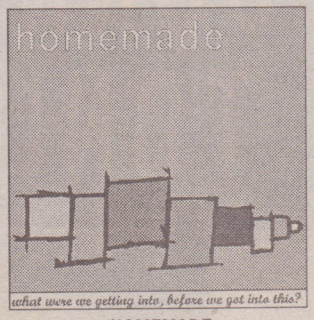

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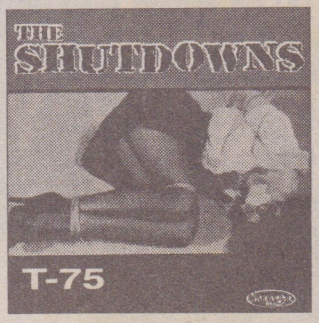

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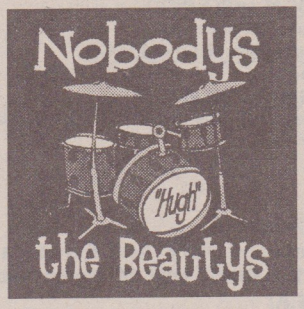

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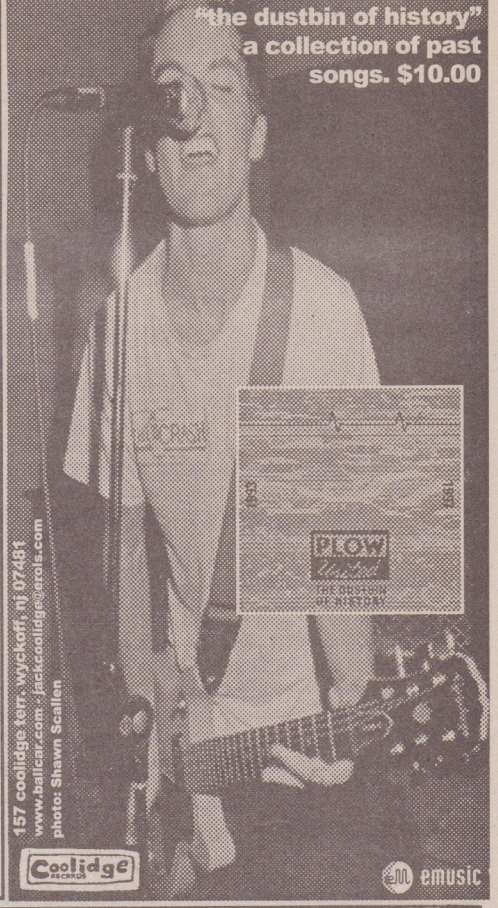

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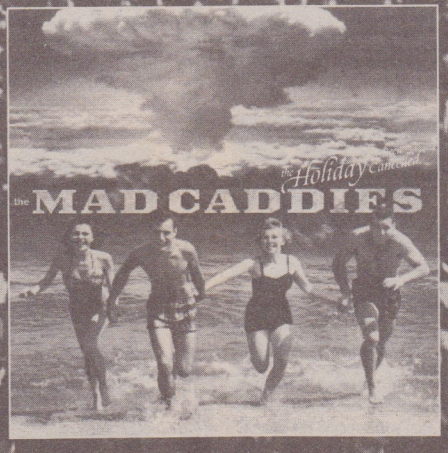

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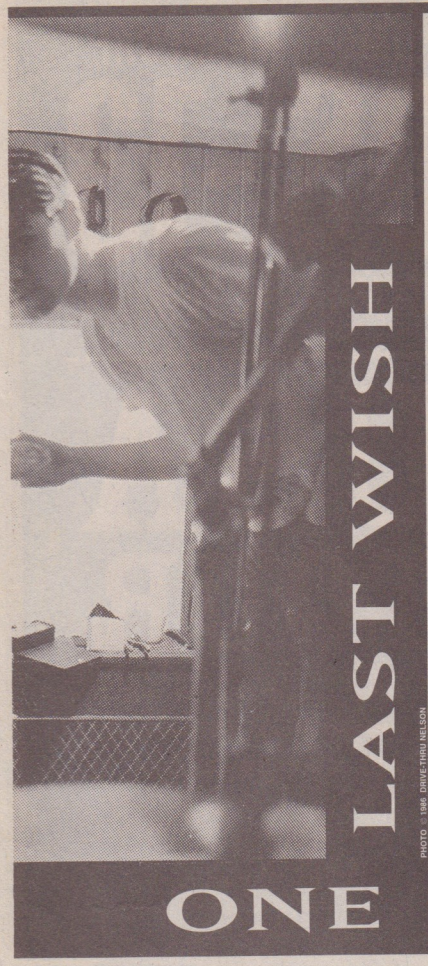

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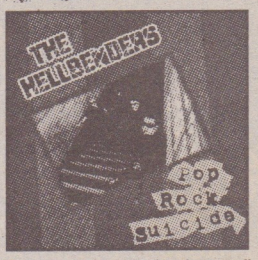
The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD



-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They're not playing the Sunset strip or waiting to get that big call from Capitol. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Yep, they're lighting up the underbelly of LA, and you can be guaranteed your town is soon to follow

The Hellbenders: Pop Rock Suicide US Tour 2000

APRIL

WED. 12 KINGMAN, AZ — THUR. 13 AUSTIN, TX
FRI. 14 DALLAS, TX — SAT. 15 NEW ORLEANS, LA
SUN. 16 OFF — MON. 17 VIRGINIA BEACH
TUES. 18 OFF — WED. 19 WASHINGTON DC
THUR. 20 VIRGINIA BEACH, VA
FRI. 21 PHILADELPHIA, PA — SAT. 22 NJ
SUN. 23 NYC, NY

-For more info on these shows e-mail us at: DeadBeatrx@aol.com

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THUR. 27 DETROIT, MI — FRI. 28 CHICAGO, IL
SAT. 29 GREEN BAY, WI — SUN. 30 DES MOINE, IA

MAY

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FRI. 5 SPOKANE, WA — SAT. 6 SEATTLE, WA
SUN. 7 PORTLAND, OR — MON. 8 OFF
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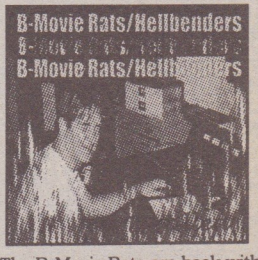
THUR. 11 SAN FRANCISCO, CA



Still available: B-Movie Rats & Hellbenders- Distilled split LP/CD

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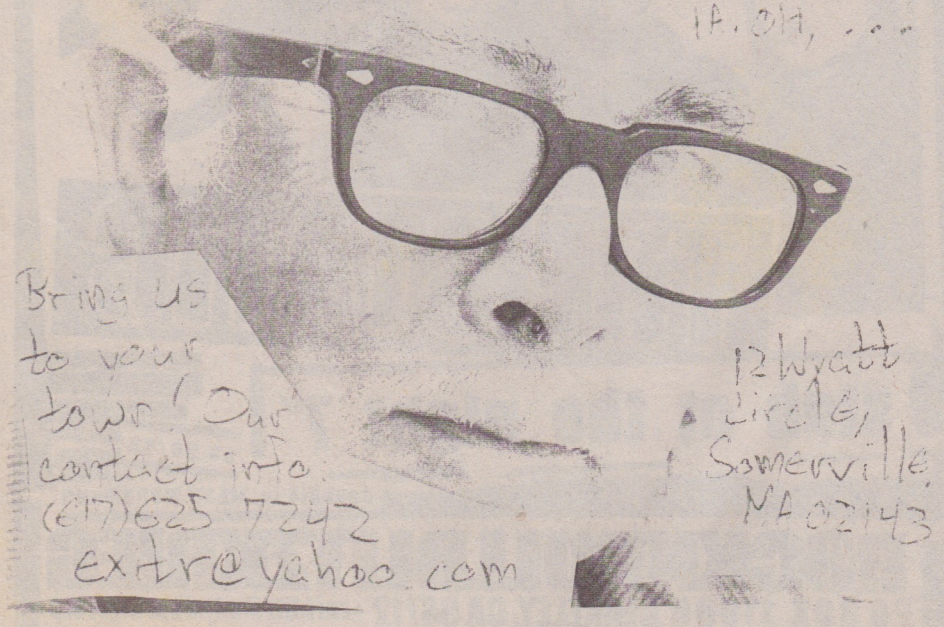

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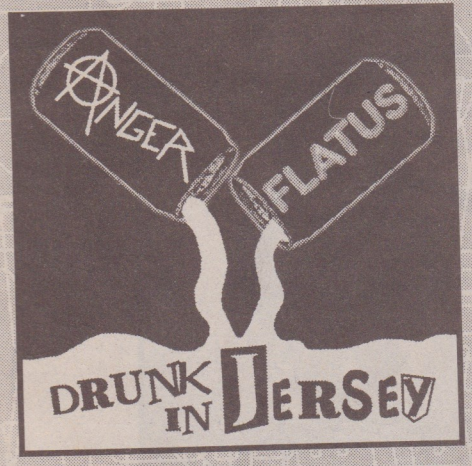

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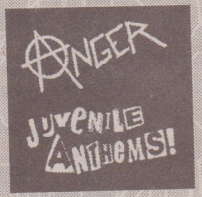

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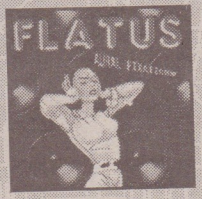

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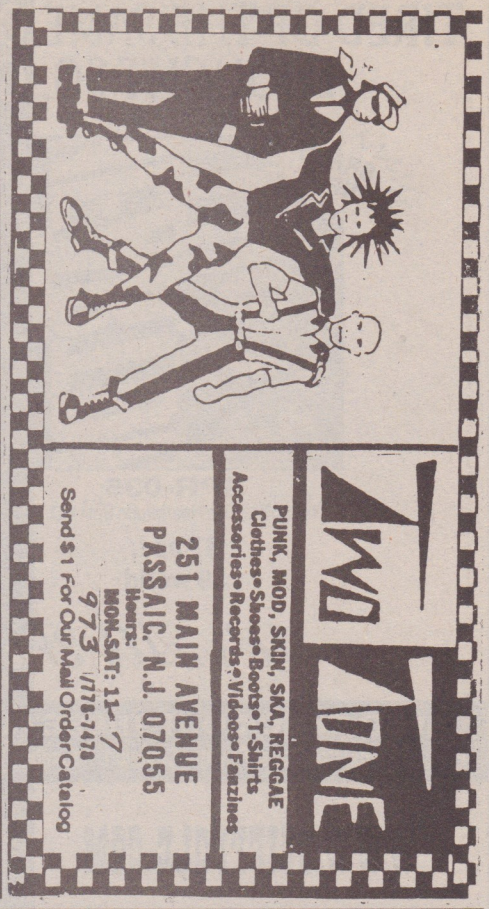

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Letters

Hi everyone. I'm writing in *MRR* to tell everyone about the problems I'm going through with my band. My name is James Kolodziej and I'm in a band called The Beer Boys. I'm the singer in the band. My best friend plays the guitar in the band. We got together in the summer of '97, and we've been going through hell. We went through around ten drummers and we are sick and tired of playing with undedicated people. But Garrett and I won't give up.

We haven't played any shows yet. We did record, though, but didn't finish the album because the band broke up after we got out of the studio. Plus, we ran out of money. We are from northwest Indiana. There is no scene out here anymore. So we want to get out of this area. This area is going through trends like crazy; all the bands here try to be like Korn. I hate Adidas rock. I guess the proper terminology for the music is "pimpcore," and on top of Adidas rock there is cock rock. The '80s are over. So everything dealing with music around here sucks.

Oh, before I go on, there is a lot of racism around here. I know there is racism everywhere but this area is full of racists. The KKK came out to Crown Point during the summer to try to recruit people. There were a lot of protests going on that day, but I couldn't go because I had to work. I really wanted to go to that. I have to get out of this redneck area. I want to get on the road with the band and we need someone that is dedicated and wants the same thing that we want. We also want a good friend out of this. I am just sick and tired of all this crap!

We are anti-government, anti-racist, and anti-a lot of other things. Our influences are Aus-Rotten, Anti-Flag, The Casualties, Black Flag, Crass, Conflict, and many other bands that have anti-government roots. All we want is to get our message out. We want to be heard. We want to get signed on an independent label and go on tour. I have a copy of a rough mix of our recording. We want everyone to hear us. Well for more info, send us a letter.
James Kolodziej/ 5436 Wegg Ave./ East Chicago, IN 463 12

Hey guys,
I'm Trey from Murder & Mayhem Records. Thanks for giving The Dirty Politicians *New Age* EP such a great review in the May 2000 issue. The only problem is, you put in the wrong address. The right address is: Murder & Mayhem Records/ 1500 Miriam Ave./ Garner, NC 27529. Please publish this letter as soon as possible so all the punks have the right address. We are also on the web at www.murder-and-mayhem.com. Cheers,
Trey/ Murder & Mayhem Records

To *MaximumRocknRoll*:
I am trying to not to write a trite letter about how disappointed I am with the punk scene in San Francisco; n o r am I going to talk about my disillusions of how I thought the scene would be politically correct. But I am shocked and pissed off at some of the shit that happens that no one gets angry about. For example, a couple of weeks ago I was in Howling Bull with a couple of my friends when I walked over to the zines and opened *Probe* issue # 6. I had never read *Probe* before but I wanted to read an article on Mission Records. There before my eyes lay pictures of naked women sprawled out on counter tops, buying records, and in shopping carts. They looked like carefully placed props in the pictures. As pissed off and surprised as I was about these pictures, I still felt I should ask Adam and Chris who run Mission Records about the pictures. I wanted to get their point of view. Therefore I went that night after a show and asked them. I presented my case, which was that I felt that the pictures were sexist; also I had thought that Mission Records was a D.I.Y punk club. Punk ideals to me stray from the mainstream attitudes about traditional beliefs of race, gender, and religion. What's more mainstream then sexism? I conceded that Mission Records was their store and they could do whatever they wanted. I was then told by both Adam and Chris that I should have read the article because it would explain why their girlfriends were naked. (Which I later did and the article said nothing to explain the pictures.) I was also told that the women in the pictures did not even look good and one of them even looked fat. They then gave me the information that the women volunteered to be in the photos. (Which I already knew they had not been forced at gunpoint or anything.) Lastly I was told that "I could find another place to go to shows."

Of all the people who go to Mission Records and fight and do drugs they are still allowed to go back and see shows. However I get banned for my ideals. So remember the next time when going to Mission Records please check your ideas at the door. What I do not understand is, why I was the only person who brought this up to them? Why was I the only one who was outraged? If it was pictures glorifying the KKK everyone would be all an over their case, but sexism is an easy thing to accept. It is as mainstream and socially acceptable as you can get and should not be accepted in the punk scene. If anything the word should get out to p.c. bands who obviously do not read *Probe* so that they do not play in a place that is so against their ideals.

It is very frustrating to see the women's rights movement still repressed in the punk scene. In a country where women still earn 70 cents of a man's dollar. Women should not be used as props for an article but should be valued for their opinions and thoughts instead of their bodies. Basically I implore people the next time you want to see a band playing at Missions Records would not you rather give your $5 to a place that respects everyone the same and allows people to express opinions that might be different from theirs?
Faith McGee

PS Support Free Radical to get a DIY venue in the city.

Faith,

Is your position that photos of naked women are inherently sexist? Of course a lot of people would disagree, including (hopefully) all the women naked in the Probe. *Women (and all people) can be valued for their opinions and thoughts as well as for getting naked. Most people do like to look at other naked people, and plenty of people like to be looked at. I can understand that there is a lot of trashy, demeaning pornography in this country, but thankfully not every sexy or appealing picture is demeaning or trashy.*

The women in question volunteered to be photographed. Shouldn't you be calling them out? If I accepted your position, I would have to assume that they were naivé and manipulated by the system into being tools of their own oppression, or maybe just stoked on sexism. Personally, I would give them the benefit of the doubt, and assume they knew what they were doing and reached different conclusions than you.

Being told that if you don't like Mission Records you can go elsewhere is not "being banned for [your] ideals," it's just common sense. See you at the potluck, Jeff M.

What Jeff means with the potluck comment is that benefit shows/ fundraising bake sales, etc. for the Free Radical organization are often

held at Mission Records, which is essentially the only diy-friendly punk "venue" in town. Arwen

What's up *P*?

I'm writing to you from the Wyoming State Penitentiary, where my friend and I have been incarcerated for the last three years for possession of marijuana. But why I'm writing is to tell about the disease my friend, Kevin, has become inflicted with. But first, how we ended up in this mess.

Kevin and I have been friends for almost ten years and have been through just about everything together. We discovered punk rock together and began our journey down the political pathway that punk rock inevitably leads to. We were becoming aware of a whole spectrum of problems that we were indifferent to, or more accurately, ignorant of. Racism was one of these problems. It became apparent that the issue of racism was one of the most oppressive, suffocating, traditional attitudes prevalent in our culture. Especially in prison where ignorance thrives. Oh, yeah, where was I? My friend and his disease.

There's a thing prisoners often go through called "short-timer's disease". It somehow impairs the ability to think logically and rationally when someone gets close to getting out. Most people get high, fight, or cook some hooch and just be all around disobedient. I said most, not all, and not Kevin. Kevin is getting short (almost done with his sentence) and he's fucking with all the Nazis and calling them on their shit. Two days ago, after fighting with one Nazi, we had a rather sizable group of Nazis at our door ready to kill us. And today he drew an anti-swastika on the back of his t-shirt and has been sporting it all day. He even went so far as to wear it out on the yard. We're the only two punks in the whole fucking place and he's managed to piss off the largest group in the entire prison.

I'm totally down with standing up for what you believe in and not being discouraged regardless of the odds, but were in a place where guys have priors for murder, proving that they're not above it. I'd really like to leave here by my own free will and not in a bag. But seriously, what he's doing accomplishes nothing and could very well turn out real bad. But still, something needs to be done about this. I'm not sure what other prisons are like but the State of Wyoming isn't what you would call "open minded" to anything, and its prison is a microcosm of the entire state's attitudes. Remember Matthew Sheppard? Yeah, that was here in the State of Wyoming. So what do you do when you're in a place like this and know something needs to change but have no ideas of how to make things different? Maybe it's impossible to do anything here, but Kevin's doing something. Which is better than doing nothing, I suppose. You know the saying that the only way to change things is to take up the fight locally. Well, for us, prison is "locally" and Kevin's doing what he can because no one really has any ideas. Maybe the anti-nazi slogan on his t-shirt is taking things a bit too far, but this shit has to stop somewhere. This is nothing new for us anyway. We've had similar problems our entire time here. When we first got to prison and saw one too many swastikas, Kevin and I both got an anti-swastika tattoo. Every white prider in the prison has threatened to cut it off, but so far so good.

I recently read a statistic in *The Nation* that said while African-American males make up only 12% of the country's population, they make up over 50% of the prison population. The numbers simply don't add up. These astoundingly disproportionate numbers are indicative of the prejudice in our judicial system. Before prison I had read a lot of articles about problems with the prison system but after seeing it firsthand I can tell you how bad it really is. I don't have any exact numbers but I'd be willing to bet that the number of black men serving time in Wyoming exceeds the national average. From talking to a lot of people I have seen how unfair the courts really are. I've seen minorities do twice as much time as white people for the same or less serious offenses. This story repeats itself over and over. So how do we change this?

A large part of the blame for maintaining many of these injustices is thanks to the media. They've managed to scare the fuck out of the public with the notion that crime has never been so out of control, justifying the imprisonment of so many that don't deserve to be imprisoned. And it's all bullshit. The crime rate has remained virtually the same over the last two decades. The State of Wyoming has never had as low a crime rate as it has now but yet at no time in its history have more people been locked up. I totally got off the subject and babbled entirely to long. If anyone is interested in the subject, the zine *Contrascience* by Bryan Alft in Minneapolis, wrote an in depth article about America's prison industry. It's a great article and opened even my eyes to things I didn't realize. If you get a chance it's worth checking out. Later. Kim Larson #19027

MRR,

Hello, this is Michael, vocalist for NYHC band Inhuman here. In issue #204, one of your writers, Jason Valdez, gave a pretty good review of our latest CD, *Rebellion,* on Exit Records. My problem is this: he incorrectly called the name of the band Inhuman Legion instead of simply Inhuman. Another small error is the opening statement of the review that calls us a "SxE" band. Well, not only is Inhuman *not* a SxE band, but we do not even have a SxE person in the band! Not that we have anything at all against SxE—the tag simply doesn't apply to the band. All this aside, Mr. Valdez did give us a good write up and after nearly five years, two CDs and a few 7"s, it was cool to see a review in the zine. To my knowledge, Inhuman has never been mentioned in *MRR*, but I could be wrong.

Anyway, that's about it. I would like to say that as of late *MRR* has been a lot more hardcore-friendly with the Spazz cover/ interview and interviews with bands like The Real Enemy and Out Cold, and I see this as a very good thing. After all, hardcore came from "hardcore punk" and some people seem to have forgotten that. Keep the faith!

Mike Inhuman/ 2668 East 21 Street/ Brooklyn NY 11235
www. inhumanlegion.com

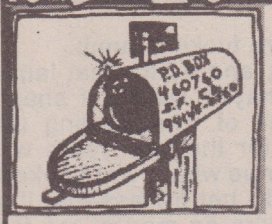
PS Inhuman Legion is our website title only.

Mike,

Here is how to get your band in MRR *more: send your 7"s in for review, and get somebody to do an interview! I am also stoked on more hardcore bands in* MRR*, but it's hardcore kids worldwide that have to make it happen! Jeff M.*

Hello *MRR* staff and readers,

As far back as I can remember, the pages reserved within *MRR* for scene reports were never used by kids for anything other than honest attempts to put their scenes on the map and let punks worldwide know what's happening. I don't remember ever hearing of someone writing a scene report just to spread lies, misinformation or to simply piss off certain local "enemies" of his by deliberately downplaying their efforts or contributions to their scene. All of this changed with the Israeli scene report you print-



ed in your April issue (#203).

Like all scenes and communities in general, the Israeli punk scene has its own petty conflicts, rivalries and inner-fighting. In Israel, the veritable split within the scene happens to be not between skins and punks or vegan straight edgers and crusties, but between "political" kids and the ones who "don't care about that stuff". To be more specific, the "political" side is represented by an ultra-fast hc band called Dir Yassin and the "we don't care" side by a melodic hc band called Useless ID (please keep in mind that I stand on the former side, while the person who wrote the "scene report" I am bitching about—a Useless ID member—is on the latter). I will not go into the details of the conflict (which involve money—what else?), but I do have a bone to pick with the aforementioned "scene report". Above all, I simply feel obliged to call this person on his shit, just like you would if some band or person you knew pretended to be something they're not within these pages.

First of all, let me clarify that said scene report was written with the intention of pissing us off rather than out of an honest desire to fuel communication among the scene. The person who sent it wasn't interested in letting all of you know what's going on in Israel; he just thought it'd be cool to write a scene report that'll upset us. That in itself is sad enough, since *MRR*'s Scene Reports section was meant for other, better uses. But that's just the beginning.

Surprise, surprise: the only bands that got mentioned in this so-called *Israeli* scene report are all from one area—that of Haifa (the city where the person who wrote it lives); all of them friends of Useless ID (another surprise, eh?) and, this time not so surprisingly, they all share their "we don't care about politics or D.I.Y, that's all bullshit!" approach. Both in theory and practice, the author of this scene report, his band and their ilk (the bands mentioned in his report) have stopped supporting the D.I.Y punk scene and, as Useless ID guitarist once wrote for an Israeli 'zine a while back, have made it their goal to "succeed" (defining "success" as "signing to one of those big labels you hate so much"). Of course, Useless ID would not dis D.I.Y or "political punks" in English—only in Hebrew. They still need the international D.I.Y network for touring, promotion and other stuff, and would not spit into the well they drink from. At least not yet. So, instead of saying how he *really* feels about D.I.Y ethics or political punk in his scene report, this person resorted to euphemisms like "most readers can figure out about Israel's political situation, so I don't have to go through it all again here". Or he'll mention that Code 13 played Israel and that it was great an' all, but won't mention that he and his pop-punk Fat Wreck loser friends were vehemently *against* them coming over and would not help in any way whatsoever. Ask the D.I.Y political German band Y, who also came to Israel, what they think about the "Haifa scene" and the bands mentioned in *MRR*'s scene report.

There's a space for D.I.Y hc shows and kids organizing 'em, organizations like Anonymous For Animal Rights or Green Action, a Food Not Bombs/ infoshop kinda project going on, an activist commune where punks can crash at, there are 'zines and distros and other projects in which punks are heavily involved—but you didn't read about them in that Israeli scene report, did you? Instead, you just got the word "falafel" thrown around a few times and a list of bands whose definition of punk rock is "Pennywise".

This is not about someone forgetting to include a few things in his scene report—it is about someone *deliberately* omitting them. And of course, it gets far worse considering the fact that, in a scene report within the pages of a D.I.Y political 'zine like *MRR*, it was precisely the D.I.Y and political stuff that got omitted.

But I think the worst of all was left for the very last paragraph of this shitty "scene report"; in it, kids were warned not to buy a certain "rip-off" video compilation documenting the Israeli punk scene. It was done, so the author said, "to make money off the local scene".

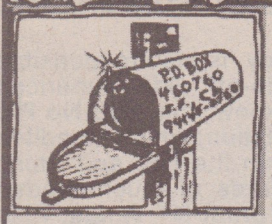
The "rip-off artist" who did the video in question, a friend of mine, plays in Dir Yassin. He organized D.I.Y shows (for ungrateful bands like Useless ID too), including benefit shows for human (& animal) rights, for Palestinian organizations (he also volunteered for a long time helping illegal immigrants in Israeli prisons), helped produce an Israeli anarchist 'zine called *War Of Words*, and yes—he spent a lot of his time and energy documenting our scene over the years, from which he then compiled two video tapes of bands. He made around 40 copies of each tape (over 70 min. each) and sold them at shows for 25 NIS (around $6.20). And he made no profit from them whatsoever. This person, by the way, is also responsible for another "rip-off" video American punks might know: the ABC No Rio benefit compilation, which he edited while staying in the US, and which brought hundreds of much-needed bucks to that great NY venue. Also while in the US, by the way, this same person who Useless ID are now calling a rip-off hooked up *several* shows for them during their latest US tour.

I want to emphasize that since these videos are not distributed anymore (and were never sold anywhere except Israel in the first place), whether they were a "rip-off" or not is practically irrelevant to y'all, and yet I'll waste space on it here—because it is a matter of principle. At least to me. It could be debated whether not caring about anything except your girlfriend, your band, your records (as Useless ID's guitarist himself described his "punkness") is such a big crime or not. And sure, there are worse things on our planet than making an Epitaph contract your goal; but that a band or a person with *that* attitude use *MRR*'s pages to accuse someone who has given so much to the Israeli D.I.Y punk scene of trying to "make money off the local scene", well, it's the kind of unbelievable chutzpa that makes your jaw drop to the floor, really. I mean, what else can I say?

Not too long after I've started doing stuff with Useless ID (that's quite a few years ago) I realized that they did not share my passion for making hardcore punk something meaningful, something more than music. Yet me and my friends, we didn't mind that much; we understood (and understand still) that not everyone has to be ultra-political or pedantic about their D.I.Y ethics, and, Israel being a small place, we gladly cooperated with practically any band that called itself punk or hc. It is not without reason that my name appears on the thanks-list of both Useless ID CDs. A couple of years ago, while living in Minneapolis, MN, I still consigned their CD in Extreme Noise (an independent record store where I volunteered) and helped them out when they played there on their US tour.

Today, however, even though I enjoy good melodic hc and have put their releases on countless times, I doubt I'll ever listen to them again. Both in their "scene report" as well as in real life, Useless ID and company are trying to reduce the Israeli punk scene to being "cool", wholesome entertainment and jokes about falafel. I feel it needs more than that. It fuckin' *deserves* more than that.

Please don't get me wrong—I'm



not telling you to boycott Useless ID, or that they're "rip-offs" or Nazis or whatever. I just don't like a band that has officially announced it does not subscribe to the D.I.Y ethic to be using our resources—I don't think it's fair. To Useless ID I say, be honest: don't play squats or independent places abroad and then ridicule the D.I.Y scene here at home, in Hebrew. Try your luck elsewhere, around the corner, at the mainstream. Where you *really* wanna be.

Hats off to bands that change, good luck, go your own way—why play for us if your heart's not in it? 'Cause what might seem dumb to you is pounding in my heart.

To anyone dealing in any way with Useless ID: don't take my word for it, contact them (useless_id@yahoo.com) and ask them yourself what their attitude towards D.I.Y is; I hope they'll be honest about it. Don't catch yourself in the future whining about how this band used the D.I.Y scene and then "sold out". Let the deaf hear and the blind see.

Y'know, I never thought I'd be "bad mouthing" an Israeli band in the pages of this zine, but at the risk of sounding childish, since "they started it" with April's scene report, I did what you too would've done if the scenes *you* are active in would be (mis)represented like that. I hope this letter doesn't start the usual, ridiculous chain-reaction seen in so many letters sections, but I really had no choice. Please understand and forgive me (and now move on to the other letters, they're probably more interesting:)). Long live Mykel Board, straightedge, the D.I.Y ethic, and death to false hardcore!
Santiago Gomez/ Tel-Aviv/ IsraHell/
HaTotakh@Netscape.net

In response,

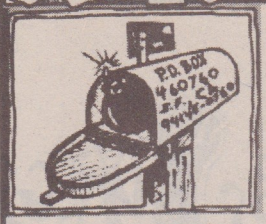
Wow, Santiago, you must be really fucking bored to write such a long letter over nothing really.

1) OK, to start with, get the idea of me trying to "piss off certain locals" out of your crusty head. If I wanted to do that, I'd just write the Ann-R-Key column, telling her about the time you punched your ex-girlfriend in the face,right? I wrote the scene report just cuz it's been awhile since the last one, and I wanted to let people know about some new stuff that's going on here, as far as punk *music* goes. Which I did. I wrote about *every* band that *is* playing now, not the ones who break up every two weeks, never recorded anything or played a show. Actually, the reason I wrote about Dir Yassin (who have been broken up for over six months now, by the way) was to *not* have some silly kid (like you), writing a really long, boring and silly letter (like you did) about me trying to "piss off certain locals." I guess I'll have to try harder next time. But I won't, you see, I know all you want from a scene report is to have your name and address under the local Food Not Bombs/ A.L.F-animal shelter thing, but you know what? Even the most politically-active kid in the US, Far East, wherever can't do much with info like: "hey, we have a cool venue where we have shows twice a year, so come and check it out sometime," or maybe "Hey, I hate people who eat meat, so come over to Israel and we'll talk about it in my animal rights center,where you could also get some Active Minds 7's". Know why? You probably don't, but I do. A scene report in a place like Arizona is probably where a venue or an organization listing could work, as people actually *tour* there, and *travel* there, and sometimes even *move* to live there. That's not the case with Israel; though if a band wants to tour Israel, the first thing they will do is contact a band, not a venue, as most shows here will be put on by the local bands, which *again*, I listed, you fucking moron.

2) Hmmm, wow, you also have lots of bad things to say about my band... That's pretty weird, considering the the fact that in the last three years you wrote to us several times asking to join our band as a bass player, and after hearing "no, we don't need a bass player right now," you would send your brother to ask us as well if we could get you in the band... I'm so sorry to inform you, but yeah, we are a *punk rock* band (probably not a very good one, but that's a whole different story), and as much as it's sometimes a pain in the ass, everything we ever had part of is 100% d.i.y, as for the last six years we booked our own tours, put out our own records and CDs, printed our shirts, helped local and international bands around here (and Europe/ US as well), *and had a fucking blast*! I think you didn't get something very important over the years, thinking that we "don't care about politics or D.I.Y, that's all bullshit". See... we totally don't care about *you*, your friends, or your *bands*, and yeah, we are totally into thinking you're full of shit, so, well, since you consider yourself to be the voice of d.i.y and political punk rock, you might think we don't care about everything you assume you're representing, but that's false. *You're just wrong again.* Oh man, you're fucking dumb.

3) Oh, and as for that lame video, well, maybe we don't share the same idea of what ripping off bands is, as for the four years we played in a venue where you booked shows at (and I bet my ass that it's the venue you're so mad at me for not writing about), we didn't get a dime, since all the money you took from people at the door went to pay for the "distro" you run with your brother and some other morons (and I bet my ass *again* that it *is* the distro you're mad at me for not writing about) in which you would order records you really like, and after not having sold a single LP (since they all fucking sucked, as your taste in music is like your taste in falafel), you would just take the LPs home. Anyway, that video *is* a rip off, as no bands were asked if their clips could be used, no band saw a dime from it, and damn, *even free copies for the bands on it were not given*!!! Don't know about you, but that's pretty much my idea of a rip off. So what if no one bought the tape? It sucked, that's why no one got it! So what if the price wasn't too high? If it isn't non-profit, then it *is* for profit. Profit over *our asses*, you fucking asshole. I bet my ass (the the third time, dammit) that all the bands on the ABC No Rio benefit tape were asked if their clips could be used. So why not us? Why not other local bands?

4) As for all that other trash you talked... We didn't want Code 13 to come here over money local bands made at their shows for over a year, that was it. Same with Y, who by the way, played one of the worst shows I ever seen in my whole life in Haifa, so I can't blame the crowd for not having too much fun. Who cares about bands who saw Israel for less than a week anyway? Did I send anyone to ask Your Mother what they thought of Haifa? Also, don't label me un-punk for wanting to "succeed". Yeah, I am not ashamed of that. I'd feel a bit moronic having my main goal to "fail". Makes sense, asshole? The little my band had to do with the "big" labels you hate so much was lotsa fun, and we also got money that helped us buy some new strings and some gas for the van. Big deal. Anyway, it's getting too long, and I'm fucking sick of reading your letter to see where else you fucked up so I can try and bring some relevance on it. Next time please think twice before you write such a long stupid letter you moron, I had to waste my whole morning of falafel eating on responding to you, so people won't think I'm as lame as you tried to make out of me. Thanx *MRR*, you are



very nice for letting me have the scene report, sorry we had to deal with the jackass.
Ishay and Useless ID/ useless_id@ yahoo.com

Uh...,

We think it's very nice of people to send us scene reports, and we're grateful to those that do. If you don't like one from your area, the best response is to write one that does cover what you think was left out. Be sure to send photos and graphics and stuff too, please. Jeff M.

Attention *MRR* staff and readers:

This letter is intended to inform readers and staff that I believe that Bob Suren of Sound Idea is not a racist.

My record label Mediattack! had a statement that Bob Suren of Sound Idea was racist. This was an error that was posted by the people that construct my site for me for free. What I had intended to have posted was that Bob Suren is discriminative, makes false accusations, and selectively degrades punks from out of town that happen to visit into his *scene*. Because I unfortunately was finishing an album and 'zine that set me back far enough to force me to live in my van, and I couldn't shower for a couple of days, Bob Suren decided to attack me from more than one angle. He called me a thief, and a dirty rich kid who tries to be punk. Not only is he totally off on his accusations, he has nothing to back them up with.

I have been into peacepunk for almost fourteen years and I screamed for the short lived East Bay punk band Feel For Knowone back in 1990. When I first met Bob he was very friendly and traded a few records in his store for about six or seven of my zines. He was helpful about giving me info about releasing a record and also allowed me to tape a few of the records I bought from him because I didn't have a player. This took about twenty minutes and he was cool about it. I asked him if I could see an excerpt of the Avengers video he had and it was like a ten minute thing. There was no hostility that day.

This is why it seems so odd that Bob decided to blow up on me and make me feel like shit the day when I showed up to Sound Idea a month later. He threatened to shoot me if I came into his store and he also had hate mail sent to me from almost twenty different people around the states. I tried calling Bob that day to find out why he was so upset and he accused me of stealing and hung up on me twice. I had intended to photograph the show that evening with my camera that I found at a thrift store. But Bob was so rude to me that I won't deny that I made a flyer to boycott his store but I never called him a racist. He threatened to beat the shit out of me and have people kill me if I ever bothered him again. Bob was discriminative to me. He placed judgment on me for the way I dressed and because I was unkempt he assumed I was thieving from him.

Bob is also incorrect about me having a house in Florida. I'm trying to leave Florida but I have court dates backed up for two months for squatting charges and resisting arrest. So now I live in my van. I have a check card that my bank issued to me when I got a checking account. Bob was purposely trying to make me seem like I don't belong in punk. Well fuck him. Since then Bob and I have agreed to leave each other alone and I know I can't ever deal with such an asshole liar ever again. Don't get me wrong, I like what he does for punk, but he sure likes to treat people like shit.

As far as I know Bob is not a racist. This statement was removed the second day that it was accidentally posted at mediattack.digitalbomb.com. Why don't we all live together instead of creating stupid, petty, conflicts with one another?
Mediattack!

M.,

How do things get "accidently posted" on a website? Did you hit the "Bob Suren is a racist" key by mistake? Humans have a very long history of conflicts, petty and otherwise, which shows no sign of letting up soon. Jeff M.

?

Hey you!

Yeah, you!

What's the Scoop has gone the way of the dinosaur — with the cost 'o' living being what it is in San Francisco, punks are vanishing to places like Butte and Boise, and we're tired of posing questions to the same fifteen people. Besides, in the spirit of the international punk rock community, we'd like to start hearing from readers all over the world.

Here's how the new, improved **Scoop** will work: every month we'll publish a question of interest on a special page of *MRR* (*see below for* the first question). Send your brief response (*on disk or typewritten if possible*) to *MRR Scoop*, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If you can, include a photo of yourself (*originals please, let us know if you need photos returned*). *Postmark your reply by the 15th of every month* for the following month's issue.

This month's question–>

Is there a place for Christianity in the punk community?

Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com (use this mainly for comments & letters-to-editor. Use phone for ad reservations. Do not expect answers, but you might get one)

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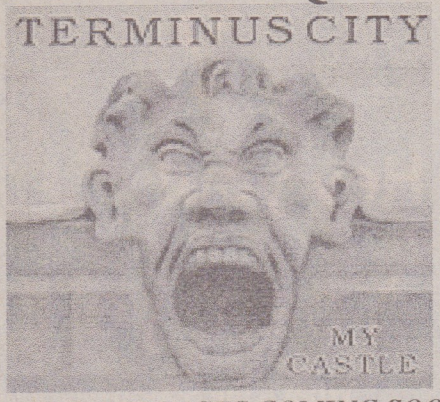

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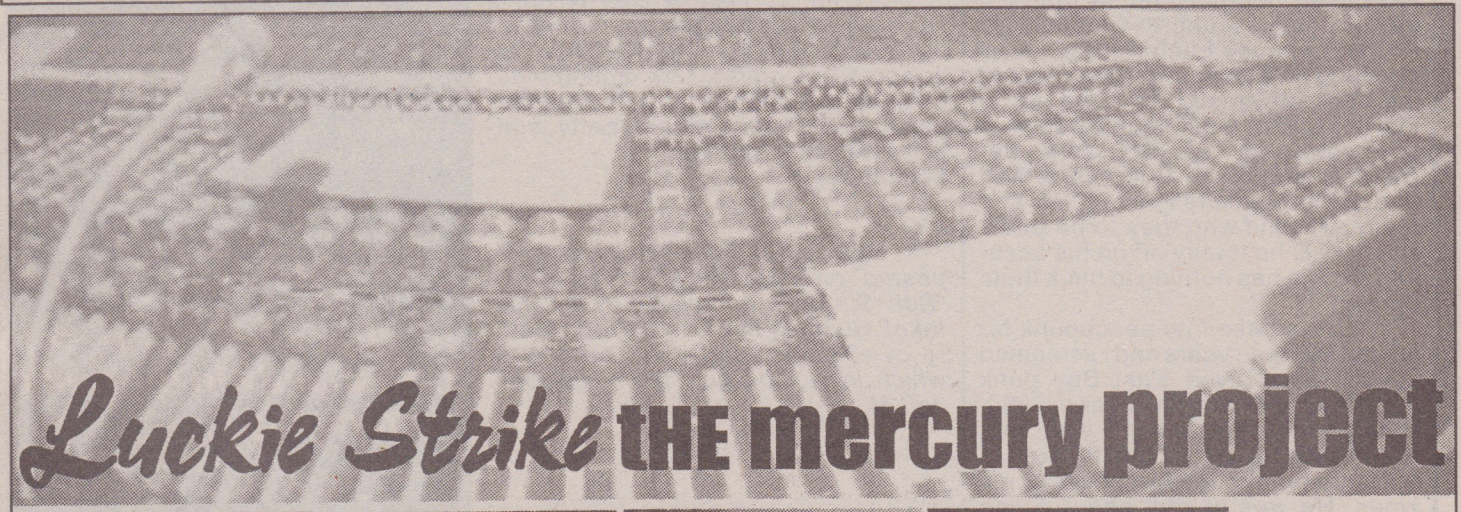

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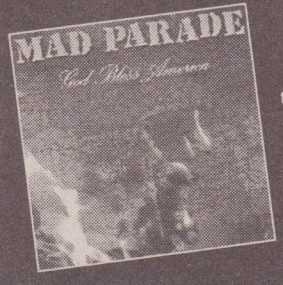

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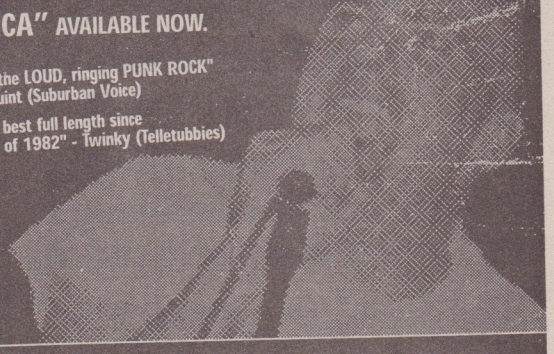

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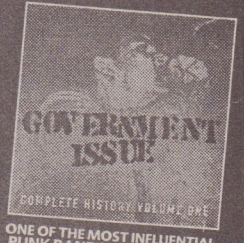

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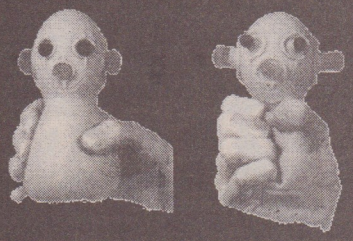

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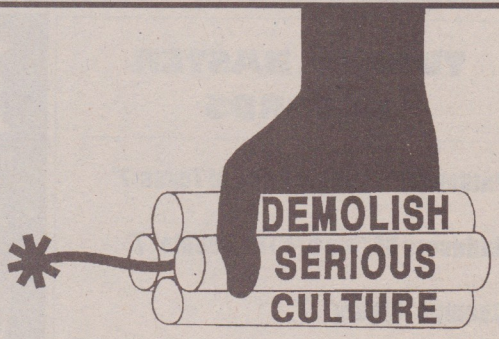

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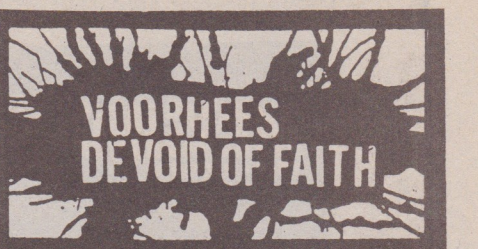

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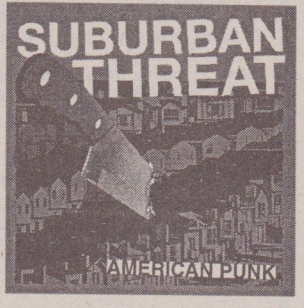

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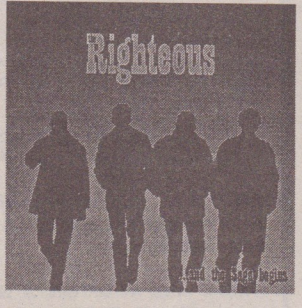

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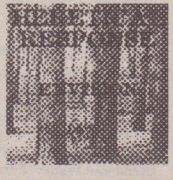

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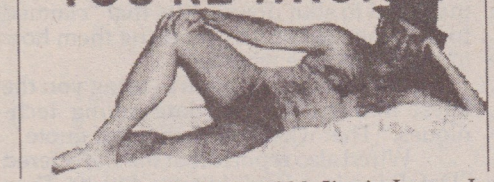
COLUMNS

Opinions expressed are solely those of the columnists and (thankfully) are not editorial policy.

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!



PART ONE: It's 1990. I'm in Japan. In a small motorcycle theme bar. Large HD signs hang from the walls. There's a back room where Harleys and Hondas mingle as they never would in the U.S. The Grateful Dead plays on the Jukebox: I sip a Budweiser.

It's my 40th birthday. Roger Armstrong has taken me here to celebrate. I'm plastered. Drunker than fratboy. Through the booze induced fog, I see another fog. Smoke fills the bar. No fire, it's cigarette smoke. Curtains of it. I breathe it. It soaks through my clothes. It attaches to what hair I've got left. It curls into my nose. Tangles around my eyelashes.

Nothing strange about that. This is Japan. Everybody here smokes. Just like Germany. Everybody here drinks too. Just like Germany. Oh yeah, people in Japan live the longest of any people in the world. And Germany... well, they're just ahead of the U.S. where NOBODY smokes.

Let's flash ahead ten years. I stand before my open microwave oven. Inside are blotches. Mysterious brown spots, splattered on the inside back, sides, all over. A mystery material I need to scrub out. As I scrub, a fat black roach crawls from the side of the refrigerator, over my hand, into the oven. That's it! That's the splotches. Exploding roaches. It's a revelation.

Scene shift theory: It's funnier than a mayor with prostate cancer. Trying to watch the Democrats find *something* to disagree with the Republicans about. Except abortion, both presidential candidates have the same views on free trade, denying life-saving drugs to Africa, censorship, U.S. bomb-lust, government support for religion, banning the teaching of evolution, the list goes on. Maybe Bush'll pick a female vice-presidential candidate just to turn the tables on the Dems. Bush, after all, is a progressive. Just like Gore.

So I wonder. What are they gonna do? How are they gonna make anyone care? I guess Bush can pick on homos. What can that skinny bore from Tennessee use to stick that fat bore from Texas?? Then it hit me like an exploding cockroach.

SMOKING. For the Democrats it's the new evil. It replaces terrorism, which replaced drugs, which replaced Communism. Instead of a RED SCARE, we've got BIG TOBACCO.

The tobacco companies make it easier. They're such fun targets. They're the number one contributors to the "Partnership for a Drug-free America." At the same time, they make statements like "prohibition doesn't work."

They give big money to Republicans. Lately, they've made the most pathetic TV commercials. America's tobacco companies, a new kind of public service organization. Oy vey.

Meanwhile, the Democrats fund any crackpot who can find some sort of correlation between smoking and ANYTHING. Not only logical diseases like lung cancer, but these days we've got heart attacks, strokes, and low birth weight. I've even heard "a reduced IQ." Tell that to smoker Einstein.

Liberals, who are so quick to defend most minority rights, run screaming for the tobacco cops when someone lights up a cigarette. Smokers are reduced to shivering in cold doorway outside buildings from where they've been banned. Even though science has refuted the "second hand smoke" scam (Check out *Brill's Content* magazine for details, in case you missed it.), people shirk from smokers like they would from the plague.

Democrats shake hands with and even kiss AIDS victims. Someone with a cigarette in their mouth? Never!

Ok, we got a nice horse-riding, chaps wearing, cigarette smoking bogeyman. Is one enough? How far can you get on one bogeyman?

Look at what happened to the anti-Commies. When their bogeyman died, what did they have left? Cuba??? People make fun of those guys and their demonstrations for that little six year old. Anti-Communist in the twenty-first century? You're a joke!

So, what happens to the anti-tobacconists when they win? The government regulates smoking to a private act, among consenting adults only. Then what?

Fear not. Deep in the Whitehouse linen closet, next to the condom testers and anti-personnel bombs, the Democrats are working. They've stitched together a new bogeyman. Strapping it down to a table, they twirl their knobs, allowing it to rise into the sky. Hit by lightening. The monster is born: GUNS, more specifically the NRA!

"Do you want your money to go to the Tobacco Lobby and the NRA?" asks the fund-raising letter I get from the Democratic National Committee.

"No, of course not," I say to myself, feeding the letter to my shredder. "I want it to go to the big pharmaceutical companies and the China lobby."

Jeezus fuckin' Christ! If the NRA had the power the Democrats say it has, I'd be packin' a six-shooter as I type. We have the Brady law and the assault rifle law. We have licensing in all states. Background checks. What do they want?

But Charlton Heston and the stupidity with which the NRA bashes everything from Goth music to atheists, makes them easy— and fun— targets. In a way, they're right on this one. In Switzerland every family has a gun. How much gun crime do they have? Not much. It is culture, not guns, that are responsible for most of the gun murders. It's just that the right is wrong on which part of culture.

It's not death metal, or hip hop. It's not drugs or movies. It's good ole America. It's a government that solves its problems by dropping bombs and otherwise killing people. It's a culture that says its okay to kill people if they "do something bad." It's basic Americanism that puts so little value on life— except, of course, if it hasn't been born yet.

Ok, so where does that leave us. We got tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee plus two bogeymen. Well, there are a couple of alternatives.

Ralph Nader and the Green party is one alternative. Jello Biafra's a member and might even run for office himself. I'll likely vote for the party, but I AM considering something else.

That's Pat Buchanan. Another bogeyman, he was on my hitlist for being such a Christian right bullshitter and moral jihadist. But something happened. Some folks wised up. Some smarties on the left and some smarties on the right said, "Look. We don't agree about that God stuff. We don't like the same things. But we do HATE the same things." Not much is as strong as a good dose of hate.

Riots in Seattle. Riots in Washington. Labor protests. How long has it been since such a wildly varied group of people came together in a common cause? Ever? Is Pat Buchanan Juan Peron? I don't know, but I'm not writing him off.

You know how Starbucksism and McDonaldization is destroying the world. You know how the IMF is squeezing poor countries and the poorest of those countries. You know how so-called American free-trade is free trade for corporations and not for you and me. You're against all that. So is Pat Buchanan.

Lenora Fulani, a neo-Maoist and Pat Buchanan who thinks the US took the wrong side in WWII. The two of them, working together. The Red-Brown coalition in The Reform Party. I wanna consider it.

John Talbott, the Reform Party spokesman in New Hampshire says,

"If you close your eyes, it is difficult to hear much of a difference between Ralph Nader on the left and Pat Buchanan on the right when they talk about corruption in government, the excesses of corporate welfare, the devastating effect of free international trade on the American worker and a desire to clean big money and special-interests out of Washington....If we all pull together, put our prejudices behind us, and ignore traditional labeling such as liberal or conservative, we can join together to fight the battle of our lives against the collaboration of big business and big government, break the two-party monopoly, and return control of our government to the true owners of this country - the American people."

Does that sound so bad?

I know the wailing. I know the old lefties pointing to what happened in the Spanish Revolution. The shaking of the cane. The smacking of the gums as they cry, "Re-

member Guernica!" "Remember how the commies sold us out when we worked with them. With commies and fascists together, it's gotta be worse!"

You're wrong. Pat Buchanan isn't going to win. If he had a chance, I'd be as quick as the next guy to even vote for Gore to prevent it. (Well, not quite THAT far.) It ain't gonna happen.

But like in Seattle, if we can get those blue-haired punk rockers to march boxer shorts to boxer-shorts with the unemployed factory workers of Michigan and the hicks from Kentucky, I say *Yippie!*

The main success of the Republicrats is dividing folks up over stupid things. They talk about *big tobacco* or *the homosexual agenda* as if anyone cared. They make ordinary Joes take sides in a show fight, while behind the scenes, they're giving each other political blowjobs.

Maybe we can rob them of their power if we ignore the fight. Maybe Pat Buchanan is the way to do it. I'm not sure, but I'm not ready to write it off yet.

And what about the election? Even though I'll be voting for Ralph Nader or Biafra or somebody like that, I won't mind a Bush victory. He's certainly not going to make things any worse than Al Gore. If he appoints Supreme Courters that reverse abortion rights, he'll lose the presidency to Republicans for the next two decades. So bring 'em on! Besides, I'd much rather have my face buried in Bush, than to be Gored.

****

PART TWO: Those MRR readers who also read HITLIST probably are aware of the controversy. MRRs refusal to print Bale's unedited letter was a mistake. I understand the reasoning.

Why should he have more space than anyone else?

But some issues take more space to discuss. That's all I want to say directly about the problem. But the controversy inspired me to discuss something else. And that's *wiggers.*

Reading my columns over the many years, it looks like I've drifted into anti-Americanism. From being the "Ed Anger of punk," some days I fell like Joe Hill. But, when I see wiggers. When I see rich white kids trying to be poor black ghetto brothers and sisters, it makes me want to run up and salute a flag. Wiggers are America's greatness.

At first, it bothered me, maybe because I didn't like the origin of the word: White + nigger. Don't call me white!

Second, the music doesn't do much for me. Rap, hip-hop, I can't understand the words. After I listen to it, I don't feel like smiling, or beating anyone up. It ain't punk.

But those are the trappings. The reality. Ah, the reality. Where else in the world do you have a culture that roots itself in the poorest, least educated, most voiceless aspects of society? Where else do you have the rich imitating the poor?

In Europe, people worship history. "Culture" is what some one's great grandparents thought was hip. It is the baggage of Beethoven and Rembrandt. It is the burden of Opera and The Louvre. In Asia, at least nowadays, they worship The West, especially America. Modern culture is whatever they see on MTV or Sony delivers to their Playstation.

Only in America does culture come from the streets, the gutters, the lowest. Only in America is the voice of the weakest, the strongest voice. Wiggers, hip-hop fashion, all of that is what makes America great.

Wiggers mix races like dragqueens mix genders. They destroy boundaries, making it unclear where one ends and the other begins. In a dragqueen the more powerful man worships the identity of the less powerful woman. In a wigger, patrician whites worship the identity of plebeian Negroes. THAT is America.

It's not punkrock, buckaroos. Punk rock is white. There are great Negro punkbands, like THE BAD BRAINS. But they play white music. Punk rock started as a white suburban rebellion to disco, the Negro music of the time. In the 70s, disco was creating a different kind of wiggers.

"Disco sucks" became the motto of early punks who felt left out by the black flow of culture.

"Hip-hop sucks" is today's refrain. It's a refrain screamed by a bunch of white guys who don't want American culture, but want HISTORY. When a band like SICK OF IT ALL mixes rap with punk, whitey is pissed off. They want their music ethnically cleansed. They want purity. They want it like it used to be, way back when.

Me, I love it. Mix it up. Let it rise from the lowest points, invade the hoity toidy. I may not tap my feet to the beat. But I'll sure applaud the idea.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com, or subscribers (email to: TheBoss@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. I got a lot to get rid of!]*

—> If you're interested in a pro-smoking website, you should try "In Defense of Smoking" http://www.lcolby.com/. You can dig up plenty of others if you try.

—> *Something Missing? dept:* I got this letter from a homo-dating organization called "Options." On the reverse side of the introductory letter is a questionnaire. The questions ask what you're looking for in a mate.

For women, your choices are "feminine," "soft butch," "butch," and "doesn't matter."

For men, you can choose among "very masculine," "fairly masculine," and "doesn't matter."

Hello guys! Did you go to retard school? Maybe you never met a homo? How come women can chose butch or femme, but guys only butch or more butch. Do femme guys destroy the *gay* image?

Now I see. The president of this organization is Naiomi Kooritzy. What would SHE know?

—>*Speaking of Guns dept:* The U.S. government General Accounting Office has reported that the stealth bomber, so well received in Panama and Yugoslavia, loses its stealth coating ("cloaking shield") if it comes into contact with moisture, such as rain.

—>*Free speech is okay, as long as it's for me dept:*

Wired Online reports that feminists managed to shut down a site that "claimed to help men get laid by teaching them how to drug and rape women."

"DateRape.org vows to bring you the latest and greatest in date-raping techniques." That was their homepage quote.

Wired also reports that the site offered "DateRape in a Box" kits for $49.99. They included: "How to Date Rape Properly Manual," "Shut-the-Hell-Up-Bitch Duct Tape," a "Medical Prescription Guide" to check the side effects of certain drugs, and the DateRape.org "Quick and Easy Cookbook."

Of course all this sounds like a great parody, old *National Lampoon* style. It takes a feminist not to be amused.

Feminist.com president, Marianne Schnall was outraged.

"It's the most shocking and disgusting thing I have ever seen on the Internet," she said. She obviously hasn't visited the Christian sites, or Whitehouse.gov.

Of course, Schnall says that she's willing to allow offensive free speech, "If you want there to be free speech, there's always going to be content that's shocking or demeaning," she said. "But rape's a crime and so is drugging someone."

When asked if she thought the site was actually illegal, Schnall wiggled. "Law enforcement may not be able to do anything until they can establish a link between an actual rape and the site," she admitted.

I say, isn't it time we visited Feminist.com? Maybe we should sign the guestbook?

—>*Ya gotta love 'em dept:* The ACLU is one of the few organizations that I actually give money to. Although I occasionally disagree with them, I can't fault their vehemence. Sometimes it's quite amusing.

For them, life isn't always Supreme Court battles about school libraries, and internet censorship laws. Sometimes... well here's an example:

Photographer Spencer Tunick asked New York City to give him permission to take pictures of "between 75 and 100 nude models to be arranged in an abstract formation on Madison Street in Lower Manhattan." A reasonable request.

It was all to be quick. Only one and a half minutes of nudity at 5AM. Something any city government would agree to. Yeah right. The Guiliani administration refused permission. The nerve!

The case is now in the U.S Court of Appeals. My check to the ACLU is in the mail.

—>*Pickpocket double duty dept:* My pal Mary in Appleton sent me a clipping about *Red Rocket Jeans,* designed by a former Calvin Klein model and "his partners." What makes these jeans different is that they have a zipper INSIDE the right front pocket. You, or a friend, can just slip inside. Is that a pickle in my pocket or are you happy to feel me?

—>*Don't stop yet, I'm still not finished dept:* I

Columns

still haven't gone through all the CDs I brought back with me from South America. My latest discovery is GAROTOS PODRES from Brazil. Is that The Powerful Garrotes? I don't know, but their CD, "Canções Para Ninar" left my face hurting, I was smiling so much. Combine funpunk, Ramones and Oi and MAYBE you can get an idea what this band is like. If you can't get it, try their only English cut "Sadam Husseim is Rock'n'roll."

Sadam Husseim is rock'n'roll
rock'n'roll, rock'n'roll
Sadam Husseim is love and soul
love and soul, love and soul
Sadam Husseim is our god
and god is zilla.

Right now GAROTOS PODRES is MY God!!! You can write to the guys: Garotos Podres, Caixa Postal 224, CEP 09301-970, Mauá-Sao Paulo, SP Brazil.

—> Finally, I guess it's my fault. I stopped giving my postal address. So the... er... personal stuff also stopped except for those nice fuck digital pix emailed to me by a pal who I've lost track of. Let's start those videos coming again. Then I will too.

Make 'em for me! Personally. Just you, or you and a friend, but do it for me!!! I'm still at PO Box 137, Prince Street Station, NYC 10012 USA. Yeah!

JOHN GETS DUMPED

Once again John was too lazy to write his column for this esteemed publication, so I have taken it upon myself to do it for him.

One might be tempted to give John a little leeway in his tardiness, seeing as how he just broke up with his girlfriend and all, but chances are even if they were still dating he would not have turned it in. The reason for this is that John is a lousy human being. I have compiled a large list of reasons why: John got dumped recently. That means there must be something wrong with him. Something horribly, horribly wrong. Or else why would his girlfriend have dumped him? Think about it. To tell you the truth, Im surprised Maximum Rock And Roll hasn't dumped him yet. Heres how I imagine the conversation would go:

MRR: John, we need to talk.
John: Whats wrong, baby?
MRR: Its just that I. . . Oh this is too hard! I cannot do it!
John: Oh come on Maximum Rock And Roll, you can tell me anything, I LOVE you.
MRR: John, I am no longer attracted to you. I want to dump you. Can we still be friends?

At this point John would shed a single golden tear, go home, and listen to Belle And Sebastian records, which brings me to my next point:

His taste in music sucks. Belle And Sebastian? Travis? Oasis? Where the fuck are you from John? Would you please do me a favour and stop acting like such a pussy? You are not from the United Kingdom. Its shit, not shite, and ass, not arse, and if I catch you having tea-time one more goddamn time, I am putting all of your precious things on the front lawn and changing the locks. I will keep your hamster though because:

John has a hamster whose nuts are bigger than his. His name is Wembly, and, seriously, his testicles are enormous. Plus he is much friendlier than most rodents. He kind of stinks sometimes, which is not his fault because you would stink too if John forced you to live in a house made entirely of your own shit. At least John doesn't eat his hamster, which is more than I can say for most:

Puppy dogs; John likes to eat them. He prefers them to be boiled. Sometimes for variety he makes Jamaican Jerk Puppy, or he will do one up on his little Foreman grill. John, eating puppies is not very emo. This needs to be mentioned because:

John is emo, in the most horrid post-emo mature sissy music kind of way. As I mentioned earlier, he listens to crap like Belle And Sebastian and Travis. Both of those bands are British; here are some American pussies that he likes to listen to:

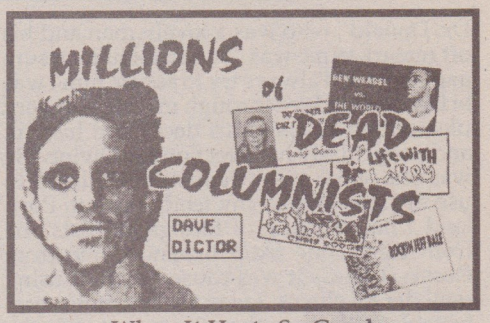
Pedro The Lion
Texas Is The Reason
Shift
One Life Crew
Strictly Ballroom
Karate
Rainer Maria
Braid

You wouldn't ever catch me listening to any of that shit, with the possible exception of the One Life Crew. Viva Mean Steve! One issue that both John and Mean Steve agree on is:

He supports the immediate and fatal execution of Elian Gonzales. He thinks that Elian probably did kill that cop, and that the sword of justice is swift and merciless, especially when applied to Cubans. I would have thrown in more Elian jokes here, but frankly I havent been paying too much attention to that whole debacle. I will however say that John probably picked up these horrid opinions through his music because:

In addition to all that shit I listed above, Johns other favorite band is Skrewdriver. Heres an interesting fun fact: Did you know that the singer of Skrewdriver and the long-time piano player for the Rolling Stones were both named Ian Stuart? Actually, one was named Ian Stewart, and the other one was named Ian Stuart. I think Stuart was the Nazi. This fun fact is much more effective in spoken-word form.

In conclusion, John is a lousy human being who should be kicked out of the scene. Questions? Comments? Please direct them to Mike Joyce/ 4446 Finley Ave #201/ Los Angeles, CA 90027/ USA Mjoyce@Dreamworks.com. John Can be reached at the same snail mail address, or if you are too lazy for that: Ringhoff@gurl mail.com.



When It Hurts So Good

I've been writing in my last batch of columns that I've been coming through some bluesy stuff trying to break on through to the other side. Relearning to become loose, spontaneous, easy going, to get to all those good places that you get to when celebrating life. To let myself be free to make those connections and break through these depressive modes. And I've shared that I've had some bumpy times. Losing my teaching job, my lover of two years, having to do some county time on account of drug dealing and now the latest has been with some gnarly toothache pain. Sure, sure, this sounds trite but please let me share with you, this is for all of you out there, please don't just brush your teeth, floss as well. Now I know there is something groovy about body odor and being crusty. I used to love to wear a pair a jeans till they could almost stand up on their own. But there is nothing groovy about toothaches and the only way to not have them is through dental hygiene. Blah, blah, sounds boring right. Well I'm about to have my 5th root canal in three years, I've had two ultra-sound teeth cleaning, a periadontal gum cleaning and had three crowns installed. It ain't cheap and it ain't painless. But any way you know this, hell I I knew all this, but I was and still get very lazy about flossing.

I've had a weird assortment of dentists through the years, starting with Dr. Walterman, the ex-Air Force dentist that filled my mouth with gigantic silver fillings that are famous for cracking the tooth 20 years down the line when your teeth get brittle. He labeled me "the juicy kind" at the tender age of ten. I endured all his pro-America rhetoric during the Vietnam War and once on gas I tripped out that he was plotting against me somehow. Later I was to learn that it wasn't me per say, he was having a long term affair with his nurse before his subsequent divorce from his wife. I knew there was a plot going on it just didn't really concern me. It did however make me lose my ability to truly enjoy Nitrosoxide, or laughing gas, from then on. since, I have remained purely a Novocain person.

I've had a Dr.Wang in China town in San Francisco who I was attracted to by his cut rate prices. I called him and said I had $300 dollars and a lot of teeth problems and he assured me "come down we take good care you". And he did do a root canal, two fillings, and a teeth cleaning before a big tour I was about to go, but it scared me how he had to climb up on a stool to get over and into my mouth. I then found a fabulous gay dentist

Alums

Dr. Donald , who was a lovely man and his oft remark to me was "you straight men sure gag easy". I 'd always try to assure him I was bi but he could see through me. He was very pleasant and I loved his decor and his wit, and particularly his affection for Divine. He was one of the many dentists to chide me to use my floss or lose my teeth. Then in Portland I had a string of foreign dentists one from Iran , one from Lebanon, one from Russia. I guess it was cause I started using mall dental clinics. I was always more comfortable with them then those rooted in the community, family practitioner types that might question my amphetamine enriched skin tone and sunken eye look I had developed with my druggie lifestyle of the past five years.

So two weeks ago, my mouth was very much in Pain! It was so sensitive to everything, hot, cold and luke warm. My mouth did this 48 hour throb thing, ouch! I decided to give the phone book a good look and low and behold, I found a woman dentist, Dr. Louisa Golandrina. What a poetic name I thought to myself as my mouth started to throb for the third day in a row. I reached out and called, got through and the next day at 3 pm she would take me in. Her office is right next to the local high school of this prominent North Shore community I work near. I was reminded of this noticing the 3 teenage girls in the waiting room with their mothers. The art on the walls and the magazine selection all had a very strong female theme going on which is nice enough and hey I'm pro girl, go Women's Olympic Soccer, girlz rock you know what I mean. Well any way I get in there and we meet . She's about 35-40 years old, very Latin looking , attractive and has the most engaging Mona Lisa-esque smile. I hit it off with her and we talked about music, art, museums, high school kids these days, about root canals, getting a place to live, theater, radio programming, and whether my Novocain was kicking in or not. We proceeded to spend the next 40 minutes together cleaning out the rotted part of my tooth and setting me up with a temporary filling. My mouth felt so much better and what's more I felt safe and in good hands. We said goodbye made arrangements for me to return in four days. And those days went by swiftly and I returned and this time no one was in the waiting room but the doctor's assistant was there and she greeted me and motioned me into the inner office and to the chair." My name is Kirsten, Louisa will be right with you," she cheerfully informed me. She was young , bright, short bangs in a Dutch boy cut, with very clean white teeth, very sassy. The good doctor joined us, asked me how I was doing, and got right to work hitting my gum up with a big shot of Novocain as I laid back and got comfortable. She got over me poking around, pulling out the temporary filling, drilling a little here and a little there, leaning on me at points and at times I could feel her left breast pushing into my shoulder and onto the back of my arm. I could feel her breathe and smell the antiseptic smell of mouthwash. I could smell her cologne and she smelt really, really, good.

I enjoyed the rapport between Doctor and her assistant,. It was confident and engaged in that professional way we patients depend on. Yet it felt intimate and I felt I was let in on that intimacy. I know this is dentistry, and that they are professionals and I'm one of many patients they see daily, but between the haziness that comes with Novocain, the short sharp jolts of pain, the chemistry between the mysterious dentist and her sassy assistant(are they lovers or aren't they I flashed in a sudden) and myself , and the instantaneous affinity I felt towards these women. I felt quite safe and powerless, flat on my back, mouth wide open, in the hands of these women. Well how do I put this ah I got aroused. And with that male arousal comes that ah,,, what's the right word ah,,, erection. I tried to think about baseball, about jail, about everything non-arousing that I could come up with, all to no avail. There I lie, with my mouth wide open. I had fronted myself off to these women as a truly unique sort of person. .maybe a weird ,gosh lets get rid of him quick kind of person. I tried to express apology with my eyes , remember my mouth is wide open. Dr. Golandrina smiled and chuckled and Kirsten giggled. I was so glad neither was repulsed." Well , well lets give Dave a chance to relax a second", which they did, Then returned to finish off building up the tooth and complete the new filling. I sort of stammered, feeling,and I'm sure looking embarrassed but Dr. Louisa looked at me and said," I've been complimented on my dental work but never quite like that. Let's get you back in here for a teeth cleaning in about 2 weeks and I really recommend you get your teeth cleaned every 2 to 3 months okay Dave". She looked so beautiful and strong and vital and intrigued and let me tell you, my heart was pounding and hell it still is. So that was a few days ago and tonight I went shopping and bought a lavender silk shirt. I'm Clipping my nails pretty and I'm looking for a subtlety pleasant cologne. And I'm ready to once again become loose and spontaneous, to celebrate life ,let myself break free and to start making those new connections. Wish the same for you. Chiao Bella...md cops@hotmail.com

Hello one and all....just got back from the Chicago festival and man, was that fucking fun. We (WHAT HAPPENS NEXT) planned on doing a small tour in order to get out there for the fest, and we only ended up with three shows (due to last minute planning)...but it was completely worth it. I know a lot of people are starting to get burnt on hardcore, or at least a little down on it, since activity is slightly lower than it was about 3 years ago...but this fest reconfirmed my faith that there are a whole slew of new bands that are ready to carry on.

Here's a quick run-down....First off, we played an awesome show in Colorado....a mix of straight edge and grindcore bands....it was awesome. REFORM CONTROL destroyed and the guys from SCOTT BAIO ARMY were super fun. After a hospital visit by yours truly, we went to Minneapolis where we hooked up with THE REAL ENEMY. Awesome band, super nice guys, and great lyrics.....they really pulled their best set at the Chicago fest....A band that we played both Minneapolis and Chicago with was NO JUSTICE from Maryland. I'll tell you right now, this band you're going to have to watch out for. When they play live, the singer goes absolutely ape-fucking-shit....one of the best live performances I've seen since LIFES HALT. Watch out for the debut NO JUSTICE Ep on Underestimated. Speaking of LIFES HALT, they flew all the way to do the show, and I think it was worth it...not for them, but for the audience, because finally California's best kept secret showed some place else how to play energetic hardcore live. Their set in Chicago was like a fucking religious experience. So for all those out there who are whining about how the scene is starting to suck....try to check out LIFES HALT, or NO JUSTICE, or the million other bands that have popped up recently who completely destroy both on record and live.

And lastly, a huge thank you to Anton from Underestimated for putting on the fest, and being up front for EVERY band.....shit, the poor guy got his nose broken during the WHN set! Anton, you rule!!!!!!

Ok, enough of this emo-tour diary crapola...lets cut to the fucking tunes! Lets fucking GO!

At the fest I picked up a TON of shit, so here's some of what I got. +/- has a ton of new stuff coming out. One is the new CD from THE CONTROL from Buffalo. They play energetic hardcore that combines faint elements of new school with great old school hardcore/punk as well. When they stick to the stripped down Boston style HC compositions (like track #1, and "No Answers") they rip. Snotty/gravel style vocals make this a stand out. Second on +/- is TREPHINE which play ultra-metal core with dual vocals. There are some SLAYER-esque guitar riffs here and there which are pretty awesome. Death metal hardcore fans will dig. Write Andy from +/- and get his updated list.....plus ask him what's up with his two bands...one of which BLOODPACT has a split Ep coming out soon with REACHING FORWARD on Reflection (Holland) and the other just debuted their EP....called RUINATION and features ex-CHARLES BRONSON, THE SWARM, plus more members.....busy dude. +/-, Po Box 7096, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.

COLUMNS

Next up is a CD from England's STEP BACK. Although this was recorded in 98, I just got my hands on it so I'll review it anyway. The first track is ripping faster-than-normal youth crew. Reminds me of a tighter UPFRONT. Although the rest of the songs didn't hit me as hard as the first track, the CD is still pretty damn solid. Fans of MAINSTRIKE will dig....its got all the generic hooks, but stands out from the rest. I know nothing about the label, so write em to see what other releases they have: Team Spirit Records, Po Box 5041, Theydon Bois, Epping, Essex, CM16 7DG, ENGLAND.

The last CD this month is from Sweden's GET UP AND GO'ERS who play cool and original hardcore/punk. Of course its got the melodic youth crew elements (shouted lyrics, that Swedish guitar sound, etc) but its done with originality (as you could assume from a band with the name THE GET UP AND GO'ERS). Check em out...I know they have a couple of other split releases out as well....this Cd was put out by: Euphony Records c/o Daniel Axelsson, Kringelvagen 10B, 352 44, Vaxjo, SWEDEN.

Now onto the tapes (my favorite).....

First off we have RAMBO.....a super militant(!) band from Philadelphia that took the whole militant straight edge idea one step further. These kids emphasize the military....serious! The music is fast and pissed HC with funny lyrics (at time reminds me of Sweden's FINAL EXIT) and the live shots of them in full camouflage and face paint fucking rules. I think this is going to be the new trend...and RAMBO is leading the way! Rumor has it that a full LP might be in the works on 625. Write em and get this gem: Rambo, 5023 Cedar Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143.

There's a new tape from ex-UNHOLY THREE / SPLINTER people....the band is called DON AUSTIN, and its more straight forward thrash/hardcore than the other aforementioned bands. Good stuff, and the tape will be an EP shortly....so keep an eye out. Write em at: Larry, 301 Arbawr Ct., Akron OH 44303.

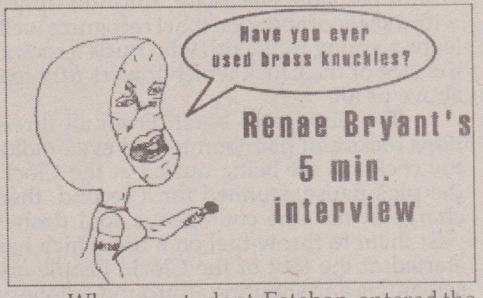
Next mention is a compilation tape entitled "Crash Mandolino" released by 4 DIY tape labels in Italy, one of which is a distro based in ITALY called !ZAS!....they put out everything from grindcore, to fastcore, to Italian thrash, and they also do a cool small zine.....this comp tape represents ZAS well. It compiles 30 some odd Italian thrash bands...stuff like CRIPPLE BASTARDS, ENTROPIA, NAGAT 1895, COMRADES, plus more. Some of it is poorly recorded, most of it rips...check it out. ZAS c/o Marco Tournoud, Via Roma 59, 10056 Oulx (TO), ITALY.

Last tape is from the Philippines, from a straight edge band called FEUD. The recording is live, but the music is ripping fast straight edge. I love getting stuff from the Phillipines cuz most of it I really like. I have no info what so ever about the band, no history, no lyrics, and no recording date. They do describe themselves as "Positive Pro-Choice Straight Edge." Sounds good to me. FEUD c/o Michael Nuestro, 19 Sunday St., Adda Vill. I, San Nicolas, Bacoor Cavite 4102 PHILIPPINES.

One last thing....Zines! News is that there are new issues of both ENGINE (killer zine, been going for close to 10 years now) and SHORT,FAST and LOUD (Chris/slap'a'ham)Zine due soon so watch out for those. Speaking of zines, I got the first issue of a newsletter called "Silent Child, Crying Soul." It is mainly reviews of tapes and records, but their are some pictures, scene reports, etc included. Its free, so send a couple of IRC's to: Stig Koppen, Koekoekstraat 7, 2400 Mol, BELGIUM.

That's it for this month....I hope you write to some of these bands/zines/labels to check em out. And how could I ever forget the shameless self-promotion! Watch out for the new PLUTOCRACY full length on 6 Weeks, due out June 1st...followed by the WxHxN? full length due out August 1st on Sound Pollution. So, in the meantime, check my ads to see about new releases on 625, keep the demos/materials coming (to address below), and shut your lip! Start the pit!

Max c/o 625 Productions, Po Box 423413, San Francisco CA, 94142-3413 USA.



When my student, Esteban, entered the room I could tell he wasn't his normal naughty self. "What's wrong Esteban?" I asked.

"Something very sad happened. Someone I was very close to died, but I don't want to talk about it" replied Esteban. Fair enough, I thought. So, I didn't think about it again until the next day (which just happened to be my birthday). Esteban came into the tutoring class with the same long face and puffy eyes.

"Have you ever had someone that out of all the people you know you didn't want them to die more than anyone else?" he questioned. I had to think about that for a moment. There had been people who died and wished that they wouldn't have died, but I never had someone in my family die, or the person I was the closest to die. (I became friends with Tim when he was already diagnosed with cancer. His dying was always a reality.)

So, I asserted, "I've had people who I loved and didn't want to die."

"This person was my best friend, " continued Esteban, "they were cold. I don't understand why they were so cold when my house is so hot."

Now this was getting a little strange. "What do you mean, did the person die at your house?" I asked.

"I don't want to talk about it" was all he replied.

I thought it might be better to continue the conversation latter since we were suppose to be reading and we had obviously upset the young girl in the reading group by bringing up memories of her mother dying (of course we didn't know it at the time). So, I suggested that Esteban and I talk to the school counselor after the tutoring was over.

After a hour and a half I took Esteban over to the counselor. We all satdown. I informed the counselor that someone close to Esteban has died and that maybe we can talk about it. The counselor and I listened.

Esteban started talking, "I don't understand why that person died. I don't understand why they were cold and wet when our house is hot. I saw them die right in front of me. It was gross. They looked gross dead."

We started asking questions, "Who was the person? Did they go to the hospital? Was it someone in your family?"

"It was my mom's friend. They we smaller than my little sister" he tells us.

"Was it a child that died at your house?" we question.

"Yes, they were my best friend. I never wanted anything to happen to them. I don't understand why they died. I thought I would die before them, because I am bigger" he continues.

" What happened Esteban?" we ask.

"They were cold and wet. They stopped breathing. We put more clothes on it to keep it warm. It's heart stopped. It died right in front of me. My mom didn't even blow in it's mouth," he continued.

"So, did you go to the funeral?" I asked.

"No, when my uncle died, he was shot three times in the face, he was put with the dead people. We didn't take the baby there. We buried it in the garden, where we had buried my sister's duck when it died. I had to dig the hole. I can't believe I'm telling you what happened, I'm not suppose to tell anyone."

Oh, shit!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! This could not be happening. Then the counselor spoke up, "Why don't you go outside and see if your parents are here yet."

Esteban ran outside and returned to say goodbye.

I stared at the counselor in disbelief. We continued the our own conversation in her office. "What the fuck are we suppose to do now? We have a possible dead baby buried in the garden."

The counselor called the school police, who in turn called the sherriff's department, who then called the homicide department, who sent two detectives to question us. After questioning us separately they concluded based upon Esteban comments and sincere questions that there probably was a body. They would go to the judge and get a search warrant. They would execute the search that night.

I couldn't believe this. My student already had been through enough. Now there was a possibility that if a body was found the children in the home would have to be taken to CPS. That was the final straw for me. I

started crying. These students live in such poverty and to have to endure even more...it wasn't right. So there went my 29th birthday. I was emotionally drained and encompassed with worry for Esteban. I met my parents at a restaurant and began to recount the tale to them.

"Well," concluded my dad, "perhaps they are afraid of being deported and don't want to report the death. Maybe they can't afford a proper burial. Maybe it's a cultural thing."

"Maybe, " I responded, still depressed.

I arrived home at about 7:00pm. My friend Eric was going to take me out for my birthday. I didn't feel like going anywhere. Life sucked.

Then the phone rang. "Hey, Renae, it's Jill, " said the counselor, "I just got off the phone with the detective. Four detectives, two policemen went to the residence. They dug up the backyard and found a dead duck."

"What!?!" I asked, "They dug everywhere?"

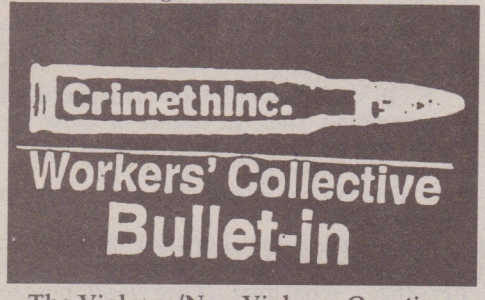
"Esteban made up the story because when he told the other boys that his duck died they laughed at him. So, he changed the story so people wouldn't make fun of him" she said.

"Oh, fuck" was all I could muster up, "I've been worried all day over a fucking dead duck."

The next day Esteban showed up for tutoring. "So, did you learn not to tell stories that aren't true?" I asked him.

"Oh, Ms. Bryant, everything I told you was the truth, except for the part about the baby. It was only a duck."

That's my column for this month. Please note my new zip code. PO Box 251 Norco CA 92860-0251. webmistress@on therag.net. www.ontherag.net.



The Violence/Non-Violence Question: How (and Why) To Transcend It.

There are about 1500 of us gathered there in front of the hated Millennium Clock in downtown Sao Paulo. The college kids, members of some Communist Party which has organized this, are there in great numbers, with their little membership stickers on their shirts; but plenty of people from other walks of life are there too: older, poorer workers, bohemian types, middle-aged anarchists and syndicalists, even about one hundred and fifty anarcho-punks. The last group is beautiful for me to see, growing up as I did in a country where most kids in mohawks and leather jackets spend their lives sitting in front of shopping malls: yeah, they have mohawks, and leather jackets (decorated with more political slogans in Portuguese than Exploited skulls, however), but they also all wear bandanas across their faces, like old-fashioned outlaws, and carry backpacks filled with projectiles, gasoline, and paint. They're clearly not here just to chant slogans.

Everything is pretty peaceful at first. There's a radical hip hop group performing from the top of a painted up double decker bus, people playing drums and dancing, a few people trying to burn Brazilian flags (which are all made out of asbestos, it seems). Some of the kids, carrying signs, walk out onto the broad street (eight lanes—this is the second biggest city in the world) to stop traffic; they're pretty orderly, not really ready to get too crazy, and when the police line moves forward to sweep them back onto the sidewalk, they don't resist too much. But the police, having gained a little momentum, push a little further into the crowd than they are welcome, and a scuffle breaks out. They seize one young man, with the domineering pomposity that characterizes anything pigs do, and everyone rushes forward, pulling him away from them and shoving them back. The pigs brandish their clubs; a little space opens up between them and us, charged with a palpable electricity. Into this space, with a sneer of abandon that I recognize well, leaps a young punk kid, who hurls a rock at the face of the Clock which towers fifty feet above us all.

The floodgates burst. From all directions rocks and paintbombs and even molotov cocktails are being hurled at the Clock; the pigs pause, stunned for a second, then charge at us. One courageous soul dashes past them to throw fuel on a fire which has started at the foot of the Clock. People are screaming and shouting all around—none of us have felt this kind of adrenaline in a long time. Tear gas is suddenly in the air. The glass on the face of the digital readout of the Clock shatters, and the glowing numbers go out. The police raise their guns and fire shots over our heads, real bullets. A rock comes flying through the air and hits one of them dead in the face. He crumples like a rag doll.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. [George Tabb, eat yer heart out!]

First, for those who have never been to Brazil, let me explain what this was about—then I'll talk about the implications. At the time of this writing, Brazil has just celebrated its "500 year anniversary"—that is, it's been 500 years since the Portuguese first landed there, killed all the men, raped all the women (the majority of the modern day inhabitants are descended from this, I'm told), and looted the land bare, before bringing in African slaves to work plantations so that MORE wealth could be squeezed out of the country and into the pockets of Western nations (and a very select few rich accomplice locals). It's histories like this that explain why nations like Brazil are so poor today, and why the Western nations that raped them are so rich (it has nothing to do with who was/is more "civilized"—the opposite, in fact).

Of course, the people who hold power in these nations today stand to gain more if foreign corporations come in and continue to exploit the locals (read as: "enable Brazil to join the global economy," etc.), so they are doing their best to make the Brazilians associate themselves, their history, and their interests with the European colonial powers rather than with the ancestors those powers slaughtered. When we were in Brazil, the most visible signs of this propaganda campaign were the Millennium Clocks: in the center of every Brazilian city, one of these fifty foot tall monoliths (decorated with a picture of the world, no less) counted down the minutes to the 500 year anniversary. All of them (like EVERY public monument celebrating the invasion of the colonists) had to be guarded 24 hours a day by gun-toting members of the military police, for obvious reasons. My friends in Belo Horizante had thrown a lone molotov at the Clock in their city before, but to no avail, so you can imagine how good it felt for us to see the face of one of these seemingly untouchable symbols of capitalist domination smashed and covered with paint in Brazil's largest city.

Sure it felt nice, you're thinking—but did it do any good? How about the actions of the Black Bloc in Seattle, or Washington, D.C. for that matter? Now that things are really starting to heat up in the U.S., too, shouldn't we be addressing which approaches really "work" (my word choice there is deliberate, as you'll see below), and which kinds of activism are "counterproductive"?

These are exactly the questions I want to discuss, but first let's get back to the events in Sao Paulo. There's a sudden moment of stillness, as everyone realizes the gravity of the situation. The Communist students (you knew they would reappear, didn't you?) take this opportunity to throw themselves, with a display of courage that is admirable for unreconstructed middle class kids, between the police and the rest of the demonstrators, and are shouting, pleading with the pigs. The next gunshots were going to be fired into the crowd, but they aren't. Grudgingly, hatefully respectful of each other's strength, the two sides face off across a line of truce formed by college Communists fearfully clutching one another's hands. There are some more scuffles, and more rocks are thrown at the Clock, but things don't escalate further. The wounded policeman is borne away, and maybe a half hour later the demonstrators take over the highway, with no resistance this time, to march back from the damaged Clock.

Through the second half of the demonstration we hear a fair bit of complaining from the Communist kids about those fucking anarchists, who don't know how to behave, and have screwed up yet another peaceful demonstration. Strangely enough, though, no one hears any grumbling about the college kids from the vandals and rock throwers. You'd think they would want to brag about how much more courageous and radical they are than everyone else, but no, they're quiet and respectful when it comes to their more peaceful comrades—despite the fires visibly burning in their eyes at the sight of cops assaulting their friends. Could it be that

they understand how they benefit from the presence of the more "moderate" activists, and vice versa?

For if it had just been anarcho-punks at this protest, you can be sure that they would have been shot at, beaten, and/or arrested, and no one would have intervened. And on the other hand, if it had just been well-behaved college kids, the whole thing would have happened without anyone paying it any notice at all—the powers that be wouldn't feel like they needed to pay any more attention than the bored bystanders, and the kids would have chanted a bit and gone home feeling unfulfilled. One of the most convincing analyses I've read of the struggle for black power (liberals can read this as "equality" if you must) in the 1960's claimed that the holders of power and privilege were forced to bargain with pacifists like Martin Luther King, Jr. because they knew that otherwise they would have to reckon with people like Malcolm X and the Black Panthers—people who were not willing to be nice and polite and non-violent. I think that's a good example of how non-violent activism and direct-action activism can complement each other well, and this demonstration in Sao Paulo was another good example. The college kids were there to present the position coherently and to communicate with the pigs when the need arose, while the anarcho-punks and others were there to make the issues REAL and pressing for everyone there, ready or fucking not.

I'm sure many of you are worrying right now about the "bad image" that vandalism, etc. gives us and our ideas. For the moment, I'm not going to try to defend terrorism, or to explain (again!) the difference between initiating violent relations and simply pushing back when you're pushed on—so I'll just concentrate on the question of the "image problem." I always argue about this with my college activist friends... they think that whenever we do things that are publicly visible, we have to make sure not to seem "too radical" or else we will scare everyone away. I think there is a difference between being radical and alienating others. Being accessible (i.e. making it clear that what you're doing is something that others can and will feel comfortable doing with you) is extremely important, but it does NOT necessarily mean we have to tone down our radical messages or actions—perhaps the contrary.

The problem with trying to be accessible to everyone at once is that different things make different people feel included or excluded. The same nice clothes that may make my college friends look good to their bourgeois parents when their protest airs on TV can alienate the fuck out of the poor people down the street from the protest (and which of those two groups do you think has the more revolutionary potential?). By the same token, putting a brick through the window of a building that belongs to the capitalists these same people know are responsible for the mess of their community (to quote the old Profane Existence article, the masses are NOT asses) might speak very plainly and accessibly to them. If we're trying to appeal to others, we must have flexibility in our approach, and recognize when the time is right for wearing suits and speaking nicely, when it is right for smashing windows and setting fire to public monuments, and when it is right for both at once.

At the bottom of my friends' fears about seeming too radical—this is my guess, at least—there is a profound insecurity that is a bigger problem than any poor press could ever be. For decades now radicals in the U.S. have tried to downplay their beliefs, as if these were something to be ashamed of. This insecurity helps others to see these ideas as crazy, while the real nutcases on the far right get to talk about all sorts of nonsense with the certainty that the concepts they are throwing around (God, country, etc.) will be accepted as absolute values by almost everyone. Thus these motherfuckers can act so smug and confident about their bullshit that everyone is afraid to question it at all, lest they seem "extreme." I think it's time for all of us to be visible in our radicalism, confident and self-assured (without being snobbish or confrontational, of course), so that others will understand that our ideas are nothing to be ashamed of, and will not be ashamed of or try to hide whatever sympathetic feelings they have, either. If nothing else, being cheerfully, openly radical sure opens up access to a lot of ground between you and the so-called mainstream, ground that becomes safe for others to inhabit without appearing TOO crazy: "well, I'm not as far out as those CrimethInc. girls, but I do think there are some serious problems with modern representative democracy..." And it might well be that people haven't come to the radical left before because the solutions we were offering just didn't seem radical ENOUGH, given how disenchanted everyone is—ever thought of that? So as for whether smashing shit sends a message that is too radical—well, perhaps the more radical the better.

Also, it's worth mentioning that not every political action has to be done for the sake of how it LOOKS. There's something valuable about doing what you do for its own sake, not in order to sell your ideas (the way we're used to selling everything in this society). Without moments of authentic and emotionally honest action, like the assaults on the Clock in Sao Paulo or on corporate storefronts in Seattle, we can totally forget what we're trying to do in the first place as activists (which is work towards a world safe for free, authentic action, right?) and become totally lost in our role as salesmen, the branch managers of the revolution. In this sense, like it or not, the anarcho-punks and the Black Bloc are acting for all of us, simply giving voice to a different aspect of our desires than other activists.

Above and beyond how our activities are seen by spectators, the real crux of the issue is this: any resistance movement, call it "Left" or what you will, is only going to work if everyone who is interested in resistance can find a place for themselves in it. We can achieve this NOT by establishing one dogma about methods and ideology, but only by finding ways to integrate the different methods, needs, and values of different people into approaches that work for everyone involved. It's not very anti-authoritarian, or even humanitarian for that matter, to prescribe the "one true path" to revolution and demand that everyone else follows it regardless of their differences from us. If we can't find a way the Black Bloc and the middle class student activists can work together, we'll be stuck back at square one, where we have been for the last thirty years: the same old endless infighting, the pointless squabbles and blood feuds that make us look ridiculous and alienate everyone else—because people want SOLUTIONS, not new teams to join.

That's why politics has been off-putting for most people for so long: because the majority of the people who HAVE involved themselves in it have done so not because they genuinely wanted to find better ways to live and get along, but out of an insecure need (created by the capitalist impoverishment of our lives and selves) to establish an identity for themselves. An identity is always established in contrast to those of others, of course—so, although he probably didn't recognize this, your old-fashioned political activist actually had a stake in others NOT joining him in his cause. That way he got to be the smart one, the noble hero fighting for everyone's freedom, while they, the dumb unwashed, waited for his help—or despised him and his glorious ideas, "not understanding them." The truth was, everyone else could sense that he was acting more at the behest of his own insecurities than out of a real desire to build bridges to others or live authentically for himself, and therefore assumed he didn't have anything of value to offer to their real lives.

In building the new, powerful resistance that recent events have demonstrated IS possible, we need to leave the "activist identity"—and ALL identities—behind us. Yes, it's important to talk together about what will work and what won't, and to think carefully before we act or declare support for others' actions; but we have to be more ready to listen to each other, and to accept each others' differences (no, I'm not saying we should welcome Nazis, for you fucking morons out there). But the whole "violent activist" (or vandal or whatever you want to call it) versus "nonviolent activist" thing isn't going to help any of us get anywhere, it's just another of the false choices we're used to in this so-called democracy (Pepsi/Coke, Clinton/Bush, competing football teams, etc.). Instead, let's think about what we can gain from each others' different methods, and how to unify them into something mutually beneficial—for it is such interlocking, mutually beneficial relationships and methods that are themselves the model for sustainable lives in a revolutionary world.

As one of my fellow CrimethInc. workers once said: "Anyone who isn't on both sides of the issue is obviously against me from some direction." Scene unity, yo.

COLUMNS

for more ammunition, contact: CrimethInc. Black Writers' Bloc, 2695 Rangewood Drive, Atlanta, GA 30345 U.S.A.

I sit and write this on May 2. Yesterday May Day protests were held around the world. In a notable act of international solidarity protests were held not only in London, Berlin and New York but in Seoul and Manila. (22 arrested in clash with police in Minneapolis too) Pundits are talking about a "new culture of protest" and a "new protest movement" but most of us who grew up in the punk scene in the 80's and 90's have seen this movement grow and move into the limelight over the years. The Seattle and Washington DC protests have gained a lot of media coverage and I feel seriously sparked some debate over issues that have been painted out of the picture for a long time. After years of protests against the IMF and World Band finally ordinary people are beginning to question the power these institutions have over the world and millions of people's everyday lives. Here are some of my thoughts on the recent protests.

There is no doubt in my mind that the World Trade Organization, the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank are undemocratic institutions that serve only the interests of the international ruling elites. When I say ruling elites I mean trans national corporations, big business, government, and the rich. You can add into that mix the Federal Reserve as far as I'm concerned. One of the Fed's main roles in today's booming economy is to keep wages low. The Fed is totally geared toward maximizing returns for wealthy investors at the expense of working class people, and this institution is of course unelected and all powerful. I for one am not against "globalization" or a "world economy" we have lived in "world economy" since the days of the Roman Empire in one way or another. However, the way things are set up now the rich are getting much richer while the poor stay poor. Some crumbs have been tossed to the middle classes lately during the current boom in the American economy, but these are small crumbs indeed. All the wealth that has been created in the current economic expansion could be going a long way to really solve problems of poverty and social injustice in the less developed nations of the world. Instead, these nations are seeing their resources plundered wholly for the benefit of tiny local elites and international corporations. Doom and Napalm Death were singing about the evils of the World Bank and international capitalism back in the 80's and they were right to criticize these bodies as the sources of human misery and inequality in the underdeveloped parts of the world. Lets not forget that one of the main reasons these nations are impoverished today is that their resources were plundered by Imperialist powers for centuries and their economies underdeveloped in order to make them more exploitable under neo-colonialism which has existed since the 1960's.

That said, the first world is waking up to its responsibility to confront the problem in the heart of the beast. At the same time, progressive forces in the developing world are drawing the connections as well and we may be entering a period of truly global unrest. What kind of unrest? Unrest of the poor and working classes against the elites which have been bleeding them dry for years. I was very active in protests and political agitation in the mid and late 80's. However, I have been pretty critical of political activists and their protests for several years. In fact I largely sat out the Gulf War protests due to a strong dislike for the dictatorship of Saddam Hussein. However, today's protest movement gives me hope for the future for a number of reasons.

First, most young people today recognize that the American political system is totally bogus and corrupt and does not represent their interests at all. The politicians only care about the interests of the rich, big business and the suburban middle class. A group which is increasingly older, richer and more conservative all the time. Therefore, they look to social change through other means, the streets and social activism. This reduces the likelihood that such a movement will be co-opted by the mainstream political system.

Second, the protest movement has made workers rights a central issue and has gained considerable support from the labor movement. I know for a fact that most working class people have a hard time taking middle class college student activist types seriously. But if a movement emerges where workers and student have a common goal things might really start to change. In the 60's it was largely middle class kids who protested the war while working class kids fought and died. This led to a great deal of resentment on the part of working class people for the protesters they viewed as spoiled rich kids acting out. If a movement emerges which links the rights of workers to those of the progressive students (As in France in 1968) we may really be moving somewhere.

Third, the movement is global. The very advances in technology and communication which have driven the economic expansion have provided today's dissidents with the tools to coordinate protests around the world. As Lenin once said "The capitalist will sell you the very rope you intend to hang him with." It is one thing for Americans to protest on behalf of exploited workers in say Indonesia, but another for Indonesians and Americans to protest both at say the factory and the corporate offices of an exploitative company simultaneously.

Much ink has been spilt about trying to "re-live the 60's" and I think that's bullshit. Most of the radicals of the 60's are so discredited by their self serving hypocrisy they are probably the first ones to call the cops on student protesters today. In my mind we should be looking back to the 30's when social protest and radicalism still meant something and the working class could still get out in the streets and fight.

I was an active participant and later organizer in the No Business as Usual protests and the War Chest Tours of the early and mid 80's. These were organized by Positive Force DC, until they were co-opted by the leftoid cult RCP. The RCP is still active today under the front "Refuse and Resist" make no bones about it these guys are a dangerous mob of Stalinist zombies, kick them out of any protest they show up to. Indeed, all that commie shit is totally bunk has been rejected by working people all around the world. Crackpot commie groups will always try to come out of the woodwork and co-opt any protest with their newspapers and slogans and speakers, have none of it. Those guys can rot in Lenin's tomb. Anyway, back in the day when we were organizing protests we steered away from the boring "slogans, speakers, marching, slogans" repertoire and tried to inject humor and action into our events. We were very inspired by the "Stop the City" actions in London which we read about in MRR, Conflict and Subhumans lyrics. There was the mass "die in" at the corporate headquarters of Union Carbide after the Bhopal disaster. We would put laundry soap and dye in the fountains and then plug up the drains with coffee can lids so that colored soap suds would fill the park, making it hard for cops to chase us. There were costumes, banners and often missiles hurled at police such as rotten fruit or dumpstered twinkies. I remember one night we set up a protest outside and arms show where foreign dignitaries in limos pulled up to sip cocktails and check out the latest in hi tech weapons and surveillance gear. We lobbed so much rotten fruit at those characters before the cops arrested or chased us off! That was great fun, and we made our point, and we ruined some third world despots suit! This getting arrested thing has got to go. My idea of protest isn't lining up to be "peacefully" arrested by the cops. If I'm gonna go to jail again its gonna be for wrecking something or hurting someone, not just to "make a statement." Getting arrested might seem romantic for upper class kids who've never been to jail but when you've been seeing the inside of jail off and on since age 14 its no place you aim to go on purpose.

That about wraps it up for me this month, but I will talk a little bit about music. Its festival season here in the Midwest and Code 13 already played one in Chicago last weekend. Some new bands to watch that either played or handed me demo tapes lately Dearborn SS, No Justice, Limp Wrist, Melee, Rambo, Don Austin. I've heard some people lately complaining about all their favorite bands breaking up. Boo fucking hoo, new bands will start that will be better, faster,

louder, add a new twist so get over it. Hardcore is alive and moving forward every day. The scene will survive without Spazz, Los Crudos, Charles Bronson and His Hero is Gone. Look how longs it's lasted without Black Flag the Dead Kennedys and Crass. Don't lose any sleep over it kids, the next big thing might be in happening right now in a basement on your block.

I'll be doing a festival of my own this summer July 22d at the Third Lair Skate Park in Minneapolis. Thrash Fest 2000 will feature Aus Rotten, DS 13, Code 13, United Super Villains, Nine Shocks Terror, Spazm 151, Holding On, the Real Enemy and maybe some more to be announced. Look for DS 13 on tour in the USA in July and August.

My next deadline comes up while Code 13 is on tour in Australia, I'll try to send in a column about our tour, but who can make any guarantees when you are living on the road. Until then, remember, Hardcore Rules!

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention are calling for a 20 cent per six-pack tax on beer, claiming that gonorrhea rates would drop by nearly nine percent as a result. An analysis of clap cases between 1981 and 1995 concludes that the residents of states with higher beer taxes experienced fewer unpleasant burning and itching sensations than states where beer flows free of government fundraising.

"Of the 36 beer tax increases that we reviewed, gonorrhea rates declined among teens aged 15 to 19 in 24 instances," Dr. Kathleen Irwin of the CDC's Division of Sexually Transmitted Diseases Prevention said. "Drinking can influence a person's judgment. For example, when drinking they may be more likely to have sex, to have sex without a condom, to have multiple sex partners, or to have sex with high-risk partners."

Feeling thirsty yet?

Without getting into the specifics of the scientific relationship between beer taxes and the clap—why beer and not wine? why the clap and not herpes? and if 20 cent tax cuts the clap by 9 percent wouldn't a $2.20 tax hike eliminate it entirely?—this proposal to favorably adjust human behavior patterns via taxation is an exciting attempt to hit Americans where they actually live. After all, traditional means of containing excess vice—laws, religious prohibitions, spouses—have outlived their usefulness in an age when our choice of consumer goods is the only thing that defines us.

Therefore, in the proud spirit of Dr. Kathleen Irwin, the CDC and the Tax Reform Act of 1986, I've spent the past few minutes pondering other unlikely relationships between the social and dismal sciences. Even if only one of these surprising, yet absolutely rational, theories is accepted and eventually signed into law, the world will be a better place. So much for those who claim punditry is nothing more than base criticism!

• ***The Link Between Murder and the Gas Tax:*** After thinking about it, I am happy to announce that a 25-cent-per-gallon federal tax on gasoline would save 1,600 Americans from being murdered each year. Consider these frightening statistics: Of the roughly 16,000 Americans who are murdered each year, 68 percent are shot, 13 percent are stabbed and 5 percent are poisoned, blown up, drowned and/or drugged. Higher gas prices would reduce driving to the store to pick up the guns, knives, toxins, explosive devices, narcotics and swimming pool supplies that murderers use to dispatch their victims. Granted, the rate of killers who prefer to employ "personal objects" (hands, fists, feet, etc. in police parlance) might rise from its present rate of 6 percent, but why let that stand in the way of sound taxation for the higher good? A vote against the gas tax is a vote for genocide!

• **The Fire Extinguisher-Obesity Postulate:** One out of four Americans will watch their homes destroyed by fire during their lifetimes—many from the inside, pounding on a locked door, screaming as the flames lick their skin. Slapping a 50 percent sales tax on fire extinguishers would make fire-control devices less affordable, less common and therefore less available. Over time, now-sedentary Americans—knowing that they could burn to ashes any moment—would develop the instant reflexes of a cat. Like their feline brethren, their high-strung dispositions would cause them to lose weight, thus virtually eliminating the tricky problem of obesity overnight (over time, of course). Moreover, nearly 2 million fires a year destroy some $8.5 billion in property per annum. Increasing those figures means more jobs for those who make goods to replace what's been burned in a labor market shrunk by fire deaths—resulting in high-wage, low-unemployment nirvana!

• **The Chocolate Fidelity Corollary:** Applying 12.2 percent of revenues collected from the fire extinguisher tax to subsidize low chocolate prices would slash divorce rates by as much as a third. It's as simple as the relationship between salt-water tadpoles and nuclear fission: Cheaper chocolate means fatter women. Chubbier women means fewer temptations to cheat among men, who are statistically eight times more likely than women to stray. Families stay together, children lead stable lives and society wins—thanks to the chocolate subsidy!

Next time: Why I got expelled from engineering school.

Send stuff: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, e-mail: ted@rall.com

I heard a really, really funny joke. You like jokes, don't you? O.K., I'll share it.

This monk goes into a bar...wait, he's not a monk yet. Don't worry, this doesn't ruin the punch line.

So this guy goes into a bar, and he becomes a monk (maybe some monks hang around the bar looking for depressed/discontented guys so they can get them to sign up after a few drinks, as recruiters for various causes have been known to do throughout history {why do you think it was called The Beer Hall Putsch?}, or maybe they were dropping off some wine or chartreuse or something).

So he gets on the bus (they've got to have some shuttle service between the bar and the monastery, right?) and it stops at the 7-11 (oh, you've already heard that one, never mind).

So the Father Superior (or whatever he'd called, my knowledge of ecclesiastical orders is limited and the MRR reference library is a bit skinny on such matters) tells the new guy (we'll call him Jim; Jism Jim, to be exact) to get right to work copying manuscripts, because that's one of their chief recreations.

So the new guy sets about working, but he comes back and says, "Heya boss, this manuscript I'm copying from [what a joker, he should have said "from which I'm copying" and avoided the dangling preposition] doesn't look too old."

So the Boss Monk explains that they copy from copies of copies of copies of copies, not unlike a lot of bands these days (oh hell, probably in any day, although it seems as though many used to be content with copying from copies and therefore sucked that much less {then again, maybe I'm imagining things}).

So the new guy says, "Maybe we should copy from the originals, just in case some error in copying has transpired" (as long as I made the musical analogy, I should point out that such errors in the copying are where the worthiness would creep in {if any did, although it usually doesn't} in the supposedly creative field of "creating" music).

Well, (orange you glad I didn't say "so"?) this seems a not bad idea, so he's sent to the basement where all the old manuscripts are kept to do just that.

Dinner rolls around and the new guy doesn't come up for his clear broth and salt tack.

So a couple of monks (why a monk?) go to fetch him, and they find him crying. They find him, old manuscript in hand, blubbering away.

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"What's wrong?" one of them asks.

Holding up the manuscript, he replies, "It says `celebrate.'"

If you don't get it at first, ask your mom to explain it to you (what I don't understand is why he was so upset when he'd been a monk for less than a day, but that's life).

"HE USED TO BE A BAD MAN,
HE USED TO RUN AMOK..."

Fuck yes! The TERMINUS CITY CD on TKO is out! This fucker is called *Justice Isn't Always Fair* and it rocks hard! The CD starts out with the theme song "Terminus City" and then smashes right into "My Castle," which absolutely stuns you with its power! Frank sings: "There's a war in my neighborhood, it's coming down my street/ It's not an invading army that we need to beat/ Junkies at the fences/ Better let loose the dogs/ Ready the defenses/ They're checking cars/ Cause it's a class war of another kind/ They want my shit/ And they don't mind breaking glass and busting in/ They want what's mine/ But they won't win/ Might not be a castle but it's all I've fucking got/ There's crack heads in my neighborhood/ There's perverts down the block/ Car thieves on the corner messing with my locks/ If it's not nailed down they'll run with it/ I'm pissed off/ I'm sick of it/ Load the guns/ Grab the bats/ It's our turn to take it back." Fucking great!

"Punks Not Debt" is song number three about middle class kids from the suburbs coming to the city to beg as a sport. Next up is the fast and tough "I'm Running." TERMINUS CITY plays some extra strong rock n' roll for you skins and punks! "Coward" talks of a man who shouts and then runs away—tough talk but nothing to back it up. "Backseat" is a full-bore rock adventure with CHUCK BERRY riffs galore. This is good rock n' roll—fifties style—with Oi! undertones. "Kellners Song" contains the CD title lyric "Justice Isn't Always Fair." The song illuminates the common problem of rich people controlling crooked cops to manipulate the system and imprison innocent people. In "Music For The Kids," TERMINUS CITY sings: "Well, I been workin' all week long/ My head's a mess/ And I'm gonna freak out if I don't get rid of this stress/ But at the shows, we all hang out and meet up with our friends/ We're gonna stick around until the music ends/ This music's for the kids/ This music's for the crowd/ Oi! music's for the ones who like to shout out loud/ Oi! Oi! Oi!"

In "Rumor Mill" and "Fight Tonight" the band sings about interpersonal relationships and the resulting conflicts. You've probably heard "Work For A Living" on the fine split 7" with the MAIN STREET SAINTS on Flat Records. Fucking great! TERMINUS CITY will finish you off with "Thank You" and "Harold Was A Hooligan."

Listen up! Mr. Bill Owens of THOSE UNKNOWN fame is the motherfucking poet laureate of the skinhead/punk world! The new THOSE UNKNOWN mini CD on TKO has three excellent original Owens vehicles with a marvelous flavor of punk and Oi! The singing style employed here could be fairly contrasted to Mr. JAKE BURNS or Mr. PAUL WELLER. "Pattie's Lament" is a tragic story of an attack on a woman and her fear and mistrust of others. "Set To The Ol' Cold Wind" is a more traditional song with organ playing included. You might be able to spot some of Mr. Owens' diverse influences from PHIL OCHS to WOODY GUTHRIE. Here are some of the lyrics from "Set To The Ol' Cold Wind": "It gets me down to hear your name/ And though your burning image in my mind's indelibly ingrained/ It's refreshing to note I wish for you know better/ If you had, I suspect you would've stayed/ But low fashion came a-callin' and drug you away/ Shackled to the back of a notion from '77/ Like a tin can tugged behind a newlywed's car/ You're gonna cause a lotta racket before you fall off/ Left to tarnish in the street while on goes a parade/ I'm biding and broodin'/ It's all comin' down/ Screeching and loathin'/ There's been too many rows/ Burnin', yeah yearnin'/ There's no stoppin' it now, not now!/ I've been trod down by misery/ I've been mired in disgust/ Resorting to your folly left me rolled in a rut/ Picked neat and clean with not so much as a care/ Now a cold wind blows, gusting bitter, blind and bare/ Clawed winds pints of Jameson can hardly set fair/ I'm stormed off to float in a bottle of daunt and despair."

Yes, that song is fucking brilliant! That is a good indication of the lyrical prowess of Mr. Owens. The song that really gets you by the short hairs is "A Pauper's Pride." The words go like this: "Ya see these clothes I'm wearin'/ Well I brought 'em at the Five & Dime/ Or maybe I got 'em at one of those places/ Where pocket change buys fine designs/ Some may peg me worthless, destitute, base, and flawed/ Yet had it not been for their tight-fisted politics/ We could've all shared in labor's reward/ I might not be a rich man, but I'm sure not a poor man/ 'Cause my soul and spirit get stronger by the day/ I might not be a rich man, but I'm sure not a poor man/ 'Cause lack of money don't make ya poor anyway/ My income brands me lower class/ A status deemed by some to be sordid and soiled/ And though my traditional last name befits me/ It commands no respect at all/ Don't ya peg me worthless/ Destitute, base or flawed/ 'Cause from our perspective/ It's the other way 'round/ And due time for a great reform/ Maintaining a lofty monetary status/ Has forever been the least of my concerns/ I've always placed my finer focus on humility/ Compassion, and the type of respect that must be earned/ So forgive me if I don't crumble/ When you tell me that I'm lowly and unfortunately free/ Always bear in mind my stratum makes your money/ Poor take pride and affluent take heed."

These are some really deep and aching sentiments from one of the current masters of turning a phrase. Go out and secure THOSE UNKNOWN's new CD *Malice and Misfortune* on TKO Records.

The third entry in the new TKO trilogy of punk is from those sick fucks THE RANDUMBS. Even if the DWARVES drank more alcohol and were strong enough to beat the shit out of the MURDER JUNKIES they would not be qualified to carry Ian Randumb's jock strap. This is big balls rock n' roll with a possessed-by-Budweiser grasp on the real priorities in life; family, food, guns, and beer. Noah's guitar fucking blazes all the way through. Check out the song "10/90." This motherfucker rocks! On this *Things Are Tough All Over* CD, you get some of the hits that you've been witnessing at RANDUMBS shows recently. "Big I", one of the crown jewels of the current RANDUMBS set, is included. This song is really good! Also included are the hits "Suicide," "Our Noise," "Noma Grrrl" and "Carny Hag." This is dirty rock n' roll at it's best. This shit is too raw for most of the politically correct college punks. Not recommended for those with a weak liver.

Coming next month on TKO is the first-ever LP by the world famous BRUISERS from New Hampshire, USA. This selection will be called *In the Pit—Live and Rare* and will include material from the 1989-1992 BRUISERS era. There are recordings from a club show as well as a Radio broadcast from 1992. You will find out-takes from the *Independence Day* studio sessions from 1990. Also included is the great IRON CROSS cover "Live For Now" that the BRUISERS did for Al Quint's *Suburban Voice* magazine 7" compilation. Mr.s Al Barr and Jeff Morris chose the songs for the record and Mr. Morris contributed liner notes.

The S.C. VOLUNTEERS from Santa Cruz, California have a fine new EP out on TKO. This one is called *Still Here* and it proudly offers four solid punk-rock numbers by Sam and company.

Also in the works at TKO is a reissue of a CD-only four-band compilation released in Japan earlier this year. This record is called *Back On the Streets* and it features SLANG and TOM & THE BOOT BOYS from Japan and DROPKICK MURPHYS and A POOR EXCUSE from the USA. Each band contributes one original and one cover song with the exception of TOM & THE BOOT BOYS, who do two originals.

Another exciting reissue on TKO is the great *Reclaim the Streets* LP by the highly respected Irish band RUNNIN' RIOT. Get this one right away if you missed out the first time around.

Mr. Michael Novak and his prestigious Chapter 11 Records are ready to release the debut EP by the RIGHTEOUS. These working-class skinheads hail from Sweden. The

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record is produced by Mr.Carl Fritscher of the TEMPLARS. This one is guaranteed to be hard-ass Oi!.

Did you listen to the NIBLICK HENBANE CD *And We Fall* that came out last month? NIBLICK HENBANE rocks hard and they've got a lot to say! You need to get this CD right away and as you are listening to some of America's oldest and truest Oi! be sure to read the lyrics to these great time-tested songs.

Here are the lyrics to "We Don't Want To Play" from NIBLICK HENBANE's debut 7" on Headache Records called *NJ Oi!*: "People living on the street/Corporate criminals gettin' off cheap/ Screw the poor it's the American way/ They don't matter much anyway/ Things are wrong but you leave 'em be/ It just doesn't matter much anyway/ You say that there's no other way/ If that's your game then we don't want to play/ They say that we can always vote/ But the system is a fucking joke/ Big campaign funds that's the key/ I spend the most so vote for me/ They say the cops and courts are there/ If you are wronged they'll make it fair/ This idea has just one hitch/ You can't get justice unless you're rich/If that's your game then we don't want to play!" Yeah! This is good shit!

Here's more wise words from a band that's made up of tough guys who are all sensitive under that gruff exterior—the song is "Future" from that same debut EP, and it goes like this: "I used to listen to what they told me/ Who to see and where to go/ They always said that they knew better/That I was still too young to know/But now I've grown much older/ I just had to break away/ Now that they know I've taken over/ They haven't got too much to say/ The future belongs to me/ I don't want to think of careers yet/ Don't want nothin' to tie me down/ I'm gonna go for all I can get/ I still want to run around/ I'm not saying I know what I want/ I'm not sure of what road to take/ But what I do will be what I choose/ Free to make my own mistakes/ The future belongs to me/ I see the end to which we're all fated/ You know none of us has much time/ Won't do what I've always hated/ They got to know my life is mine/ Can't live up to expectations/ I don't even pretend to try/ And I don't worry about where I'm going/ Just gonna' spread my wings and fly/ The future belongs to me." Now those are some damn intelligent lyrics!

Order NIBLICK HENBANE's *And We Fall* CD from Josh at Upstart Productions, 65 A West Madison Ave. #254, Dumont, NJ. 07628 USA.

Holy fuck! Knockout Records has re-released three of the WRETCHED ONES CDs on fucking black German vinyl with classy full color card-stock sleeves and inserts! The first selection is simply titled *The Wretched Ones* and this music was first released in 1993 as Headache CD #22.. This album is a modern day American Oi! classic with hits like "Goin Down The Bar," "We're Not Stopping Now," and "I'm Troubled Within." Turn this beautiful slab of wax over and you start out with "Johnny Burnout." This segues into the most important WRETCHED ONES' anthem on this disc: "Working Man": "I'm just a working man/ Working everyday/Doing what I'm told/To get my pay/Working and breaking my back/ That's all I do/ But I'm not complaining/ I'm just telling you/ It's alright/ That's life/ Let's go!"

In "Time Marches On", the WRETCHED ONES are exposed as the philosophers they really are: "There is one thing that money cannot buy/And it cannot be saved no matter how you try/Once you use it you cannot get it back/ It will not discriminate white from black/ You don't even know how much you got on any given day/ It might just stop/ Time waits for no one/That's been said/ But it'll work on you until you're dead."

Also present on this fabulous record is "Oi Rogers" and that early hit "I Hated School."

The second magnificent WRETCHED ONES reissue is the Scumfuck Mucke picture disc LP from 1996 called *Go To Work*. This fucker starts out with a rocking number called "These Four Walls." Just when you think you are up to speed with the WRETCHED ONES, they drop the Oi! hammer on you with "Bottles And Cans." Fucking drinking music at its best! You must consider the lyrics to "Life Hits Hard": "You're on the road to nowhere/ But it doesn't bother you/ Living in the basement/ You ain't got no clue/ Everybody's working/ You're watching TV/ Semi-retired at age thirty-three/ You got all the answers/ But you never leave the couch/ You say you can't find a job/ You're just a slouch."

Other bona fide bell-ringers on this LP are "I'm Just Doing My Job" and "That's Why I Drink Beer." In "That's Why I Drink Beer," the WRETCHED ONES sing: "Get up early every day/ The pressure is on right away/ No time to think, I'm always late/ That's the part I really hate/ Get in the truck and it's out of gas/ My life's just a pain in the ass/ My problems hit me in the face/ I'm losing in the rat race/ Go to work/ Go to school/ Be real nice/ Be a fool/ Don't wanna live by the golden rule/ That's why I drink beer." Fuck yes!

The third WRETCHED ONES reissue is last year's CD *We Don't Belong To Nobody*, finally available on glorious vinyl. You get great Oi! tracks like "Overtime," "Welcome To The Eastcoast," "This Place Is Huge," "Drinking Beer And Rock N' Roll" and "The Oi! Mode." Some of the most powerful lyrics the WRETCHED ONES have ever written are in "Leave The Old Man Alone": "They drafted him when he was eighteen/ Made him into a young marine/ He came home and he married mom/ Turned around and his youth was gone/ Used to drop bombs in the war/ Now he drives to the grocery store/ Resting in his easy chair/ It took him a lifetime to get there/ Move faster, get out of the way/ That's what the young folks say/ They don't know what he's done for them/ Gave them life and freedom/ Leave the old man alone " Excellent!

The album finishes off with two other great songs, "We Don't Belong To Nobody" and "Dead Man Working." The latter song contains these lyrics: "You reach the point where you've got no choice/ You're just another number and you've got no voice/ What you used to call your job is now your career/ Days tick by/ So do weeks, months and years/ My youth is long gone/ But my bills are still here/ I'll be plugging away for many years/ But at least I have a sense of pride/ Making ends meet until the day I die/ So your body falls apart/ That part of the deal/ If you want nice things and three square meals/ No need to be bitter/ No need to be cold/ It's a part of life/ It happens when you're old/ Now I'm a dead man working." Fucking brilliant!

The WRETCHED ONES bill themselves as "America's Oldest Oi!" They are possibly referring to the average age of the members. This band continues to represent all that is good and right in New Jersey, USA, Oi! Get your WRETCHED ONES LPs from Knockout Records.

Also available this month on Knockout Records is the new LP by Basel, Switzerland's Sugar Oi! Kings, THE VANILLA MUFFINS. This is more of the light and fluffy punk n' Oi! ballads that you've come to expect from these good natured punks. This might be too much pure pop for some skins and punks but for the lighthearted melodic punk enthusiasts, it has some definite hooks. FRANKIE FLAME and STEVE WHALE (BUSINESS) make guest appearances.

Knockout Records has reissued last year's Captain Oi! CD by SPODGENESSABOUNDS called *I Don't Know* on vinyl. This has the trademark humor of MAX SPLODGE with accomplished guitar, bass, drums, and horn playing. This would appeal to fans of traditional English pub music with some ska and Oi! overtones.

Another CD out now on Knockout Records is *Streetlife - The Best Of Red London*, including material from 1983-1999. You'll find "Revolution Times" and "This is England" (1983), "Poseurs Retreat" (1984), "No War, No Hate" (1984), "Children of War" (1987), and some of the more current numbers like "Once Upon A Generation" from 1999.This is slower melodic punk with political lyrics.

The old school punk group MENACE has a new live LP out on Vinyl Japan entitled *Live In Bermondsey*. That is not only a good recording, but rocks pretty hard too! It's nice to hear these veterans sing "Insane Society," "Screwed Up," "Carry No Banners," "Last Years Youth" and "G.L.C." A damn decent record by one of the more influential and underrated bands of their era.

Captain Oi! has a slew of new reissues for you punks and skins. The first two UK SUBS records are back! *Another Kind Of Blues* and *Brand New Age* are two of the best English punk records made, and if you don't have these in your house then you should get them immediately. Captain Oi! has issued ANGELIC UPSTARTS *The BBC Peel Sessions*. This CD includes three John Peel Sessions

from the BBC radio shows. From the October 30, 1978 session, you get great versions of "Upstart" and "Youth Leader." From the October 1, 1980 Peel Session, you get good renditions of "Last Night Another Soldier," "Kids On The Street" and more. The third show featured is from June 29, 1981. Some standout tracks from that year are "Two Million Voices," "You're Nicked," and "The Murder Of Liddle Towers." Excellent! Some great recordings from this very important band!

Also available on Captain Oi! currently is the SHAM 69 *Rarities 1977-1980,* which includes demo versions of "Borstal Breakout," "The Cockney Kids Are Innocent," and "They Don't Understand." There's also lots of "B" sides and three songs that were intended for inclusion on the sound-track to the *Quadraphenia* film, but were never rerecorded by SHAM 69.

This month KOB Records from Italy in conjunction with Mad Butcher Records in Germany present *Tre Venezie Skins & Punks United Against Racism*. All of the bands on this compilation come from the three regions in Northeastern Italy that comprise Tre Venezie. On this 30-band compilation you get: LOS FASTIDIOS doing "Radio Boots," OVERSIGHT doing "Non Cambieremo," DEROZER with "Equilibri Instabili," the great RAPTUS doing "Infanzia Serena" (there are good gruff vocals on this one), MELT with "Noia" (this has a RAMONES feel), and SENZA SICURA with "Quando Iniziero." Up next you get the tough sounds of FECCIA ROSSA and their hard Oi! song "Siamo Tutti Clandestini." Next is C.S.C.H. and the rock n' roll number "Indeferenza." On deck next you get MIRIAMPLACE playing "Amsterdam" with a snotty 1977 punk sound. After that you have RABBIA playing some rough and ready Oi! with "Tute Da Lavoro." This is followed by L'AMICODIMARTUCCI raging with their hardcore song "Non Voglio Fare il Militare" and then REGRESS serenades you with a good sing-a-long punk tune "No Voice Into The Night," plus many more.

Also on KOB/Mad Butcher this month is the new split CD by MELE MARCE and ATTACCA BRIGHE who hails from Firenze, Italy. This is good sing-a-long melodic Oi! for you skins and punks. The CD is entitled *Dai Sobborghi*. These non-racist skinheads present good vocals with up-tempo Oi! music with choruses that celebrate football, beer, and unity in their scene. Pretty good! Kontro Ogni Barriera (KOB) Records also has the Radio Boots EP available by LOS FASTIDIOS who hail from Verona and Vicenza. Good stuff!

Taang! Records has a couple of interesting selections available for you this month. The ANTI-HEROS are out on Taang! with their live CD *1000 Nights Of Chaos*. Great! You get tough American Oi! with songs like "That's Right," "National Debt," "The Tradition," "He's A Skin," and "Murder One." Also included are two live covers: "White Riot" by the CLASH and "I'm A Rock N' Roll Nigger" by PATTI SMITH. Listen to this and you will be reminded, again, that the ANTI-HEROS are the real shit! Taang! also offers the DROPKICK MURPHYS/BUSINESS split CD *Mob Mentality* with good DROPKICK MURPHYS' songs "Keep The Faith," "Boys On The Dock," "Knock Me Down," and "The Kids Are Alright" by THE WHO. The last selection on Taang! this month is the new 7" EP by FORCED REALITY. This has three songs; the best of which is "We're Not Alone '99."

Outsider Records is ready to release the FORCED REALITY CD called *Thirteen Years Of Forced Reality*. Recorded live on WNBR last November, this includes eight live songs—one of which is a cover of MERLE HAGGARD's "Mama Tried." You also get two new studio songs, one of which is "Fifteen Pints And I'm Still Standing."

In mid-July look for a fifteen song CD on Outsider by Ohio's great punk band THE GC5 called *Kisses From Hanoi*. This is much anticipated! GC5 are one of the best of the current crop of the political punk bands. In September you get the various artists *Scene-Killer 3* compilation. A lot of good stuff is coming out on Outsider Records!

The BLOODY SODS have a new split EP out with REEB called *Good Clean Fun* on Critical Mass Records. The BLOODY SODS continue to attack your senses with two ass-kicking songs. First up is "Authority" about abuse of police power, and then you get "Lost Your Mind" about some unlucky fuck that can't function in society anymore. On the "B" side of this EP you have Atlanta's skate-rock kings REEB with their debut release. The song "Suckerpunch" has some of the enthusiasm of old CIRCLE JERKS punk-rock. Order your BLOODY SODS/REEB split from: Critical Mass Records, 1266 W. Paces Ferry Road, PMB 284, Atlanta, Georgia, 30327.

LIMECELL and THE BLURTERS have a split EP out on Snapshot Records. The LIMECELL side is raw punk rock at its nastiest. We start the blood flowing with "Piss Test" and segue right into "Daily Grind" with its crunching guitar chug and tortured vocals. LIMECELL have managed to introduce great punk and Oi! vocals to the rough hewn rock and roll of the CONFEDERACY OF SCUM. The last song on the LIMECELL portion of the bill is a live version of "Crack Hooker." Great!

THE BLURTERS continue the vicious rock n' roll program with their first song, "Compo Scam." The next rowdy punk number is "Pornstar." Then for a finale these Sydney punks do a live version of "Public Toilet." Rock n' roll you fucks! Write to Snapshot Records, PO Box 175 George S Hall, 2198 NSW, Australia. Jay_snapshot @hotmail.com.www.geocities. com/sunset-strip/performance/9801.

APPREHENDED VIOLENCE ORDER from Camperdown, NSW Australia have a scorching new hardcore punk EP called *Fuck Positive Hardcore* on Short Fuse Records. This fucker kicks a lot of punk ass with songs like "Walk Away," "You're A Fuckin' Prick," "No Doves," "Assassin," "Uncontrollable" (by JERRY'S KIDS), and "Hated And Proud." In "No Doves," A.V.O. sings: "Come to our scene/ Try and act hard/ You will go down/ Feel my steel cap/ In your fuckin' face/ Blood on the floor/ Best you stay away/ Don't you ever come to our town/ Because this is Sydney/ Where there flies no doves." Brutal!

NERVOUS TENSION has a really good EP out on Fight 45 Records from Paris, France. The *Under Siege* EP has tough punk songs that conjure up visions of THE ANGRY SAMOANS in 1983. You should give a listen to "Earthquake In LA," "Someone Shot The President," and the title cut "Under Siege." Good hard-nosed punk rock from England here. Write to Fight 45 Records, 1, Passage Kracher 75018, Paris, France.

THE BODIES new punk-rock mini LP is out on the street now courtesy of Vulture Rock Records. This record has some of your favorite songs that you've heard THE BODIES play in the clubs hundreds of times. You get "Street Trooper." You get THE BODIES' big hit "We Fly The Flag" with its great THE KIDS style guitar riffs. On the flip side you'll hear good songs like "Justice" and "Just A Memory". This six-song twelve inch, *Fire-Power Is Our Business*, is worth the investment just for the nice Vulture Rock sleeve. It's a crisp, hard, card-stock cover with vivid colors and a very dramatic design.

Vulture Rock has a STRIKERS 7" prepared for you. This is good hardcore punk from Westfield, Massachusetts. Listen to "The Ride," "Reckless Youth," and "Last Man Standing." Good shit. Also, be sure to listen to the new Vulture Rock SNIX CD, *Archives Volume Number One 1984-1985*, including demo and live material from this great French Oi! band.

Michael and DSS Records out of Linz, Austria present three new LPs for your listening pleasure. First you have the BUTCHERS/SUBWAY THUGS split LP—*Volume One in the DSS Records Double Fist Series*. The BUTCHERS are a Seattle punk band with almost a ZEKE sound; more like nasty DWARVES type of shit than 1977 punk or Oi! style. The flipside of this LP is fucking great! THE SUBWAY THUGS plow through "The Battle," "Memories," "Romantic," "Street Bully Boy," "No Turning Back," "Catch 22," and "US." Excellent!

DSS also offers a COCK SPARRER LP called *Diamonds and Pearls* with some great versions of some great songs. The track list is: "Runnin' Riot," "We Love You," "Again and Again," "Taken for a Ride," "Teenage Heart," "Sister Suzie," "Chip On Your Shoulder," "Platinum Blonde," "Whatcha Gonna Do About It," and "I Need A Witness." Top notch stuff!

The third DSS record for you this month is the *Wearside* LP by those Sunderland, England, punk stalwarts RED ALERT. Give this a listen. Write to DSS Records at PO Box 730, 4021 Linz, Austria. Fax/phone 0043-732-316391. Email: dss@telecom.at.

You lucky punks who got to go to Berlin for the "Holidays In The Sun 2000" came away with a smile and a head full of music. Even with some cancellations, the

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show was worth the trip. All reports about the beginning of the first day tell of good warm-up sets by ARGY BARGY and the UK SUBS. ANGELIC UPSTARTS were next and the skins and punks were in heaven. STIFF LITTLE FINGERS were the headliner for the Friday show. SLF gave a good version of "Alternative Ulster" early on. Then the band played some of their new material, which was mediocre at best. Towards the end of the set things got stirred up again. Jake Burns has still got the great voice and when he wraps his vocals around a classic song like "Tin Soldiers" and "Suspect Device." It's easy to see why so many young bands were influenced by STIFF LITTLE FINGERS.

Saturday started early with good sets supplied by REAZIONE from Italy and THE VANILLA MUFFINS from Switzerland. As the day wore on, and more beer was consumed, the crowd got emotionally prepared for the great music that was to come. German tough-n-hard Oi! band THE TROOPERS put on a show to end all shows! The singer for THE TROOPERS presents a daunting countenance with some of the most powerful vocals on the planet. The gruff sound was blood-curdling! You got deep guttural vocals sung in German with a metal-laced guitars backing it up. Awe inspiring!

Next up was the legendary English band THE CRACK. Many people have waited ten years to see these guys—and they were not disappointed! THE CRACK had a full sound, superior vocals and guitars, and a sense of humor to boot! THE CRACK played several hits off of the much sought after '80s Link LP *In Search Of The Crack*. Songs like "My World" and "Everybody's Dreaming" were as fresh and vibrant today as they were in 1988. Excellent! THE CRACK finished up with a cover of "House Of The Rising Sun," and they managed to breathe new life into this old blues standard made famous by THE ANIMALS. It was a very special treat to see THE CRACK—hopefully they will be playing more shows in the near future.

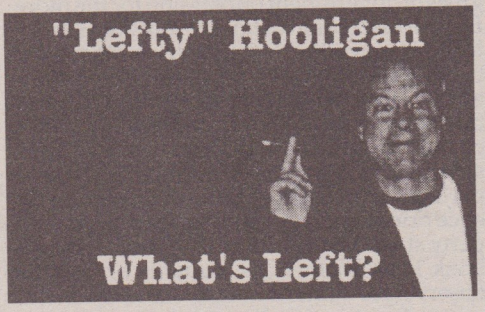
Next in the line up was GBH, who are still energetic and are playing metal-tinged punk as they have been for many years. This was a journeyman set by some punks who have been there and back.

Now the crowd was excited! The DROPKICK MURPHYS were coming out next! Ken Casey, Matt Kelly, Al Barr and the boys kicked ass! The DROPKICK MURPHYS steamed through "Boys On The Dock," "Boston Asphalt," "Ten Years of Service," "Never Alone," a new song we'll call "Stand Up And Fight," a traditional Irish song "Wild Rover" and a great finale including "TNT" by AC/DC into "Skinhead On The MBTA." A great set!

Next up was COCK SPARRER—the reason most of the people came to "Holidays In The Sun." The crowd was ecstatic! COCK SPARRER's set was very similar to the one they played in the US recently. The songs played were: "Riot Squad," "Secret Army," "Tough Guys," "I've Been Working," "Don't Blame Us," "Teenage Heart," "The Sun Says," "I've Got Your Number," "What's It Like To Be Old" (first time ever played live!), "Watch Your Back", "Argy Bargy", "A.U.", "Take 'Em All", "Because You're Young," "Where Are They Now?" "Runnin' Riot," "Out On An Island" (also first time ever played live!), "We Love You," "England Belongs To Me," "Sunday Stripper," "Chip On My Shoulder" and "We're Coming Back." Fuckin' great! What a treat to see "What It's LikeTo Be Old" and "Out On An Island" performed live for the very first time anywhere! Brilliant! *LONG LIVE COCK SPARRER!* Hopefully COCK SPARRER will come back to the States soon!

Sunday's show featured a first-rate set by ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. This esteemed punk band performed "So What," "I Hate People," "Streets of London," "Let's Break the Law" and more. Next up we got a powerhouse set from New York Hardcore Kings AGNOSTIC FRONT— Very good! Finally the whole beautiful mess ended with those infamous head-banger punk/metal veterans THE EXPLOITED. Yes! What a weekend!

Till next month - see you in hell!



Popular rebellion increases against an oppressive regime and its imperialist sponsor. Mobs demanding freedom and democracy frequently gather to confront the regime's police and military forces. In the ensuing riots, protesters are often injured and sometimes killed, while others are politically radicalized. Sympathy and support for the rebels grows in society at large.

A small elite among the rebels organizes for revolution. Propagandistic pamphleteering and simplistic sloganeering are utilized to sway public opinion. Forms of non-violent resistance are encouraged to mobilize the masses. Finally, a variety of violent actions are employed, occasionally spontaneously but more often by design, to attack the regime's legitimacy and polarize the populace against the powers-that-be.

Commercial property is dramatically destroyed. The regime's agents are routinely harassed, attacked, forced to flee and in outlying areas, killed. The same methods are used against the vocal supporters of the regime in the general population, eventually forcing most into exile.

When it comes time to take up arms however, the rebel leadership realizes that fully two thirds of the people do not support independence, let alone an insurrection. Despite being in the minority, rank-and-file extremists successfully push for armed struggle. The actual revolution is fought and won by the rebels through a combination of regular and irregular military forces. The revolution's conservative leadership gains state power and achieves the goal of national independence as more radical popular elements begin agitating for greater democracy and a wider distribution of wealth. Scattered democratic uprisings follow the revolution, only to be crushed by the victorious leadership firmly in power.

Now for the sixty-four dollar question; which well-known revolution am I describing? Russia in 1917? Any number of Third World national liberation struggles, from Cuba to Vietnam? Wrong!

Another clue. This revolutionary society is based on the enslavement of one race and the harassment, dispossession, dislocation and eventual genocidal elimination of another race. Can't be the Nazi pseudo-revolution of 1933, so what we're left with is the American revolution of 1776.

Folks who regularly read this column probably saw that coming. I enjoy using the American Revolution as a foil, particularly against those who like to wrap themselves in the flag and Constitution. More so now that the anti-WTO protests in Seattle have been judged and condemned by punk rock's vanguard of conservative revolution with the self-proclaimed "bad attitude." Those who use violence are censured for attempting to impose their opinion or will upon others by force, while those who sight the first amendment in defense of their right to free speech while denying the first amendment's freedom to others are denounced as hypocrites. Let's begin with the issue of violence.

Unless it's completely irrational, random or arbitrary, there's no disputing that violence is a form of coercion. The one using violence is invariably trying to force the target of violence to act in a certain way. This isn't necessarily a bad thing. If I use violence against a mugger, I'm hoping to stop the perpetrator from robbing or otherwise harming me. If a population responds to invaders by taking up arms, they're attempting to prevent being conquered and colonized. Hardcore pacifists aside then, the use of violence in self-defense to counter another's violence is almost universally accepted as justified. This does not negate the coercive nature of violence however; it merely defines circumstances under which most people accept the violent use of force as necessary and proper.

Things get a little shaky when folks start talking about resorting to violence for reasons other than strict self defense, and it's possible to debate various conventional uses of violence in civil society. Is it proper to use violence to force criminals to make reparations? To punish criminals? Under what circumstances can a governing body in society use violence to force ordinary citizens into compliance? To prevent citizens from "taking the law into their own hands" and competing with the government in assessing and enforcing criminal reparations and punishments? In collecting taxes or compelling military conscription? Are there bounds on what

the government can prohibition or mandate, and are there limits in the governmental use of violence to enforce these prohibitions or mandates? These questions alone would require several columns to analyze. I'll concentrate instead on unconventional uses of violence.

We all rightfully abhor murder in civil society, yet given enough hypotheticals, we're all probably willing to commit murder. One set of hypotheticals for me goes like this. Give me a high powered sniper's rifle with an excellent scope and a sure-fire round trip ticket to 1934, plus a good perch at the Nurnberg rally in Germany and no scifi paradox like I change history so I no longer exist, I'd pop that failed art student with the stupid moustache in a New York minute if it meant preventing the atrocities of the Third Reich. One life for twenty-five million? Don't make me laugh.

I could even stretch matters and claim self-defense, as both my parents were in German forced labor concentration camps during the war while the Nazis decimated their families. Similarly dubious rationalizations of self-defense are often raised by folks claiming the right of revolution. The powers-that-be they seek to overthrow are consistently labeled brutal and oppressive and are tarred with a long history of repressive and violent acts against "the people" in order to justify an uprising. The number of revolutionary moments claiming government oppression as their grounds for existence are legion; some examples being the Boston Tea Party organized by American colonial rebels on December 16, 1773, the storming of the Bastille by Parisian mobs on July 14, 1789, the Paris Commune uprising in 1871, the rebellions in Russia following "Bloody Sunday" in January, 1905, the Spanish worker and peasant revolution from March through July, 1936, Fidel Castro's assault on the Macando army post in Cuba on July 26, 1953, the uprising of Hungarian workers in 1956, and the French worker-student general strike in May-June, 1968. Folks ranging from the Stalinist Red Brigades, who kidnapped and killed Aldo Moro in Italy in 1978, to the Anarchist Black Bloc in Seattle on November 30/December 1, 1999 and in Washington DC on April 16-17, 2000, have claimed that their violent actions are both revolutionary and in response to state oppression. Yet the government repression in King George's English colonies, King Louis's and Thier's France respectively, Tsar Nicholas's Russia, Republican Spain, Batista's Cuba, Khruschev's Soviet Bloc, de Gaulle's France, Christian Democratic Italy and Clinton's United States are hardly comparable. Revolutions often have more in common than the regimes that spawn them.

That's because revolutions aren't pink teas, as socialists of various stripe are fond of reminding us. Instead, they're bloody, despotic affairs. I've quoted Friedrich Engels from his 1872 *On Authority* before: "A revolution is certainly the most authoritarian thing there is. It is the act whereby one part of the population imposes its will upon the other part by means of rifles, bayonets and cannons—authoritarian means—if such there were..." An armed insurrection means people get killed. Frequently innocent people. The civil war that commonly follows a revolution is always much more bloody. The initial French revolutionary upsurge was nowhere near as brutal as the subsequent terror in the Vendée and the work of the guillotine. The February 1917 Russian Revolution was dwarfed in violence by the civil war that followed the Bolshevik October 1917 Revolution. One of the only reasons the American colonies avoided an internal civil war was because Tory sympathizers fled *en masse* to Canada during the course of the revolution. Indeed, by the revolutionary standards of most of America's "founding fathers," the French Revolution was far too violent and tyrannical. That Napoleon emerged from such excess did not surprise them at all. Sounds like the standing *bourgeois* analysis that the excesses of Leninism inevitably produced Stalin.

Therefore, I'll sidestep the whole morass of trying to distinguish "true" revolutionary violence from "false" based on degrees of government oppression for the more fruitful discussion of how revolutionary violence can ever be justified. This means accepting at face value the claims to revolutionary violence made by its instigators. This no doubt will rankle those conservative critics of the anti-WTO demonstrations who consider the violent black clad anarchists (and perhaps even the nonviolent, civil disobedience oriented protesters) nothing more than petty street hoodlums. But I'm not writing a book here. In turn, as students or outside observers of numerous historical revolutions, our support is usually based on sympathy for the ideals of the revolutionaries themselves, or on the results achieved by the revolution. Neither is a foolproof universal measure of whether or not revolutionary violence is justified however.

It can be quite easily argued that Karl Marx merely took to their logical conclusion the Enlightenment ideals that were a part of various 18th century upheavals, and which the French Revolution encapsulated in the slogan *liberty, equality, fraternity*. And while Leninists without fail have resorted to the most ruthless methods of revolutionary violence to achieve their lofty goals, Marxism has just as frequently gained position and power through democratic ideals, electoral means and parliamentary governance, as evidenced by the history of social democracy in general and Chile's Salvador Allende in 1970 in particular. The United States government certainly considered Allende's election a revolutionary act, and deployed all manner of covert tactics and forces to overthrow him. It's quite tricky then to judge instances of revolution solely on the ends espoused by their participants.

Judging revolutionary violence by its results would seem a more promising criterion. Lenin was fond of saying you have to break a few eggs to make an omelette, and as Martin Malia comments in his introduction to *The Black Book of Communism*, where the hell's the omelette after 80 years and a hundred million dead worldwide. By this standard, the American revolution comes off pretty good. Slavery was eventually eliminated, women were given the right to vote and a liberal democracy was created based on the ideals of that revolution. But this is muddied by two separate sets of historical examples. Social democratic regimes helped western Europe recover from the ravages of the second World War and build up comfortable welfare-states and vibrant liberal democracies on quasi-Marxist principles. And Robert Kaplan devotes an entire essay, "Was Democracy Just a Moment" in his book *The Coming Anarchy*, to describe how Enlightenment ideals of democracy have failed time and again when applied outside the west either by electoral or revolutionary means, sighting Algeria, Sierra Leone, Congo-Brazzaville, Venezuela, Colombia and Haiti among many others to illustrate his argument. Ultimately though, judging an action by its results provides no way to appraise the action while it is being taken, setting up a wicked tautology in the process that comes close to sanctioning the Leninist maxim that the ends justify the means.

A more sophisticated argument attempts to isolate certain ideas (such as "collectivism") or certain methods (such as "terrorism") as inimical to any violent or revolutionary situation achieving positive results. Again, this fails to be comprehensive enough. The communism of the *kibbutzim* and the syndicalism of the *Histadrut* were instrumental in the establishment of the State of Israel, as was the terrorism of armed Jewish groups in Palestine who gave the world the letter bomb. Yet Israel today is a liberal democracy on a par with the United States and western Europe. Another position holds that a liberal democracy like the US with its Bill of Rights makes violence and revolution unnecessary, if not obsolete. Of course, the British could have made a similar argument in 1776, saying "we have the Magna Carta after all." Indeed, Terry Southern in that classic, mock-porn novel *Candy*, has his characters cross the almost invisible US/Canadian border. One character comments to the other that there is virtually no difference in the societies on either side of that border, so what justification was there for the American revolution. There's a school of historians who maintain that the American revolution was not revolutionary at all; that after a long period of "benign neglect" by England and the mother country's attempt to reassert control "too little, too late," the colonists used violence to establish a *de jure* independence they'd already been enjoying *de facto* for decades.

Those with politics as bad as their attitude who bluster against the violence of anti-WTO protesters while supporting the use of violence by a minority to impose its will upon a majority in the case of the American revolution present no clear cut basis to judge whether or not the use of revolutionary violence independent of self-defense is justifiable. Their failure to enunciate any standard in this regard also applies to forms of nonvi-

olent coercion, as when the Seattle demonstrators attempted to nonviolently block WTO delegates from meeting and speaking. (Whether nonviolence can be considered symbolic activity and therefore a form of free speech, and whether one form of free speech can be in direct conflict with another, not to mention whether kinds of nonviolence can be considered revolutionary are all subjects for future columns.) Raising the first amendment under these circumstances is a red herring because the first amendment specifically forbids *only the government* from legally prohibiting the exercise of free speech. Nongovernmental individuals, groups, agencies and organizations are under no such prohibition, and in fact it's perfectly legal for a business owner to prevent his or her workers from speaking freely while on the job. To insist that "it's only fair" for a person demanding free speech to grant it to others is to assert an ethical injunction that has nothing to do with the first amendment.

What's more, despite the sanctimonious appeal to first amendment rights, past statements from these conservative critics make it clear they don't believe that free speech is a sacrosanct absolute, leaving us with much the same question. What conditions would justify the suppression of free speech? Instead of denouncing them as hypocrites for supporting revolutionary violence in one instance while condemning it in another, much like their skewed accusation against WTO protesters for asserting their first amendment rights while denying those same rights to others, I simply chalk up these contradictions to "the American way" of doing things.

No doubt, British contemporaries of the American Revolution commented upon the hypocrisy of the colonials who demanded liberty and decried the "political slavery" imposed by the British crown, yet who insisted upon maintaining a system of indentured servitude for whites and chattel slavery for blacks in the colonies. One American, Tom Paine, was particularly sensitive to this hypocrisy, asking how Americans could "complain so loudly of attempts to enslave them, while they hold so many hundreds of thousands in slavery, and annually enslave many thousands more." In this context the conservative critics of Seattle's anti-WTO demonstrations, not to mention the few anti-WTO protesters who unethically hid behind the first amendment while denying free speech to their opponents, are nothing less than true blue American through and through. As Dodger manager Davey Johnson once remarked: "Parity is not the American way. The American way is to dominate somebody else."

I too am an American. I traveled around the Middle East and Europe for almost a year in 1974, and I was never so keenly aware of how American I was until then. My American sense of privacy, humor, freedom and fairness made me intensely homesick for the United States, in complete contradiction to my international anarchist aspirations of the time.

As a result of this experience, I don't target American society as my enemy. Instead, I denounce capitalism and the capitalist ruling class, both of which are thoroughly international, and I consider the United States government little more than an executive committee of the international *bourgeoisie*. I appreciate and value the freedom, opportunity and advantage I have, thanks to being an American. Like Tom Paine, I wonder why these are not universally available, even to various people in this society, let alone folks around the world. And like Karl Marx, I seek to take this same freedom, opportunity and advantage to their logical conclusion, which for me means the creation of a stateless, classless, global communist society. As a veteran of '60s bumpersticker battles, when "America, Love It or Leave It" was counterpointed by "America, Change It or Lose It," I consider it possible to love something, yet still want to change it for the better. That's how I feel about this country.

I admit there's a smidgen of patriotism in my "love it and change it" attitude. Left communist purists will no doubt add that to the list of my crimes, which include the spiritualism and anti-German racism I've admitted to in previous columns. At least I'm not a pathetic ex-pat. It's been said that, from a safe distance, ex-patriots cry when they hear their national anthem. Up close and personal however, they complain bitterly about their government, their society and their fellow countrymen. Now, who do we know who constantly upbraids young American punks for hating the United States, but who no longer lives here anymore?

Frankly, I don't think it's possible to formulate a single, all encompassing standard by which to judge whether or not revolutionary violence beyond self-defense is justified. For instance, my own criterion for when revolutionary violence is worthy of support includes whether the revolutionary uprising in question is spontaneous and mass-based, as opposed to being organized and lead by a revolutionary elite. By this measure, the February 1917 Russian Revolution was worthy of support, in that the vast majority of workers in the cities and peasants in the countryside rose up on their own against the Tsarist regime. Trotsky admitted as much in his three volume *History of the Russian Revolution* when he acknowledged that the countrywide February 1917 insurrection took the Bolsheviks completely by surprise. Lenin's vanguard party had to try and catch up to the revolutionary masses, and until October the Soviets were controlled by the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries, whom the Bolsheviks considered rivals for power. When the Bolsheviks won electoral majorities in major urban Soviets, they initiated their October 1917 revolution; a military coup d'état by the vanguard party which proceeded to seize state power and rewrite history to give the Bolsheviks credit for both February and October revolutions.

I consider the Bolshevik October Revolution bogus because this was a "palace revolution" and not the product of Russia's working classes. But I also realize that not every act of revolutionary violence by the Russian workers and peasants was admirable. The mass insurrection against Russia's aristocratic and capitalist classes was sometimes accompanied by pogroms against Jews. Makhno's guerrilla armies in the Ukraine occasionally had to intervene to prevent the massacre of Jews by the insurrectionary working classes. So even my standard that revolutionary violence must be spontaneous and broad based falls short of universal application.

Unlike pacifism, then, which insists that all violence is wrong, I cannot put forward any absolute principle, such as "anything that advances socialism is justified." For while I don't equate means and ends, as is the case with both pacifism and anarchism, I can't see how fascist methods could possibly bring about socialist goals. If that were at all possible I would consider the socialism derived from such methods to be irreversibly tainted.

Nor can I conjure up some comforting formula like the Catholic Church's idea of "proportionalism," which contends that a smaller evil can be accepted in realizing a greater good; a logic that underlies the notion of "just wars" for instance. Even though I tend to evaluate the use of revolutionary violence on a case-by-case basis, nevertheless I'm not even arguing for "moral relativism" or "situation ethics" against those who've set themselves up as punk rock's moral and ethical arbiters. These conservative critics of the anti-WTO demonstrators are fond of making sweeping judgments without bothering to explain the principles and assumptions behind them. Without explicit standards their arguments are bombastically entertaining, but intellectually vacuous.

For a much more intellectually interesting and honest discussion of the role of violence stemming from Anarchist Black Bloc actions in Seattle 1999 and Washington DC 2000, check out http://members.xoom.com/_XMCM/a16peacekeep/articles.html on the web.

Constructed by the Keep The Peace affinity group, this website reports that "[e]arly on April 16th 700-1000 members of the Black Bloc charged officers with a chain link fence, later attacked them with sticks, stones, bottles, a barrell [sic] and a construction cone" on their index.html page.

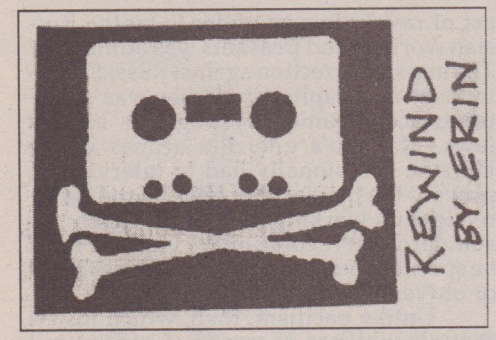
The Keep The Peace folks are decidedly anti-Black Bloc, but to their credit they post both sides of the debate. In light of the criticism of the Black Bloc by fossil punks badly in need of attitude adjustment, I'll conclude by saying "Hurrah Anarchist Black Bloc!"

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA...

I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10.

Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o *MRR*.

Columns



After last month's epic this month felt like a vacation! THE BLANK FIGHT starts out as midtempo and poppy and then disintegrates. My tape player is turned up all the way and it sounds as if I'm driving really fast with all the windows rolled down. It's a shame. Their lyric sheet has notation so you can play along! ($3 ppd. 8 songs, bad production, lyric sheet. 243 14th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.)

DOUBLETHINK play thrashy punk with breakin it down parts, and strong spoken type vocals. ($5 ppd. 7 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 2 Ella Ct., Stafford, VA 22554.)

EIACULA play good, mostly fast and always solid punk with sort of moany vocals and guttural vocals. (19 songs, good production, lyric sheet. Via Chiesa 1, 24050 Bariano, Italy.)

EYECANDY #12 is an audiozine, side one is Joe Biel and side two is Steve Kudlak. Side one has the structure of a paperzine, different rambling thoughts on work, the more than music festival, and promise of future dissecting of relationships. At the end Biel announces he made a major life decision and is not moving to Cleveland but instead is moving to Portland, OR. although he never discusses why. Side two, Kudlak, says he's going to talk about why Critical Mass wouldn't work outside and urban setting but the guy gets distracted first by his own self consciousness and then tangent after tangent. This I liked in the same way that I think late night am radio is incredible. (2315 SE Stark, Portland, OR 97214.)

GUILTY AS CHARGED, fast to blazing hardcore, lots of samples, snotty and screechy vocals, and booming hordes on the choruses so you'll know where to sing along when you see them play! ($3 ppd. 12 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 1500 Alabama St., Bellingham, WA 98226.)

HATE CHOIR play hardcore with the almost metal guitar sound and angry guy vocals yelling at you. Still, they are goofy, with sound effects that make you feel like you're stuck in a video game. (4 songs, decent production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 332, Thomasboro, IL 61878.)

JOHN BROWN BATTERY are on the JAWBREAKER tip, but some songs are even poppier than that. The singer guy(s) might not smoke, since the vocals are way less gruff. The songs are pretty, and sort of long but it's not detrimental. ($8 ppd. 10 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 196 Fairfield, Elmhurst, IL 60126.)

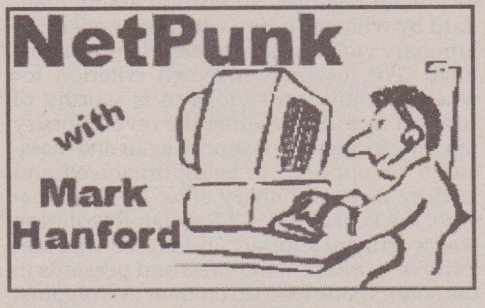
POINT BREAK are melodic and sneering, fast but not blazing, punk with vocals in English. $3, but send some extra for postage. 8 songs, good production, lyric sheet (and manifesto!). (Casella Postale 29, 20099 Sesto San Giovanni (MI), Italy.)

A SONIC DETERRENT/NETENYAHOO split demo is vocals and some sort of electrical synthesizer or sampler or something. ASD sound like you're listening to a soapbox speaker in the middle of a tornado, and NETENYAHOO sound like a punk vocalist whose band has already been blown away. "You know what they used to call the girls who slept with all the skinheads in high school?" "oitoys!" (4-12 songs, depending on your definition, muddy production, no lyric sheet. 22 Mallory #1, Hampton, VA 23663.)

SPAUL play mostly fast and sometimes muddy politically leftist hardcore with high end throaty screaming vocals . Occasionally the vocals go for the deep end, too. ($4 ppd. cassette, $7 ppd. cd. 15 songs, okay production, lyric sheet. 210 Woodcliff Ave. Apt. 5F, North Bergen, NJ 07407.)

THE SQUARE MILE is a midtempo poppy guy (and some friends occasionally) with that mixture of yelling and singing vocal style. The sensibilities of a lowerfi SUPERCHUNK and only 3 acoustic songs. (14 songs (on a 3" cd thing), good production, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 41393 Brecksville, OH 44141.)

Also, send booking numbers for the Puget Sound area, harbor towns only! Boat tour '00. You got a demo and now you know what to do with it. P.O. Box 1113 Portland, OR 97207.



Happy fucking July. Since you-know-what holiday falls within this month, I decided to start off the column with a bunch of links to anarchist sites on the web. As it happens, I'm not much of an anarchist, but there has been a lot of thought provoking and worthwhile material written on the subject, some of which is available online. And hey, it seems like a good way to celebrate the birth of Amerikkka.

We'll start off with the Anarchy Archives, at http://dwardmac.pitzer.edu/anarchist_archives/ . This site includes sections on the history of anarchy, text from many anarchist pamphlets and tracts, and a section full of information (including bios, bibliographies, and more) on some of the major anarchist writers and politicos. It's a great jumping off point for delving into the subject.

Next up is Spunk Library (http://www.spunk.org/), which "collects and distributes literature in electronic format, with an emphasis on anarchism and related issues". This site is constantly updated, and along with the writing, you'll find addresses to anarchist organizations, resource guides, and more. This site is a great resource for anarchists, and a decent source for those merely interested in the ideas of anarchism.

Burn!, which is a project of students at the University of California, San Diego, is a web server dedicated to anarchist issues and the like. Also included is a section of Anarchist Art. The "L.A. Street Flyers" section has a bunch of classic punk flyers. Check it out! Burn is at http://burn.ucsd.edu/ .

A site that I think I've mentioned before, but is worth mentioning again, is the Anarchist Action Network at http://www.zpub.com/notes/aadl.html . The main point of this site is to fight the negative stereotypes of anarchists in the mainstream media. Of course, with the number of boneheads running around in the punk scene trashing stuff in the name of anarchy, they have an uphill battle.

The final site in our anarchy tour is the 1999 Anarchist Yellow pages (I don't know if they plan a 2000 edition) at http://www.tao.ca/lake/ayp.html . This is a large list of organizations, with addresses, phone numbers, websites, e-mail, and the like. Find out if there is an organization in your town.

One more political site to mention, and only because I found it interesting. The Pew Research center has created an online form where you answer some questions about your beliefs on government, god, etc and they pigeonhole you in one of 10 categories. See what slot you fit into, based on your answers. Actually, they got me pretty close. Check it out at http://www.people-press.org/psr/fit-survey.htm .

As you may have guessed from my website (diehippiedie.com), I am not exactly a fan of dirty, stinky hippies. Fortunately, there are others that feel the same. Someone mailed me the link to the Anti-Hippie Action League at http://www.sit.wisc.edu/~tft/hippie/ . This page is hilarious. They have Anti-hippie tactics, essays on hippie evils, and more. Beautiful, man... beautiful.

On the same subject, I originally mentioned the Bucket of Monkey website last June. It was decent, but not remarkable. Well, it has undergone a major upgrade, with a lot of multi-media content, the highlight of which is the "Shoot the Damn Hippy" game. In fact, they probably created this game just so I'd mention them again, but check it out anyway — http://bucketofmonkey.tripod.com/ .

As long as I'm being negative, I might as well mention the website of the band Die Cheerleader Die. Actually, the site is really good. It's just their name that I dig as a negative statement. The standard stuff here, including pics, a bio, and a lyric and mp3 archive, of this all-female DC area based band. You can visit the site at http://members.aol.com/dichrdi/ . Check out the (extremely) lofi mp3 files on the lyrics page.

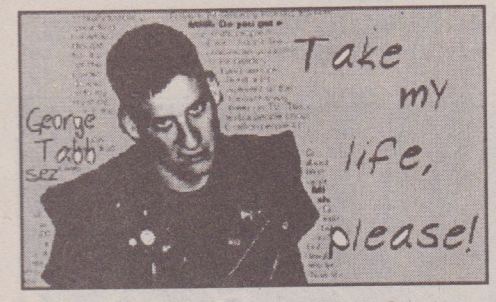
An interesting little personal zine called

COLUMNS

Libby Nerdass is online at http://www.pinkle.com/~libby/ . Kind of interesting from a web-design basis, though there isn't much else here. A few mp3 files, some pretty good band pictures, and some goofy artwork. Still, there is a charming quality about this little site that I dig.

If you're into listening to punk shit online, the Spirit of '77 archive at http://members.xoom.com/spiritof1977/ may be just what you need. My only problem with it is that it is hosted at xoom, whose servers are slower than molasses most of the time. Anyway, the music here is all in real audio format, and includes tunes from both classic punk and lesser-known bands from the mid-70s to the mid-80s, with a few cuts from the present thrown in. Worth a look and and a listen.

Well, that's about gonna go it for this month. Next month I'll be mentioning all of the bands sites you've sent me over the past few months and I've been ignoring, along with all the rest of the usual shit. Until then, you can e-mail me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com or visit http://www.diehippiedie.com/ . And, as always, write to me at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz, CA 95061.



"How ya doin', Green?" asked my cell captain, as I stood in the Arizona desert wearing a green ski-mask, an army jacket, protective head-gear with goggles, black ladies stretch jeans, and an old pair of sneakers now entirely covered with sharp thorns.

"Hot as shit, Red," I said back to the head of my cell unit, as the ninety-plus degree weather baked my brains out, "and also pretty fucking miserable."

No one had told me that there were things called "fire ants" in these hills of sand and bush. And no one had told me that they bit. Hard.

"Well," says Red, "Hang in there, and watch out for the ants. They bite."

"Thanks," I mumbled, as I brushed off the nasty little fuckers with the loaded M-16 I carried in my hands just like my guitar.

As the minutes clicked by, I became more and more cranky. Not only were the ant bites beginning to swell, the thorns were making my feet hurt, and the heat and dust had triggered an Asthma attack. And I didn't have my Woofer.

"How ya doin', Green?" asked Red, again, a few minutes later as we patrolled our assigned area of the top-secret military base.

"Bored," I told him, as I looked over the miles and miles of empty desert, wondering if there were snakes or scorpions waiting to kill me.

"Well hang in there," said my cell captain, "we should see some action soon."

"Cool," I lied.

Actually, I didn't wanna see any action.

Being in a terrorist cell unit with "Red", and "Blue", was bad enough. Having someone from the S.W.A.T. team actually shooting at me would suck. I'd picked the bush for a reason. To hide. I could have been a sniper on a roof-top. Or been a hostage guard. Or even a door patrol guy. But they were all easy targets. With the twigs and leaves sticking out of my mask's headband, I was hard to see. And liked it that way.

I just didn't like the heat. And the ants.

Suddenly, to my left, I saw something move on the desert floor. I watched the object intently to see if it would move again. I had already almost opened fire on two trash bags, an old oil can, and a sock.

It did move. Again.

So, with all the nerve I had in my body, I rushed toward the thing, yelling "Die Motherfucker", and began to fire my rifle at it.

It stood up. All six-feet, four inches of it. And returned fire.

As I heard ammo whiz past my head, all I could think was that I had to kill him before he killed me.

I ran faster and faster toward him, pulling the trigger as fast as I could. Our Special Forces trainer, Nick, had told us in these situations it was best to keep moving and firing. In order to stay alive.

But what he didn't tell us was that it was important to wear belts.

Because as I was running and gunning, my ladies stretch jeans began to slip below my waist, exposing my underwear, and those vile little bugs crawling on my legs.

And all I could think was that I was gonna die like this. With my pants near my knees, thorns piercing my feet, and insects approaching my balls.

In the Arizona desert.

They'd have to put "Pussy" on my gravestone.

*

It had all started a few weeks earlier with a mysterious message on my answering machine.

"Hello," said a mechanic voice, "you are needed for a top secret mission in the Arizona desert. You will be contacted soon with information regarding travel. Keep your ears open and your mouth shut."

When I played the message for Wendy, she was as confused as I was. For about a minute. Then she told me it was probably 989 Studios calling to fly me to God-Knows-Where, put me up in a fancy hotel, give me lots of free food and gifts, and have me do God-Knows-What.

The last time the PlayStation video game company had called, I ended up driving in a Demolition Derby. This time, who knew?

"You better not be jumping out of any planes," said Wendy, after we discussed what the "event" might be this time.

"Why not?" I whined.

"Because it's dangerous and you could be killed, and then P.J. would be an orphan. Plus, I don't know how to set the VCR," she joked.

"What if we are bungie jumping?" I asked.

"Same thing," she replied.

A few days passed by, and I got a call from 989 Studios, the makers of Syphon Filter, the most kick-ass spy game for the console, asking if I was coming to the desert.

"What's the event?" I asked, wondering how the hell they would top the last one. Would they buy me a plane?

"It's top secret, George," explained Kristina, who I understand was a little bit perturbed at me for writing that her breasts were TOO LARGE in my article about their last "event".

"Can't you give me a hint, babe?" I asked my Californian friend.

"It will be rad," she said, "and we'll also show you our newest project, which is top secret as well."

"Can Wendy and my Yorkshire Terrier, P.J. come with me this time?" I asked her.

When I just got one round-trip ticket via e-mail, my question was answered.

*

My flight landed in The Cactus State with my pal Alex, from Maxim, and I, zonked out on Clonopin. I had given him some of my anti-anxiety drug because he seemed, well, anxious. A few minutes after taking it, he was out like a light. A few minutes after I took mine, I was out, too.

After dragging our shit through the airport, we found the limo guy who was to take us to our hotel. It wasn't hard. He had our names on a sign he held up.

"You guys are here for 989," said the guy, as he carried our bags to the car, "right?"

We told him we were as he took us to the longest stretch limo I have ever seen.

"This car is for us?" I asked, in utter amazement.

"Just you two," said the driver guy, as he put our bags in a trunk the size of my bathroom, and opened the car door which lead into the back of a limo larger than my apartment.

On the way to our hotel, I opened the sky roof, and rode around like one of those high school prom idiots, while Alex fucked around with the two televisions, a loud stereo system, and wet bar.

After arriving at our hotel, which was actually a resort with a golf-course, two swimming pools, and the whole nine yards, we met up for drinks with people from 989, then went to bed. We still didn't know what "the event" was the next day, but we did know that we were to wear the 989 army jackets that they left in our hotel rooms, as well as the Dickies steel-toed boots, which were all left with a note reading "there are many things you must accomplish during your stay. Your mission objectives will be revealed in due time," and "trust no one".

The next morning I tried on the boots before breakfast, and decided I didn't trust

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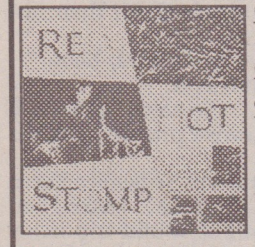
PAPPYS - PAPPYS CD (1+2CD122)

Pappys is a another new great band from Tokyo's underground. They are young and fresh girls trio. They plays very catychy pop tunes and heavy fuzz punk tunes. The Pappys sounds like Headcoatees sings with Mad3. This self titled debut CD has 12 cuts including 3 covers from Shanglilas, Lou Reed and Don & Dewey. Must for girls bands fans!

VA - RED HOT STOMP COMP CD



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This is new sampler CD of new 1+2 bands. It features 3 wild and cool R&R bands from Tokyo. DAS BOOT is a super cool Rockin' trash band in Tokyo. they plays 5 live in studio cuts here. Really amazing! OGRESS is a girls punk rockers like Bikini Kill meet 1977 Brit punk. Snotty and aggressive! HOE-INU is punk blues band like Fat Possum/In The Red/Crypt bands. They have big sonud too. Anyway 1+2 Rec highly recommend it. You can check latest Tokyo scene.

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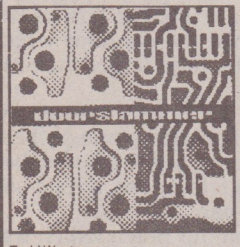
DOORSLAMMER - S/T CD (1+2CD119)



1+2 Records proudly presents Doorslammer's debut CD! They came from LA and features a great singer/composer/bass guitar player, Todd Westover and members from Street Walkin' Cheetahs. And Rich Coffee from Alter Egos plays guitar some cuts. Thier music reminds me Detroit Rock meet Velvet Underground with Kinks melody and early Blues Explosion's sounds! Totally really cool and emotional.
This is a long waited debut CD. It includes 15 oroignal tunes from Todd Westover.
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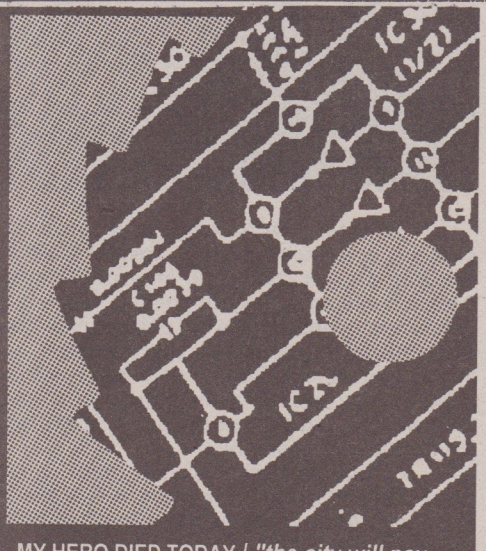

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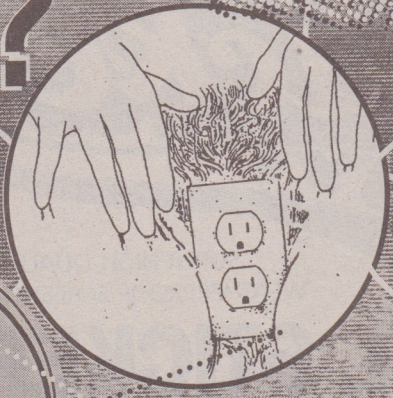

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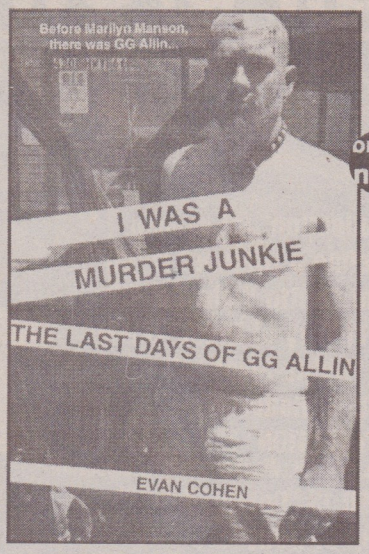

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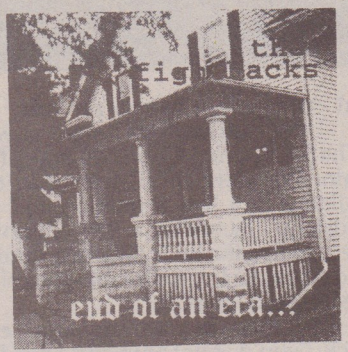

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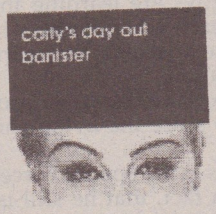

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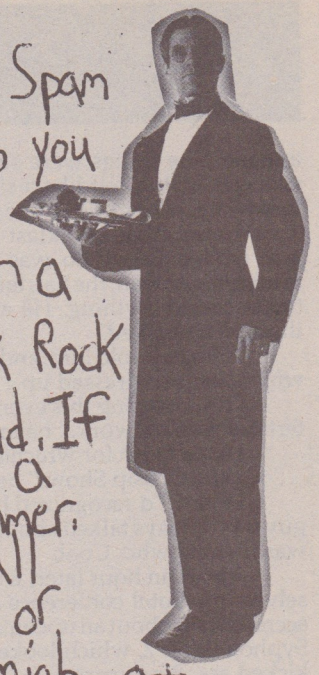

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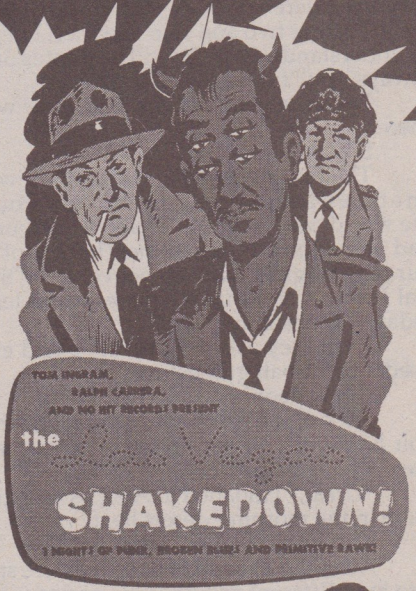

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anyone. The things were supposed to be a size eleven, but felt like a size thirteen. My feet swam in them. So I wore some old Nikes.

I arrived at breakfast and met a nice guy named Ron who was dressed in full army gear. I mean, the hat, the vest, the pants, the boots. Everything. He asked me how I thought he looked.

"Great," I told him, and then asked him why he was so dressed up.

"I'm covering this event for The E! Entertainment Network," he told me.

I asked him for which show.

"The Gossip Show," he explained.

I knew I'd recognized him. He was the guy who always talked about what hot chick was fucking who. Cool.

About an hour later, we all found ourselves in a hotel conference room, learning secret details about an upcoming game called Syphon Filter 2, which looked like it totally kicked ass. Big surprise.

Then we went off into the desert. Punk Rock.

*

As our bus full of 989 employees and assorted journalists pulled onto the secret military base in the middle of the Arizona desert, we were asked to sign waivers which basically said that if we died, 989 wasn't responsible.

This was gonna be fun.

After we got off the bus, we were met by two older guys in army suits, who told us that this location was top secret, and we couldn't give out the location to anyone. They also told us that the base was active, and that some "experimental aircraft" was produced here.

Putting two and two together, I began to understand why folks in The Cactus State always saw "funny lights" in the sky.

We were then told the reason we were there.

S.W.A.T. training.

The old guys explained that we were on a base where S.W.A.T. teams from around the world came to train. That over 130 units had trained on this base alone. That one of the our teacher guys was still active with "Special Forces", and that what we would learn today was absolutely real.

Then they asked if any of us had ever used a paint-ball gun before.

A few people raised their hands.

"Good," one of the old guys said, "then you know, if you get hit by these suckers, they can really hurt you."

"Great," I moaned to Alex, as we stood there in the morning desert heat.

"Uh-huh," replied Alex.

Next, the 43 or so of us there were split into two different groups. One group was a team of about thirty, the other, thirteen.

I was with the lucky thirteen.

We were then told to go to separate training buildings where we would learn S.W.A.T techniques.

As I followed Alex to our building, I imagined myself as a tough and rough Dana Andrews. That guy who used to star on the television show, "S.W.A.T." I imagined how I'd run around buildings, break down doors, and shoot bad guys. All while that silly theme song ran through my head. "Da, na-na-na, na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na!"

After arriving in our "classroom", which was a bunker with seats, my illusions were shattered.

"You guys ain't gonna be S.W.A.T.," said Nick, our team supervisor, "You're gonna be terrorists."

We all went into shock.

"That's right," explained Nick, in his camouflage army suit, "the other team is, at this moment, learning S.W.A.T. techniques. And they think you guys are learning the same. But I'm gonna teach you guys how to break down doors, take hostages, and learn the truth about negotiations."

With that, Nick explained to us some of his history. Enough to scare the living shit out of us.

It turns out he was in the Special Forces unit of the military. In fact, that he still is. That he goes down to South America as a security consultant on a regular basis to teach corporations how to protect themselves from kidnappers and other terrorists. That his friend was almost killed. Almost received "the coup de grace", a shot to the head, but the rifle jammed.

He also explained that we had to break up into smaller groups called "cells", so that we really didn't know what the other "cells" were doing if we were caught and tortured. That paint-balls fly at 200 feet per second, and will make us bleed. That we are to take commands from our cell leaders, and, most of all, to have fun.

Then he gave us our guns.

Most people took rifles, AND pistols, but I just wanted a rifle. A rapid fire rifle. The pistols were supposed to be used for "up-close" fighting, which, I had no intention of doing. Not at 200 feet per second, thank you very much.

After I got my rifle, and loaded it with paint-balls, I got a feel for the thing. It was thick, long, heavy, and felt good in my hands. Better than a guitar, but not as good as my wienerschnitzel.

Then I got to practice firing it, as we were all issued ski-masks, face-masks with goggles, and names. I was "Green". Because that was the color of my hat.

The other two guys in my cell were "Red" and "Blue". "Red", because the guy had red hair, and "Blue", cause, well, I dunno. But I understand that he is a designer of video games, so maybe it has something to do with the amount of time he spends in front of a computer compared to the amount of time his balls spend getting some action.

Anyway, after a few practice shots, I found myself getting pretty good with my gun. In fact, so good, I walked around with a Tony Montana accent saying "Make Room For The Bad Guy!" a zillion times.

Finally Special Forces Nick told me to "Zip it."

We then were taught how to take a hostage. How to break into a room, create confusion, grab the intended victim, and get out. All in under twenty seconds.

The method Nick taught us was called "The S.A.S. Choo-Choo." "Choo-Choo" as in train. We were to all bust into the other building in a line formation and grab our "hostage" (actually, a 989 employee). We were to use the back and side doors, to yell and scream a lot, to fire into the ceiling, and create pandemonium.

"If this was a real situation," explained Nick, "you'd shoot anybody who didn't immediately get down on the floor, or whoever looks at you. You'd cap their ass. Remember, you don't want witnesses."

Then he told us about clean-up crews. Guys who stayed outside, and "cleaned-up" anyone who really saw anything. He explained to us if we were to ever bystanders in a real situation like the one we were gonna try to pull off, that we should not "rubberneck". That we should do as the terrorist says and lay on the floor and DON'T LOOK. That terrorists are usually pros, trained by ex-military guys who were like in the KGB and shit, and they know what they're doing.

Nick then taught us that there is no money in "a dead hostage", and how it takes about three guys to take care of one victim. How the hostage should be kept healthy, and if we were to cut off any body part, to mail it on ice, so that the part can be re-attached later. That only amateurs let their hostages die.

We then heard some stories about kids wandering around in South America who are missing fingers, ears, and the like.

Wonderful.

Then we practiced.

Then we went and took our hostage.

I was the first guy through the back door, as we staged our raid. The locomotive of the "Choo-Choo". As I ran into the other classroom full of 989 people, and journalists, I yelled "Everyone down on the floor, everyone down!"

We all began shooting at the ceiling with our ski-masks on, as another cell grabbed the hostage and fled. As this was going on, I kept yelling and firing at the ceiling. While I thought I was yelling "Everyone Down!" over and over, it turns out I was saying "Get down you motherfucking pussies!"

I was told this by a smiling journalist from "Good Morning America", who said she'd have to bleep that out. I was also told we pulled off our entire kidnapping in under 14 seconds.

*

After lunch the real fun began. We had taken our hostage, and were now to protect him from the impending S.W.A.T. raid. I asked Nick who was supposed to win, and he told me "The S.W.A.T. team".

It was then I felt like one of those red-shirted guys on Star Trek. Or one of those faceless guys working for Ernesto Blofeild in some Volcano, or on some island. Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, and James Bond always survived. But the bad guys? Dog meat.

And that's what I was. I was born to die. Born to be a faceless terrorist killed by Dana Andrews and his team, while the theme

Columns

to S.W.A.T. played. "Da, na-na-na, na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na!".

Blow-job.

I told Nick I would do my best, and die with honor. But I had other plans. And they didn't include the grim-reaper. And 200 feet per second paint balls. They involved the desert. And the bush. And me hiding in it.

And so it was more than luck that my cell ended up "guarding the perimeter", as the "hostage" was held in a military base house. I volunteered us for the job. Much to my cell's dismay.

The first hour or two in the sand and heat weren't so bad. Sure dust and sand went up my nose, and my throat was as dry as an A.A. member, but I was safe. I heard some shooting over by the army housing, but it wasn't anywhere near me. I was at least 100 meters out in the sand. Looking for those who would try to take us out from behind.

Yeah, right.

All that was behind us was sand. And more sand. And some shrubbery. And cactuses. Lots of them.

So I felt okay.

As the afternoon wore on, I watched some fire fights from afar. I saw as terrorists fired at approaching S.W.A.T. team guys. I watched as S.W.A.T. team guys fired at terrorists. They were all yelling and having fun. But when one of them would get hit, they'd yelp in pain.

Yes-siree, I liked it just fine where I was.

That was until I thought I saw something move.

I was standing, well, crouching, in some bushes, watching one of the 989 P.R. girls walk by, and wondering if I could nail her in her fine ass with my rifle.

As I was doing so, I saw a flicker out of my left eye. I turned my head around and looked through my goggles, and the twigs covering my face, to see a black thing move.

My heart leapt into my mouth.

Someone had penetrated our perimeter, and was gonna take me out.

I aimed my gun at the black thing, and waited for it to move again.

It did.

First backwards, then forwards. Then sideways.

As I was ready to fire, I realized it was a plastic bag, and took my finger off the trigger.

Phew.

I didn't want to give my location up to those S.W.A.T. guys. Then they might actually try and shoot me.

Time marched on, as my cell heard more and more firing near the military base. I think they were pissed at me for choosing the pussy way out, because the first time Red asked how I was doing, I heard a bit of anger in his voice.

The second time he asked is when he told me about the ants. But it was already too late. Those little red fuckers were crawling all over my legs, biting the shit out of me. I shoulda known that stepping on little piles of sand with holes on top could have some serious consequences. But I was so busy sneaking around trying not to be seen by 200 feet per second paint balls, I wasn't thinking straight.

I also wasn't thinking straight about all those bushes with the sharp thorns. Or the cactuses. Sharp motherfucking things. That nature sure is evil.

So, there I was, in the middle of the Arizona desert, on a top secret military base, with a gun in my hand, and stretch jeans on my legs, fire ants biting me, having an asthma attack, when I saw another figure move that wasn't a bag, rock, or sock. Or cell-mate.

It was a person.

A S.W.A.T. person.

With a 200 feet per second paint ball gun clutched tightly in his hands.

I rushed toward the six foot four inch guy screaming as loud as I could.

"Motherfucker, Make Room For The Bad Guy!" I yelled as I pulled the trigger on my rifle as fast as I could.

My heart was beating at one million beats per second, and as his return fire whizzed past my head, I cursed even louder.

"You fucking Pussy, I'm gonna waste your pansy-ass you motherfucking fuck!" I yelled.

As I was doing this, I somehow managed to step out of my body and watch the whole thing. There I was, a normally peaceful sort of guy, yelling and screaming, and shooting at someone. If only those draft guys who yelled at me for writing the words "consciences objector" on my draft registration card could see me now.

I kept firing and yelling, and eventually hit my target. Then I hit him again, again, again, again, and again.

"Enough," yelled the guy who I think works for CBS News Path, "you shot me enough".

"Are you fucking dead?" I yelled, as I kept my gun trained on his head with one arm, and used the other to pull up my pants and also to check and see if my wallet was still in my rear pocket.

"You got me," he said, depressed, and in pain, "those damn things hurt."

"So you're dead?" I asked again.

"Yes," he replied.

"So if I turn around, you're not going to shoot me?"

"That's right," he answered.

But I didn't trust him. So I backed away from him, slowly, with my gun aimed at him the whole time. There was no way in hell he was gonna shoot me in the back.

Eventually he walked out of my sight, and I backed into a small cactus which pricked the fuck out of my leg.

Nature.

*

After our second food and drink break, I returned to the desert with Alex as a new member of my cell. I told him that is was real fun running around in the desert, and that he'd love it. He told me he had been on the roof earlier, and had sniped quite a few people. But that he was afraid of getting hit by a paint-ball, because, he heard they really hurt.

I told him the desert was the perfect place for him.

But I didn't tell him about the ants.

Or plants.

Time ticked by as Alex and I and some chick hid in the bushes waiting for what was supposed to be the final attack. The big one. The battle to end all battles.

The one where the S.W.A.T. guys break into the guarded house, shoot the terrorists, and save the hostage.

But, of course, my plans were different. The way I figured it was once they rushed the house, I'd just pick them off like ducks. Or geese.

And it almost worked.

The S.W.A.T. team ran up to the house, and prepared themselves to enter with the "S.A.S. Choo-Choo." As they did so, I just picked them off, one by one. So did Alex, and the chick.

Eventually, they saw us and started shooting at us, but not before we hit everyone of them. I swear.

But that didn't stop them from shooting at us all the more. I kept yelling that they were supposed to be dead, but they just laughed. Cheaters.

Moments later, I complained to Nick, our Special Forces Commander, that I killed all of those motherfuckers, and they were still gonna enter the house.

"Well go in and defend your unit," he yelled at me, "get in there and waste the guys coming in the front door."

"Me alone?" I asked.

"You seem to be the only guy left with ammo. Get in there," he screamed.

So I did. I ran into the house with my mask, hat, ladies stretch jeans, thorny sneakers and socks, and searched for the kitchen.

When I found it, I also found the S.W.A.T. team kicking down the front door as glass began to shatter from paint-balls going through windows at 200 feet per second.

"Holy fuck," I yelled.

"Freeze," yelled the captain of the S.W.A.T. team, who, as it turns out, was Ron, from The Gossip Show. I could tell it was him behind those goggles because of the green hat, green vest, and green pants he told me he purchased for two bucks in Compton.

I looked at him and behind him, at his whole posse. There were at least five guys. With five guns. With paint-balls that traveled at 200 feet per second. And I was only about three feet away. So I knew what I had to do.

And I did it.

"Fuck you motherfuckers," I yelled and started firing at their faces.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. george@furiousgeorge.com
2. I miss Tim.
3. Cool records this month I got are by Hallowteens, Man Scouts Of America, and F.Y.P. Also, I can't stop listening to Zeke and The Dwarves. Also, a cool book is out about Lester Bangs by Jim Derogotus, or however you spell his name. Who is Lester Bangs?

Columns

Read the book. You'll be happy you did.
4. Happy Birthday Mykel Board! 29 years old and you don't look a day over it!

The more I live in it, the more I realize what a strange place America is. I do not mean that in a "fuck Amerjkkka, why can't it be more like Sweden," kind of way. In fact, I think American strangeness might be a buttress to American greatness.

Usually, when I listen to the radio I listen to NPR, the fabled Berkeley station KPFA (unless they are playing world music, i.e. someone rattling a dead beetle around the inside of a coconut) and a local sports-talk pair called Ralph and Tom, who are often more interesting than either of the above.

In Santa Barbara and most of the other places between NorCal and SoCal, these options are closed, so because of a disappointing language tape and boredom with available music, I found myself tuning into national talk shows. There were two channels and, after hearing the words "Dr. Laura" I changed to the second. In herself, Dr, Laura is pretty good evidence of American strangeness. In truth, I do not know much about her. Sometimes you don't want to know the details; the previous user of a restroom was too sick to flush, a loved one dies of cancer, Dr. Laura has the most popular radio program in America. However, I know two of Dr. Laura's tenets which are enough to conclude that she is an unqualified crackpot. The first is that, without exception, one cannot be a good person without organized religion. The second is that if a family member has done anything illegal, he should be turned in to the authorities.

On the second station I found Dr. Toni's show about which I had read. She was purported to be the kinder, gentler, not-quite-so-out-of-her-fuckng-mind alternative to Dr. Laura. She is gaining her own following and, even though she airs at the same time as Dr. Laura, garners substantial ratings. It took all of ten minutes for Dr. Toni to make a broad assertion of her own: generally speaking, a woman seeking a long term (four year), monogamous relationship, without an eye towards marriage, is a slut. It was at this point that I decided listening to my MTX tape for the thousandth time was not so bad after all.

This is not to say that what I heard was uninteresting. While listening to the best of the "pop punk" bands, I had a series of thoughts. Firstly, where else but in America could Dr. Toni be the moderate one? Secondly, could Rush Limbaugh be, relatively speaking, and intelligent program? Thirdly, between the two shows, a significant proportion of Americans must be tuned in, maybe two or three percent. What a phenomenon!

Now, I have no illusions about who listens to talk radio. It is the medium of our nation's illiterati. If you are interested in politics, but not by the heroic challenge of books, magazines and newspapers, Rush is there for you. And, if you take an interest in social, psychological and ethical issues, are similarly intimidated, prurient and have been kicked in the head by a beast of burden at least once in your lifetime, Doctors Laura and Toni will, assuming you can operate a radio, see that your interests are met.

Of course, only a small minority of Americans listen to this stuff, and most who do listen are surely so impotent and dimwitted that it doesn't much matter what they do with their free time. They are social write offs, and I don't worry about that their minds are tainted any more than I worry that they might be serving the roadkill at MacDonalds with too much ketchup. None of this changes the fact that their existence is strange and noteworthy, if unpleasant.

This led me to further thoughts. Some philosophers think that words exist only in relationship to other words, so a "cat" is cat relative to "dog," "bird" and all other words/things. I wonder if culture works in this way. It seems possible, if not probable that the best of America fits into the same structure as the worst and that neither could exist without the other. An obvious example is humor. Could the irreverent, distinctively American wit seen in everything from Mark Twain to The Simpsons have existed without a long history of Dr. Lauras? My guess is no.

Then it makes sense that none of America's greatness; jazz, rock, the good movies, and whatever you like, could not have existed in the same way without our legions of puritans, bumpkins, bigots, TV addicts, jingoes and neo-pagan world music listeners. Not that one necessarily produced the other, but that they all exist as part of a whole.

Without our crackpots, we might be more like "the continent." Maybe, what passes for humor in France does so because they are not constantly faced with lunatic stupidity. It would be nice if America was more like Sweden, but would we have to pay the price of being more like Sweden? Or Norway, where instead of coming up with something like punk, they come up with something like black metal, which is ingenious, but only because the black metalers are not in on the joke.

It is good that Sweden and France exist, so that we can see what more uniformly thoughtful societies are like and enjoy their fruits, like Ingmar Bergman and all those French intellectuals. But it is also good that America exists, even if it means that Dr. Laura, MJ, Fallwell and Arnold exist because without them, we might all have to listen to Dimmu Borgir and nobody would get the joke.

Speaking of radio Rob has a show on which I was a guest. I've listened to it since then on the web and it is certainly worth the effort. Fast music with small doses of rhetoric. Check it out- THE ROB RASCH RADIO HOUR on 90.1 FM WUSB Stony Brook, Long Island, NY (Suffolk County). Rob says, "You can hear it in all of Suffolk County, Half of Nassau County, And a Bit of the Connecticut Shore on the Long Island Sound... You can check out our website, and hear us on the web at http://www.wusb.org or at http://wusb.fm... My show is on alternate sunday nights into monday morning 3AM - 6AM! I alternate with a Reggae show which stars DJ ERIC! The time is subject to change over the summer... Heil Hitler!!!"

I was telling someone about this band I once saw called CHUCK NORRIS IS THE HITMAN. Does anybody know where I can get they shit? If so, or for any other reason, please contact me at-

skippyskip@aol.com (you can e-mail a columnist for reasons other than being mad at him).

On Monday, December 22, 1997, residents of San Cristobal de las Casa, in the southern state of Chiapas, Mexico, were preparing for their upcoming Christmas festivities when they heard about a massacre that had just taken place. Acteal, a small village, about 20 miles north of San Cristobal, had just been invaded by a group of paramilitaries with close ties to Mexico's ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI). For over five hours, paramilitary men fired on villagers and chased fleeing villagers. Many of the villagers who did not escape were mutilated and hacked to death with machetes. Of the 45 Tzotzil indigenous people who were murdered that day, 36 of them were women and children. "The assailants cut babies out of the wombs of pregnant women," wrote one observer.

Those murdered in Acteal were the latest casualties in a conflict that came to light on January 1st, 1994 with the uprising of the peasant-based Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN). After failed attempts by the Mexican government to seriously address the demands of the EZLN-cultural, social, and economic justice, the Mexican government has instead embarked on a "low-intensity war" doctrine of repression and social control. This military doctrine, "Campaign Plan Chiapas 1994", has its intellectual and material backing from the U.S. Army School of the Americas. General Jose Ruben Rivas Pena, a graduate of the School, who wrote the manual for the Mexican government, was the first to suggest that the Mexican military "train and support self-defense

and other paramilitary organizations" as part of their repression in the southern part of Mexico. Over 1,500 people have died in the Chiapas conflict since the 1994 uprising. Many international human rights organizations have documented the role of pro-government paramilitaries in these killings.

What is different about the recent killings of peasants in Acteal and the international outcry by human rights groups has been the ability of the EZLN and "civil society" groups working closely with the Zapatista movement to frame and gain much support (national and international) for their cause. Their 1994 uprising took place on the same year that the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) went into effect. The neo-Zapatistas see their struggle as a five-hundred year old battle, one where indigenous people have had to constantly battle genocide.

Although much has been written about the Zapatista movement—both scholarly work by academics and by activists within Mexico and outside—much of the material seems to overlook the analysis offered by the Zapatistas themselves. I have been following events in Mexico for quite sometime now, so, this semester, I decided to take a graduate seminar in the sociology department with the hopes of getting a better grasp of the political, social, and economic factors that facilitated the emergence and the outcomes of the Zapatista social movement. The course was titled "Social Movement Theory" and focused on contemporary "theoretical and empirical issues in the field of social movements."

One of the main theoretical frameworks in the study of social movements was developed by Doug McAdam in his seminal work, *Political Process and the Development of Black Insurgency, 1930-1970* (second edition, Univ. of Chicago Press, 1999 [1982]). McAdam's work has been central to social movement theory and therefore, his book was a big part of the way we framed our "studies" of other social movements. Since I was interested in learning more about the Zapatista movement and possibly do a paper on it, I read McAdam's text closely to see how useful his work might be to my project. Even though my affiliated discipline is sociology, I must say that reading this text really reminded me of 1) how boring these academics can be in their writing and 2) how, merely relying on one academic discipline (sociology) has many limitations in terms of what questions get asked and which don't during the course of our "studies." That is to say, the epistemological question/s—"how we know what we know" reinforces the need to always be aware of the sources, the interpretations, perspectives, and methodologies that these academic disciplines pin us into. Before looking at McAdam's "political process"—the model he uses to examine black social movement in the U.S.—I want to summarize a few of McAdam's points to see how useful his work might be for analyzing the Zapatista movement.

For McAdam, "political opportunity" explains why social movements arise when they do. As McAdam tells us, political opportunities can "facilitate increased political activism on the part of the excluded groups either by seriously undermining the stability of the entire political leverage of a single insurgent group" (p. 42). This political opportunity model can help us understand how certain structural and political contexts created structural openings for social movements. "Indigenous organizations" are groups that are all ready established within the insurgent community that will be key in providing and facilitating resources in the political process. "It is the resources of the minority community that enable insurgent groups to exploit these opportunities," McAdam argues (p. 43). Among the resources that indigenous organizations provide include: members, established structures of solidarity incentives, communication networks, and leaders (p. 44-48). "Cognitive liberation" is used to describe the collective mind-set of the insurgent group. According to McAdam, cognitive liberation turns a potential insurgent group into an "actual insurgency" (p. 51). "Before collective protest can get under way," McAdam argues, "people must collectively define their situation as unjust and subject to change through group action" (p. 51). Here, notions of identity are central to mobilization.

Clearly, NAFTA created a major political opportunity that the EZLN pointed to in their decision to revolt. "NAFTA is our death sentence," stated the Zapatistas in their first communiques. In their, "Declaration of the Lancandon Jungle," the Zapatistas stated that the changes to Article 27 of the Mexican constitution was part of a larger neoliberal agenda that began with the Salinas administration in the late 1980's. This created a political opportunity to rally the Mexican people against "el mal govierno" (bad government). While always fighting for indigenous rights, the EZLN projected itself as part of a larger "national force that inspires the people of our country to fight for justice, democracy, freedom" (Jan. 20, 1994 communique).

Although formed in 1993, the Clandestine Revolutionary Indigenous Committee (CCRI), the network of indigenous communities that includes the EZLN, pre-existing indigenous organizations (in the McAdam sense) among these communities go back to the early 1970's. The First Indian Congress of Chiapas converged in 1974 brought together many different indigenous people, including Tzotziles. Tzeltales, Tojolobales, and Choles. Catechists and deacons from the diocese of San Cristobal played an important role in bringing these indigenous communities together under the banner of the church. The role of the Democratic Revolutionary Party (PRD), a leading opposition party in Mexico, and the relationship to indigenous communities as a pre-existing network for indigenous rights is important in understanding how political parties have influenced indigenous organizations. The role of specific leaders and their organizing skills (as opposed to merely mobilizing) within these indigenous communities is also an important factor in examining. Charles Payne, in one of the best books (at least to me it's the best) on the Civil Rights Movement in Mississippi tells us: "Overemphasizing the movement's more dramatic features, we undervalue the patient and sustained effort, the slow, respectful work, that made the dramatic moments possible" (p. 264), see his *I've Got The Light of Freedom: The Organizing Tradition and the Mississippi Freedom Struggle* (Univ. of Ca. Press, 1995).

The first communique of the Zapatistas stressed their identity as indigenous people fighting for justice: "We are the product of five hundred years of struggle!" The collective mind-set or as McAdam calls it, the cognitive liberation of marginalized groups (in this case, the indigenous people in Chiapas and throughout Mexico) united not only indigenous people in Mexico but throughout all of the Americas as they protested the celebration of the "discovery" of America by Columbus. Their 1994 uprising was, as some scholars have noted, the first post-Cold War peasant uprising to follow a more democratic-reformist ideology (as opposed to previous Marxist insurgencies in Mexico that followed a strict rigid "workerist political line"). Building from Joanne Nagel's work, in her *American Indian Ethnic Renewal: Red Power and the Resurgence of Identity and Culture* (Oxford Univ. Press, 1996), where she tells us that "cultural renewal-the reconstruction of old cultural forms and the construction of new traditions-is a crucial part of individual and collective ethnic renewal" (p. 190), this text can help us understand the way different indigenous groups in Chiapas have come together under the Revolutionary Indigenous Clandestine Committee (CCRI).

Many of the texts we read in this social movement seminar were useful in helping me make these connections, but, what is missing from many of these social movement "studies" are the people who made these movements, the people who made history. I think it was Charlie Marx who reminded us that, people make history, sometimes out of circumstances not of their choosing. I don't necessarily want to throw out social movement theory or sociology for that matter, but I would like to see more studies that include the analysis and the "voices" of those they are supposed to be "studying." "As students, as anthropologists and social scientists," Rigoberta Menchu recently told an audience at a talk here at UC Berkeley, "you must have a social function that uses science for the service of humanity." As an activist who fights for the rights of many indigenous groups like the ones in Chiapas, Mexico, Menchu is not totally dismissive of academia and social science. She does remind those of us who are in academia that we need to be careful with how and for what "our research" is used for. "Violence is not just the torturing of a pregnant mother in Guatemala," says Menchu, "but violence is also the torturing of the historical memory of the dead ones." As academics, as activists, as workers, as peo-

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ple who are just trying to live life with dignity: those in the Zapatista movement in Mexico—a whole article in itself have taught us no matter how many sociological models and frameworks any UC Berkeley professor can come up with, in the end, it is always the people who make social change.

Humans aren't known for their long attention spans. At least not the post-*Sesame Street* generations, bipeds raised on the 30 second-to-a minute "educational" skits we call children's programming. Growing into teenage years means exposure to pop music, heavy TV viewing, and video games. The teenage human's attention span grows to an exhaustive four minutes, the length of a "long" radio hit, one segment of a TV sitcom, or 25 cents worth of arcade funning.

While the adult humans might have to endure things for more than five minutes, given the choice, they'd much rather have an instant world. Experiences that zap and fade fast are the "ultimate" in pleasure. In sex, the focus remains on the quick tingle and release of an orgasm rather than the long linger. Food—fast or otherwise—is gulped down, the taste immediate and without subtlety. We drink high octane drinks like quadruple espressos and brews that get us fucked up fast. The home run and the slam dunk on a fast break are treasured more than the play by play, a grind of chess-like deliberation and length.

And then there are drugs. Pot and booze make the passage of long time tolerable. Stoned or drunk experiences that last for more than five minutes can be easily enjoyed. Acid and other psychedelics make for lingering and introspection. And if you want to ditch the drugs and relax enough to skip the fast flicker of frame by frame, what else is the modern man's choice? Meditation, a practice designed to let us keep our feet from twitching and our minds from wandering?

But, surely, there must have been a time when a person could focus on something for a long time without being crocked or in full lotus. It would be exaggerating to say that humans don't focus at all. Sure we do. There are plenty of activities that we are trained or conditioned to endure over hours. Watching movies, for instance. However, when I look at the world of pop music, rocknroll, or whatnot, patience is not a virtue. This is especially true with punk rock, a form which champions the two-minute song (and two minutes is pushing it). This is unfortunate. Why? Because some of the greatest pieces of high energy rocknroll clock in over ten minutes.

Below are a handful of great rocknroll songs that will put you Sesame Streeters to the test. All can be enjoyed without doping yourself up, though if that's your thing, by all means, pass that hooter, dude. There is also no need to assume full lotus and meditate on some unknown sound. While I don't think any of these opuses have two hands clapping, let alone one, you can still get into them without gazing at your navel. So with that, please seek and enjoy.

The Seeds. "Up in Her Room" (from the *Web of Sound* LP). For fourteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds, Sky Saxon gives you the lowdown about what happens up in his gal's room when ol' Sky is in the mood. A play-by-play interspersed with "It feels so gooood," "Up in her room," and "Shout out loud," all over a stripped-down, primitive two-chord progression that sounds suspiciously like "Pushin' Too Hard." This pup builds to a nice psychedelic freak-out, which, I suppose represents Sky shooting his wad. Far out.

Spacemen 3. "Suicide" (from the *Playing with Fire* LP). Essentially a two-note bass throb with swirling and wah-wahed guitars washed over it. A bass drum and shaker provide the "beat" with a snare snaring a few times. No vocals to punctuate this rather bleak yet tasty eleven minute, six-second haul.

Hawkwind. "Orgone Accumulator" & "Born To Go" (from *The Space Ritual* 2xLP). A few years ago I was carting a Limey around Sacramento, the aforementioned LP cranked high on my car stereo. Taking corners a bit too fast, I kept screaming at the bloke that Hawkwind was the last great band to come from Monkey Island, and forgetting a couple dozen since, I was right. It's a bit tough trying to determine when a song begins and another one ends on this fantastic album as these Sci Fi dorks jam song into song using only gloriously stupid moog sounds and idiot alien poetry as segues. But you can find the songs. "Orgone Accumulator" (10:00), a tribute to the mad genius's energy box, is a great lost Stooges track, or at least it should be. The rollicking riff keeps rocking even through a blistering wank of a bass solo by Lemey. "Born To Go" (11:41 or so) is a frightful pounder, loud and with plenty of keyboard washes. Fantastic!

Flipper. "I Saw You Shine" (from *Public Flipper Limited* 2xLP). When I was a wee punker, I would tell Mom I was spending the night at a friend's, and me and a few would sneak down to Friscotown with a friend's sister and sneak into the Sound of Music to see Flipper. This was in the days of the five minute Flipper set. They'd take the "stage," play a "song," short out the power, demand payment and leave. A year later, Flipper started doing the one-to-two hour long set. And in these sets they'd roll out cool grooves and dire drones, pushing classics like "Sexbomb" over the ten minute mark. While "Sexbomb" is on this great double live album, "Shine" is the highlight. Much of the song's ten minutes, three seconds is a ponderous plod, as cheerful as a toothache, but toward the end the drums break down to a tribal spazz that sounds more like Sunny Murray than some junk punk. Over the non-beat, a saxophone crunches notes against a cacophonous flail of guitar. The bass continues as a deadened pulse. If this song wasn't so good, you'd wish these guys dead.

The Stooges. "Fun House, Take 2" (from *1970: The Complete Fun House Sessions* CD). The title track from the recording session that gave us the greatest rocknroll album ever by the greatest rocknroll band ever. While the album version is a mere 7:43, this out-take is a cool 10:15 and, boy, are the extra two-plus minutes worth it. As with the album version, the band is a unit, a clench of muscles sliding and pounding. However, without the LP's final "polish," this "Fun House" is very, very raw—not raw in the sense that the recording is shittier or that it has more fuzz; raw in that the guitar is an angular mess of squeals and wails. Listen to Ron Asheton and you don't think of the guitar heroes that preceded him but of his free jazz contemporaries, guys like Albert Ayler and Marion Brown. Asheton's riffage is extreme emotion sounding off tightly stretched wires and crimped. And that for ten minutes and some. Heaven, if there is such a place.

High Rise. "Pop Sicle" (from *High Rise II* LP). Thank god for High Rise! These Japanese boys bring the concept of guitar god back where it belongs: Obnoxiously sprawled out over big, fat riffs with heavy drums and fuzzed bass. If wah-wah guitar squalling for 13:07 sounds like your cup o' sake, chug-a-lug.

MC5. "Black to Comm." There are so many versions of this thud groove classic that to single out one would be short-sighted. Listen to as many as you can, cuz they all have great moments no matter how shitty the recording. This pup pretty much averages eleven minutes, and if you haven't heard it yet, your rocknroll education is not complete.

Velvet Underground. "Sister Ray" (from *White Light/White Heat* LP). I'd be amiss if I left the granddaddy of drone songs off this list. Three chords (G-F-C), seventeen and a half minutes, and a refrain that goes "(S)he's suckin on my ding dong." What more do you want?

Of course there are others. I could have thrown in a half a dozen Can songs, a few Pink Faries diddies (especially "The Snake" if it didn't have that godawful drum solo), and more and a bit more; but space (and my attention span) doesn't permit an encyclopedic listing. That said, some honorable mentions are in order, songs that didn't quite pass the ten minute mark but are longer than your average bear and worth a listen. They are: The Gordons, "Future Shock" (at seven-plus one of *the best* punk songs ever); Blue Cheer "Doctor Please" (the original sprawl squallers); Plastic Ono Band, "Why Not?" (yodellectable!); and the Electric Eels "Flapping Jets" (Try the CLE comp for this seven-minute joy ride).

Listen to the above, the same riffs repeated ad naseum, noodled drool spoodged all over 'em and you'll do your mind some good. It might seem as if the art of hypnotic

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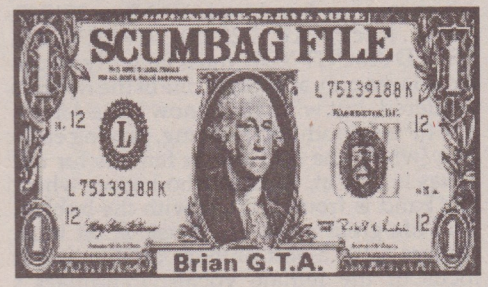
repetition in rocknroll is on the verge of extinction, but as long as there are obnoxious twerps who like to make people suffer and a few who actually dig endurance, the two-chord, fifteen-minute masterpiece will always be with us. Viva la drone! I am booking a Bananas tour for July/August, if you can set up a show get a hold of me. Correspondence (no promo lists or other crap): Scott Soriano/1114 21st Street/Sacramento, CA 95814 USA scotts@sl.net



Howdy kiddies!It's the Big Kahuna of Crimelords here, and (sob, sob, followed by much nose blowing) I have a confession to make; I got all the money to run GTA from pimping boys on Santa Monica Blvd. and peddling bestiality porn on video.(If you don't believe me then just ask the massage parlor owners where I buy my coke.)Ironically for Chuck at Temperance, I had heard similar "booty" rumors about him, but chose to find such hearsay gossip about as tempting as a corn chip dipped in puke and as interesting as a museum dedicated to dryer lint.Odd that he would write in to a magazine that has regularly given positive reviews to boots and who's founder dug boots enough to dedicate a whole issue to them.Duh!

Anyhow, I had called up Arwen and Sean a couple of months back to inform them that besides missing an issue so I could dedicate the time to tax preparation, that I would also be changing the focus of my column more towards the actual music itself.Basically, I like music and constantly discussing the business side of things was becoming a bit tiresome and it was ruining the music for me.I was less interested in wanting to dwell on stuff that I found to be lame on my own free time.In other words, if I'm going to volunteer myself, it's going to have to be for something a bit less dreary or boring.I had also stated on numerous occasions that people should write in with their suggestions for and questions on DIY topics that they would like to see discussed such as reading/writing contracts, CD mastering, recording etc..And would either receive one to zero responses which would lead me tobelieve that not enough people were interested.I'm not going to spend (waste?) my time writing about boring crap just to impress everyone with how much I know about boring crap.This decision is something I've been contemplating for awhile now.

So I had wanted to write an article about the early Huntington Beach, California punk scene but with deadline quickly approaching, I knew that I didn't have the time to do said topic a detailed justice.Then I heard about Chuck's letter and thought what a cool topic, I should go out and dig up some old bootlegger for an interview.(Thanks Chuckles!)After all like it or not, boots have boldly snuck their way into punk rock since day one in the form of t-shirts, then video and cassettes, and finally to vinyl and even compact disc.Boots have in no small way pumped a lot of cash into underground music businesses helping to wholly or partially subsidize many a record store, label, fanzine, distro, etc. via many a dodgy compilation numerous punk and garage groups from the 60s, 70s and 80s have been rescued from total obscurity and thrust upon a new generation of listeners too young to have otherwise known of their existence.The SCREAMERS, for example, never released even one measly compilation track during their two or three year existence, yet there have been at least four unauthorized releases dedicated to them.I highly doubt that the majority of people who have had a screamers tune grace their eardrums heard them any other way.At a recent MAD Reunion show at Headline Records in West LA (Owner Jean-Luc runs one of the coolest punk record stores around, putting on several live shows per week, where the bands can actually sell their own merch and Jean-Luc doesn't even ask for a cut.No how cool is that!?!?)I spotted more than a few people who must've been covered in placenta around the same time that the MAD had first broken up.Most likely they heard about them via *Killed By Death*. (Oh and just in case you were wondering, the MAD's performance was the absolute pinnacle of brilliant idiocy!)Sure some of these records were put out in order for some geek to turn a few overlooked obscurities in his collection/investment into ridiculously high priced antiques, but at the same time, gathering interest for a possible legit reissue that may have otherwise not been considered.Boots have prodded lazy or disinterested band members into making their still sought after recording available once again at reasonable prices.Whether right, wrong, or somewhere in between (by far one totally wrong way to do a boot is to trick people into thinking that it is an authorized release culled from the original master tapes.I think that this is something that most would agree on.)There is no denying some of the positive effects boots have had on certain bands.

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Now on with our anonymous interview with someone we'll refer to as "Bob". (Why? 'Cause I can spell Bob.)

Q:When were you active?

BOB: Very late 80s to early 90s.

Q: What made you decide to do bootlegs?

BOB: It seemed like a fun and easy thing to do, kinds like a backwoods bad boy rebel with a still and an old suped up truck, only me and all the other bootleggers were a bunch of geeky dorks.Plus I was always fascinated by these types of releases and wondered what kind of people had put them out; and then I found out, geeky dorks.

Q: What formats did you work with?

BOB: Strictly vinyl for reasons of being a collector geek myself.

Q: How many different titles did you press?

BOB: A nice round number would be...um a lot.

Q: Weren't you ever worried that the pressing plants would turn you in?

BOB: Nah, these guys probably listened to Bing Crosby.Even Led Zepplin was most likely too contemporary for them.I seriously doubt that they knew any of the groups that I was pressing.I've personally never heard a case of anyone being turned in by a pressing plant.And my guess is that they'd probably turn you down long before they would every turn you in.

Q: Once they were pressed, how did you get rid of them?

BOB: Almost anyone who carried the band's legit record was willing to handle the other stuff.They would ask me if its a bootleg, and I'd say, "Nah, it's a special live record put out by fans that no one else has, not even the band."They'd smirk, say ok, and buy a few; they knew.There were also record dealers that strictly bought and sold nothing but boots exclusively.The only trouble with them is they'd go to a record swap with a van full of shit like MADONNA and GUNS N' ROSES, stick out like a sore thumb and get themselves busted, which attracts unwanted attentions for everyone.

Q: Ever come close to getting busted or "found out"?

BOB: Once this guy I had dealt with a bit got caught.It happened at a record swap so everyone knew and had time to get rid of anything bad.Another time I was picking up some records at the pressing plant when along came someone from their actual record label.I nearly crapped my pants; I didn't know they used the same plant.Luckily they were none the wiser.I don't think that I was on anyone's most wanted list or even least wanted list, simply because of the bands I chose to do and the rather low press runs.

Q: How would you respond to people saying that you were ripping the bands off?

BOB: While no one is going to nominate me for sainthood for doing this, I don't believe that I ever did any harm to the bands.Otherwise I wouldn't have done it.In many cases I was even able to anonymously send off a stack to the bands.The only people who buy these types of releases are hardcore fans who already own all of the band's legit releases and no one ever blames a band for a lousy sounding boot.

Q: Did you ever receive any positive or negative feedback from any band members via the grapevine?

BOB: No, but I did read an interview where the band mentioned mine as being their favorite boot someone had done of them.

Q: Why do you think that punk rock scene has has attracted so much bootlegging?

BOB: Any number of reason really, but I would have to say mostly because of its free for all do whatever the hell you want atmosphere.You know, if you can't find it, make your own.If you're talking *Killed By....* or *Bloodstains..* then

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its cus of low press runs and initial poor distribution of the original records.

Q: Ever had one of your bootlegs either booted by another bootlegger or issued legitimately by the band?

BOB: Neither, the ones making them while I was doing it all sorta knew about each other and tended not to step on one another's toes like that.I have heard about people putting stuff onto CD that someone else had booted on vinyl but only after it was out of print.

Q: Why did you decide to stop?

BOB: Like I had stated at the beginning of this interview, it seemed like a fun thing to do; only now it was no longer fun anymore. I had taken it as far as I wanted and decided to get out before my luck ran out. A few people had gotten themselves in trouble and there were others attracting unwanted attention. I've been out of that stuff going on ten years now and I don't regret getting out of it because things have gotten a lot more serious in regards to tracking people down and punishing them. Every so often I get the itch to do something but if I did it would be so obscure nobody would give a shit.

Q: Are there any tips you would like to offer any new comers?

BOB: Yeah, don't do boots, just say no. (Laughs). Seriously, it's much better to do something legit and not to have to worry, but if you are going to, then stay away from big or current bands with managers and lawyers.The way to go seems to be with obscurities like *Bloodstains...* and *Killed By...* because not many people seem to care.Also keep what your doing on a need to know basis, the less people who know the better.

Well that concludes the interview portion, hoped you liked it ya undeserving vermin.Now onto other crud:

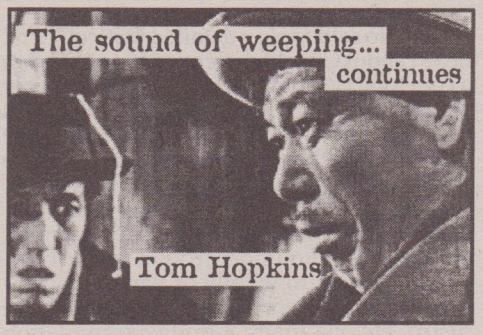
My Kiwi Buddy (or should I say "matey") Simon Kay that runs the Raw Power Label in New Zealand recently sent me a copy of a magazine called *Mysterex* that him and some chums put together, and for anyone interested in the history of Kiwi Punk, it thee shit!!! *Mysterex* does for New Zealand what *It Makes You Want To Spit* zine did for Northern Ireland, bringing together tons of well written interesting accurate accounts of NZ's chaotic punk past.

Inside are well detailed histories/interviews of PROUDSCUM, SCAVENGERS, SPELLING MISTAKES, NO TAG, DEAD IMAGE, etc. Plus a very cool history of Kiwi Punk zines and an interesting bit about the DEAD KENNEDY'S first tour there.

Nothing bugs me worse then history being retold by pea brains who don't know the facts and have no feel for their topic.Well, you won't have to worry about that with *Mysterex*, as it was obviously put together by people who were there in the thick of things and exhibit more than a little passion for their Kiwi Punk past.I can't recommend this enough!!! (*Mysterex*, c/o Crawlspace Records, PO Box 7127, Wellesley St., Auckland, New Zealand).

That's it for this episode.

See ya, Brian GTA, 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd., Ste 313, Glendale, CA 91202 USA.



In many ways I find reporting and explaining developments regarding what will no longer be in the pages of *MRR* extremely tiresome and often boring. I'm sure that those who bother to read these explanations often feel quite the same. And the news this time is that Lookout Records, a few months after Man's Ruin, has decided to leave Mordam for the services of R.E.D. For those unaware, Mordam is a distribution company made up of several dozen record labels and zines (including *MRR*). According to the Sony Music web page, R.E.D. is a distribution company owned and operated by Relativity, which is one of the four groups that makes up Sony Music. While many of your favorite labels and zines sell their product to R.E.D. all indications suggest that the deal that has been inked grants R.E.D. exclusive distributor status for Lookout Records. Rather than simply selling products to a distribution company, an agreement of this nature provides for a significant amount of promotion and management. Don't misread this. Lookout is not owned by Sony. Lookout has entered into a rather significant business arrangement with an entity that has extremely close ties to Sony. This means that *MRR* will no longer review Lookout releases.

The news of Lookout Records making this decision is going to be commented on to death throughout punkdom. It will be played down by some as a realistic business move and will cause mutters and screams of cashing in by many others. My own feelings about this move have nothing to do with monetary benefits that might come from such an arrangement. Any criticism regarding personal finances from the son of a doctor and a research scientist isn't going to count for too much. The fact that my own salary could very well exceed that of Lookout's owners would make criticisms of that nature a mouthful of shit. The barking I will make is this: despite being closely knit into the big-time music game, it is guaranteed that Lookout and their bands won't play fair. Lookout is going to use the connections they have made over the years while a part of the punk community to their advantage. Bands will call for shows and independent record stores will get pressed by promotions people. As a result the strength and integrity of the punk "network of friends" becomes undermined and exploited to the ultimate benefit of people who won't give anything back. That's why *MRR* won't be lending the helping hand of our resources to to the review and promotion of labels and bands that make these decisions.

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Listen up bedwetters, this is a great month for music. And not just the wimpy stuff! So, be sure to really give the regular review section a good going over. Oh yeah, go change the sheets on your bed and take a fucking shower! No one wants to sit next to the kid who smells like pee!

I ordered a mess of records from Ebullition (PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116) most of which are on Landmark (PO Box 251565, Little Rock, AR 72225). EVERYONE ASKED ABOUT YOU must be fairly popular as I was only able to get one of the two EPs I ordered, but what do I know? The *Me Vs. You* EP is smooth and pleasing, playing emo-pop (which the Midwest is famous for but Texas is best at, though who knows where this band is from) but not with the bubbly, ain't-life-great gross out twist. A bit blue. Guitars with a soft anthem quality and a focus of the female vocals. Landmark's RED 40 EP may have been out for quite some time, but what the fuck do I care. This is the first non-comp release by this band that I've gotten my snotty hands on. For comparisons, I'll ask you to think about the toe-tap melody of the MONSULA EP, add some rough vocals, and turn down the smile to more of a melancholic smirk/sigh. One of the best songs EVER is the RED 40 song on the *We've Lost Beauty* comp on File 13. LUCERO is the last Landmark EP I'll mention, but before I mention the EP, make sure you do WHATEVER IT FUCKING TAKES to get a copy of the first LUCERO demo tape. If the song "Catherine and Me" doesn't give you the tingle, the thug punks have been beating you up without any good reason! Ok, the EP: I'll get this out of the way, the cover a JAWBREAKER song. FAAAAAAAAAAART. OK, LUCERO is way over in what has been dubbed alt-country by those who dub things. A few years ago some Doghouse bands tried to pull this off, but of course couldn't, but hey, they're on Doghouse, it goes with the territory. Steel guitar, vocals with a Southern accent that isn't faked, slow pace, and story style lyrics. Fantastic. (Landmark put out a great LP last year by GENERATION OF VIPERS).

As with all the past summers of involvement in punk/hardcore/emo/line dancing, this summer will likely be damaging many allowances and pay checks. ORCHID and RED SCARE will be among those riding the rails, and they'll have a split EP with them (Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321). The ORCHID side hardly gave me a chance to pull out the lyric sheet before the needle was in the dead wax zone. Their guitar sound is out of fucking control! While past releases have been more about the emo-chaos, the two songs here showcase the tallest, thickest, crumbling wall of sped up Canadian style guitar been kicked the fuck down by the hammering bass and drums. The upcoming 10" on Ebullition should destroy. RED SCARE start on the slow road, building up more mood before letting the rhythm

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folks push the speed while the guitar decorates with leads. Was it a year ago when I saw the RED SCARE? Whenever it was, they were rolling thunder live!

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS is a band of emo-interest. Not due to any soft part to freak-out aspects of the band. Many might just find them a grind band or even more on the sludge side. But the careful listener will find that lurking in their fast-core drive is a hint of emo-violence. Pained Canuck vocals (URANUS and DRIFT) and manic/spastic guitar/bass anthems. There's a split with PROCESS IS DEAD (who have a cleaner approach, but share many of the same aspects) (Hide The Bodies, no address) and one with just them (Denied A Custom, 3-5-12-106 Hashigadi, Narita-Shi, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN).

Iowa's KINSHIP lay out screamo mayhem with tearing vocal cords and a mass of guitar and bass rolling down a steep hill suddenly slowed by metal-core breakdowns (but softened by a PHLEG CAMP rhythm approach). Four songs on the EP (Apathy Press, PO Box 629, Osseo, MN 55369)

New split from Dim Mak (PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107) the STICK FIGURE CAROUSEL/LINSAY EP. STICK FIGURE CAROUSEL is full of the guitar crunch, sing songy vocals, and kick box antics that keeps Aaron and the folks at Hydra Head so happy. LINSAY is from Germany and have popped up here and there. More action packed than their split-mates, though they can slow their determined guitar for an introspective breakdown or two. Their crunch is somewhat tempered making for an almost melodic mayhem. They definitely have the Teutonic skill for emo-metal-violence madness.

Solid political ruckus on the THIS MACHINE KILLS/BURY ME STANDING split EP (Code of Ethics, no address). THIS MACHINE KILLS has channeled the spirit of STRUGGLE and BORN AGAINST and tightened its sound up with the guitar finesse of bands like BREAD AND CIRCUITS. More to come on a split with Japan's ENVY! BURY ME STANDING is from Arizona and they have the UNRUH/WELLINGTON guitar chops to prove it. Lots of herk and jerk with a tweaked out guitar. Strangely, this has me think of SCHLONG, but metal of course.

Oh, another Dim Mak release, though I'm told it is rather limited. NINE DAYS WONDER is from Japan and have a wonderful SHOTMAKER-esque style. This Japanese band powers up their bass and guitar drive and rumble in much the same way. The guitar stands out more frequently and the overall approach is more frantic and less boom-boom-boom of the bass. Neato packaging in an aluminum sheet (ouch) cover. Hope there'll be a second press!

I can't remember who THE BOOK OF DEAD NAMES is ex-members of, so too bad for you!!!! Anyway, they're on a split with REMINGTIN: WEST FUCKING TRIAD that should be way up on the list of records to get in the pockets of chaos loving emo turkeys! This is on Blood of the Young (PO Box 14411, Minneapolis, MN no zip code on the sleeve, DUH!) but could have easily slipped onto the Witching Hour discography if you know what I'm saying. BOOK OF DEAD NAMES, has the chaotic guitar swirl with the dying vocal chords of a young man and the ever sensible direction of the bass and drums keeping everything boxed into a real song. REMINGTIN WFT has the fucking FUZZZ on the guitar. Their sound is the evil twin to the SECOND STORY WINDOW EP. There is a bounce of vocals and a careful churn of instruments, but put through the distorto wringer.

For a punked out version of the new romance pick up the GOLDEN TICKET EP. There is a love of goth hidden in the songs dominated by a tuned down bass and rickety guitar. Slightly spooky but very catchy female vocals just barely poke through the mess. It's crazy, because I can almost hear a keyboard way off in the distance but it seems like it is a perfectly placed feedback howl throughout each song. Way limited, why? (Sound Suicide, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

Well, I hope that everyone has caught on to how good TREADWELL is by now. Be sure to check out their two older EPs, but if you can't find them, the new split with 16 (Badman, Nebrehovice 7, 386 01 Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC) and their 6" on Redwood (PO Box 6041, Fullerton, CA 92834) will get the point across. Mucho bass thump and pound on your head with the guitar cutting and slicing while the vocalist fights for a chance to yell and yammer. TREADWELL never wastes any time on their releases to get to the point in a song and then move right on to the next. I'd love to see them live...probably a wonderful 15 minute set!

It'd be pretty hard for anyone to have missed the new wave revival. I thought I'd venture a peek into it and I was continually referred to the FAINT *Blank-Wave Arcade* LP (Saddle Creek, PO Box 8554, Omaha, NE 68108-0554). Great investment of $8.50! Lots of keyboard and electronic damage, but without fucking up the songs which are begging for beer soaked house party dance session. Crazy infectious, in fact, look at me, the smooth bass lines and trippy synth have caused strange sores to appear all over me! So, lets see what this revival turns into. Hopefully not another steaming pile of shit at the CMJ "hey look at me ma, I'm on top of the world" fuckfest.

If you haven't figures it out yet, the foul-mouthed brats ALWAYS win! The gold-medal proof of this is the LE SHOK *We Are Electrocution* LP. Snottiness dripping off everything. Dirty sex vocals with loose-lipped guitar jangle, never-tuned bass, disinterested drums, and the faint sounds of the keyboards that haven't been programmed just right. It's a mess and a magnificent follow-up to their EPs on Tiger Suit. The LP graphics set the pace for our new millennium. (GSL, see ad).

I'm going to pass on the buying guide this month, mainly because I bought most of the records feature this month. However, it should be said that the final record to be reviewed this month is not only the best of the month, but is likely my pick for the year, which is hardly halfway finished. Sisters and brothers, the INSULT TO INJURY LP. This has the energy, tightened frenzy, and down-to-earth feelings of ASSFACTOR 4 with a secret ingredient...there is some of the best hooks, window dressing, and determined drive to ever come come out of a mother fucking guitar. Really. I mean it. (Belladonna, PO Box 13673, Gainesville, FL 32604)

I still have a special address for you to send me all records, tapes, CDs, zines, chatter, and news to: PO Box 170482, San Francisco, CA 94117.

I have neglected some of the CD reviews. I apologize to all those who have sent them in, I promise to have them in the next column.

So, I'm having a pleasant conversation with this fellow at a local watering hole when he tells me that he's having a dilemma. He's upset because he has recently gotten remarried and his new wife and daughter want to go to a different church than his own. From the sounds of it, this church is Lutheran—just like the one he currently attends—and it's only a block from their house. I have to watch myself when speaking to Christians because I've been known to offend a large percentage of them and, inversely, a large percentage of them offend me. Still, I have to find out why this guy would have such a problem with moving from one cult (er…parish) to another, so I ask. "Well," he says, "it's not so much that I'm extremely attached to the church I go to now. In fact, I really don't even go to church THAT much. It's just that this church that she wants to go to is full of a bunch of faggot-lovin' liberals."

OK, you decide. In this situation, I should…

A. clock this dumb fucker in the nose.

B. politely chug the remainder of my Leinie's and sprint out the door.

C. explain to Mr. Bigot that I, too am a "faggot-lovin' liberal" and that I take much offense to his view of homosexuals as second-class citizens, and maybe even stop to point out the hypocrisy of the anti-gay sect of Christians who spend significant portions of their life begging forgiveness for their sins, only to sin more by harassing and denouncing fellow human beings for living a lifestyle different from their own (apparently) sin-filled existences. Hell, after that I could even go so far as to explain to this guy that I have numerous friends and acquaintances that

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are homosexual and that they are some of the most friendly, loving, peaceful, and open-minded people I know, bearing a much closer resemblance to Jesus Christ than most Christians I've ever encountered (present company included).

D. roll my eyes and let the man keep talking.

Well, whaddaya think? Sorry, but it's not A. Aside from being pretty heavy into pacifism and having never been in a fight in my life, I'm a scrawny wimp and probably couldn't inflict physical damage upon anyone beyond the 5th grade. And besides, I live firmly by the belief that the way to turn people on to your ideas is to NOT instantly turn them off by being an asshole, whether it be physical or verbal.

The answer is also not B. Specifically, I've never in my life had trouble chugging a Leinie's, but I don't think I've 'sprinted' for any distance since the mid '80s. Again, I feel the way to sway people like this towards a more open-minded outlook is NOT to run away from their ideas and pretend that they don't exist or, worse yet, assume that you have nothing in common with someone so misguided and ignore them completely. In fact, I often seek out people I feel have a skewed perception of issues (there seems to be a few of them roaming the earth, if you haven't yet noticed) and engage them in a non-threatening conversation so they can better learn where it is that I'm coming from (and visa-versa). Sometimes progress is made, sometimes it isn't; but it sure as hell beats running away from them.

Strangely enough, the answer is also not C.

I guess it's here that I have to admit that this is a bit of a trick question, cheaply placed here as an intro to this month's topic. The truth is that in almost any similar scenario, C would be the route that I'd take, sticking with the theme of engaging 'em in conversation and going from there. However, D is way I went in this particular situation because one over-riding factor: the identity of the man I'm talking to. He's my dad.

Yep, my father is a homophobe. He speaks quite candidly of the "fact" that homosexuality is unnatural and that anyone who engages in it is "sick, twisted fruit." He jokes about what he considers the "logical knowledge" that the anus is an "exit-only" apparatus. He calls his own wife, my step-mom, a "queer-lover" and a "hippie." Now, don't get me wrong, he doesn't say these things in a angry, spiteful manner, but rather with the same dry, sarcastic sense of "humor" that I seem to have inherited from him. Of course, that doesn't make what he's saying somehow justified, but it's good to know that when discussing these sorts of things that he's smiling and joking and not about to start screaming and yelling and foaming at the mouth.

Furthermore, my dad is a racist. He used to refer to any person of Asian descent as a "jap" or a "slant-eyed," although it's been a while since I've heard him utter any sort of racial slur. Once, my mom (my "real" mom) asked him what he would do if one of the boys came home with a girlfriend of a different race, to which he replied that we'd get kicked out of the house. Thankfully, this conversation wasn't related to me at the time (I say "thankfully" because I was probably about nine years old and I can't imagine what that would've done to my little head).

As punks, I'm sure that many more of us come from dysfunctional families and broken homes than I'd like to imagine. However, even though I have come to realize that my family is a bit twisted, I don't consider us dysfunctional at all. Truth is, I love my family wholeheartedly and unconditionally. But sometimes it's just plain hard to balance that love with my own ideology when there's a huge contrast between the two.

You see it's not just my father that I'm separated from when it comes to political and social issues. Two of my brothers are pretty sexist. On a recent trip to Las Vegas for my third brother's wedding (not your typical Las Vegas wedding), I would be walking around with my brothers and constantly hear phrases like, "Whoa, check out the rack on that chick," or "Dammit that's a nice ass!" I do give 'em hell for it with a regular frequency, but I can't be pissed off every time they say something like that or I'm going to become an awfully bitter person. I also have grandparents that like to wear at my nerves every now and then by referring to people of African descent as "darkies." I've gone to great lengths to explain to them why that's racist, but they don't seem to care, so then I have to go back even further and explain to them why being racist is stupid. In the end, they still think that I'm the freak for having such a problem with the way they talk. I heard a quote once (and naturally I can't remember who originally said it) that said that you can't reason ignorance out of person because that's not how it got in there. I think of that quote often around my family and it usually helps me get by.

Perhaps the most annoying aspect of my family is when we get together for large family dinners, which I have come to refer to as the 'making-fun-of-the-vegetarian comedy hour.' My mother is about the only family member that doesn't feel the need to constantly crack jokes about my vegetarianism. My grandmother once actually seemed frustrated with my no-meat diet to the point where she cackled, "Well, can't you at least eat meat on Easter?!?" not because she forgot that I'm an agnostic vegetarian, but because she simply cannot understand it. I do my best to explain, but it's often an exercise in futility.

I could literally come up with thousands of examples of ways that my family offends and depresses me at times. But, in the end, I still love them dearly and I'm always glad when I get the chance to see them. It really is a difficult experience to deal with sometimes, but more than anything I'm happy with what they've taught me. From them, I've learned that there are some things that simply have to be taken with a grain of salt. I'm not going to turn my back on my relatives simply because they don't follow my line of thought, but I'm also not going to give up what I believe is right simply because my family doesn't understand it or (as with my dad) just vehemently disagrees. I realize that a lot of people do turn away from their families and probably rightly so in many cases. Certain things can be said or done that make it too hard to even try to get along. But that's exactly why I have learned to love my family unconditionally, because they still love me—even if I am a "faggot-lovin', pot-smokin', tofu-munchin' liberal."

A FEW MORE THINGS.

1. I mentioned that I recently went to Las Vegas and I just want everyone who's never been there to know…Las Vegas is fuckin' nuts! I have never in my life been anywhere that can be so disturbing and entertaining at the same time. Weird. Really weird.
2. I also have to take a quick moment to recognize a local band that happens to be one of the best live bands I've ever seen. They're called THE DRUNK DRIVERS which I would normally consider to be a pretty stupid name, but it fits them like a glove. They aren't a 'punk' band, at least I'm sure they don't consider themselves one, but they still rock. Basically, the whole premise of their show is to get rip-roaring drunk and make sure everyone in the audience does the same. I'm sure this has been done by thousands of bands before them, but I highly doubt that any of 'em can compare to 'The Drivers.' If you somehow get the chance to see them, do it.
3. Turning from drunken debauchery to 'drunken debauchery meets fast political hardcore,' I'm going to be spending a few months playing roadie this summer for DE-FACTO OPPRESSION. I would plead for everyone to come out and see their show and chat with us, but the tour will probably be close to over by the time this thing hits the stands. Anyhow, what this means for you is a couple of months worth of tour diaries in this column. Yippee.
4. Write me and tell me stories about how crazy your family is at: PO Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI, 54729.

It's been very warm here the past couple of days and I sense the amusement park season is before me. This means fat people everywhere will be feasting on funnel cakes and zeppoles. A few years ago I went to Disney World and I had this idea that I was gonna make a photo collage for my zine of all the fattasses popping out of their Bermuda shorts. A couple of rolls of film got messed up and I only ended up with enough pictures to

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go around the page. So I threw together a little column about how I wish they had a sign that read, "You cannot be this fat to ride on this roller coaster." Anyhow, you would think that I would get some negative response for such a mean piece of fiction, yet I got a few letters and comments that people actually agreed with what I said and that they had real fears of fat people breaking the amusement rides and elevators shared with them.

I used to be a fat kid in school; I was pushing 210 pounds at 15. Gym class was a daily dilemma as the cheap polyester uniform they made us wear crept into the folds of my ass. I sometimes wonder if it was worse for me than other fat kids since I had only been a fat kid for a couple of years—(my pudge was due to depression, lack of activity and a whole lot of doughnuts and pizza.) This pizza place that I used to eat at every day after school had these things called hippie rolls. It looked like the same hippie rolls were there in the case every day and nobody ever ordered them. Who the hell would order something associated with hippies anyway? Hippies smell worse than greasy dough and sausage filling, ya know.

Anyway, my loudmouth Italian mother was really good at making us feel more insecure and made plenty of comments about how my waist size had expanded and she had to buy me new "fuckin" clothes "again." So, she got me to go on a diet and I actually got a little crazy with it once I got started and I lost something like 70 pounds. When back at my summer job, the dopey jew-gine guy Doug Green didn't recognize me as the same kid from the year before. The best part about it is my mom ended up getting so worried about the weight-loss that she made me go to the doctor thinking I had cancer or AIDS or some horrible disease, and after that she never bugged me about my weight again. I sometimes torture her a little telling her I'm going on a diet and she always talks negatively towards this subject now. Well that is except when it's about my sister, who has always been skinny yet has blown up to a good ghetto booty size. I guess my mom will never learn.

So, why do I still joke about fat people? Hey, it's still a safe target. The whole PC-nazi thing has never really embraced the obophobia idea (hey obophobia doesn't show up on my spell check and I bet you the people at Microsoft who programmed this dictionary are fat as cows, wait though—"zoophobia" shows up as a choice maybe that's the same thing). I mean there are a few fat people trying to gain acceptance and they do their little zines telling you how to wipe with a stick and such. But, is that really going to catch on? It's not like fat people are going to turn down a miracle cure like the "cure" they're working on for homosexuals. Hey, if so many of us are fat, everyone sees everyone fatter than them as fat, and I think that's how I can get away with it. See, a fat girl crying is a really funny thing. I was editing this wedding a few months ago and the big fat bride in her white (no shadow hiding) wedding dress and she was making a speech and bawling her eyes out. I had the sound turned down and I started laughing my ass off. I couldn't help it. I dunno, am I really that mean or are fat people really that funny?

Hey thanks for all the nice emails people having been sending me, It seems cool people still do read MRR. Keep it coming at videoschmoe@flashcom.net

The last month has been pretty challenging for me—a real test of my patience—so I had to skip out on last month's column. Basically, most of my plans for the two and a half month trip I'm currently on have fallen apart. I'm currently in Vitulazio, Italy, and today I'm supposed to be starting my fourth tour of Europe with SCARED OF CHAKA. It's the longest tour I've arranged yet: 40 days spanning just about all of Western Europe minus the UK. Instead, I'm hanging around getting fattened up by my grandmother, gawking at the beauty of Italian women, and learning the language. I can't complain, really.

But I will.

This kid, Johnny, was playing bass for SCARED OF CHAKA. And one month before this European tour, that I spent many hours and many dollars organizing, was to begin, he decides to quit the band. His reasons were good—he didn't get along with Yanul and Ron. Not surprising, considering he's about ten years younger and doesn't drink or flirt with girls. These are crucial things to do, if you are to survive a tour with SOC. But for fuck's sake, kids, if you make a commitment, fulfill it. Especially if flaking out means wasting many hours and many dollars of people who don't have much of either. Dude could have done the European tour and then left the band, and there would have been no hard feelings. Now a broke band is even broker, and about thirty of our European friends have wasted their time pasting up posters for a cancelled gig.

Other plans that fell through: a trip to Brazil, to attend the EcoCity conference in Curitiba. Guess what, US citizens: you need a visa to get into Brazil. And no one—not my travel agent, not the conference organizers, or the airline—bothered to tell me this until I was about to step on the airplane. The only country I've ever been to that I needed a visa for was communist China. But since the drug-paranoid USA requires a visa for Brazilians, Brazil returns the favor. If you're going to Brazil, get a fucking visa!

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I usually agree with Jeff Bale. He effectively addresses many of my disagreements with the PC anarchist point of view which is prevalent in MRR. But he is so off the mark in his latest column about the Seattle protests that I have to respond here. My last letter to Hit List seemed to go pretty much ignored, as do most they receive, judging from the absence of a letters section in the mag, so I'm not going to bother writing them. That's really my only major complaint with Hit List, for the record—as I've said before I like the mag and I think the little rivalry with MRR is stupid, so don't think I'm trying to rekindle it...

So who the hell is this guy to say that the Seattle WTO protesters, punks or not, hadn't done their homework? If he hadn't done his, maybe he was right to stay home from the protest. I was there, and I think most of the people present knew their shit. They knew enough to have every right to be there in the street. And the ones who didn't, the ones who came out of curiosity, definitely learned something about the World Trade Organization.

While I find Jeff's name-calling pretty funny ("gutter-punk bums-in-training, tofu-sucking neohippies"), the only thing he accomplishes by doing this is to look like Mr. Badass holier-than-thou motherfucker who's got something critical to say about everyone. It's quite obvious that he wasn't there, and surprisingly it seems that the mainstream media's version of the story has gotten the best of him.

I agree that the anti-WTO and pro-WTO forces should communicate and try to make some compromises. The major point that Jeff seems oblivious to is that there aren't any democratic ways of challenging the WTO. The people who run the organization are unelected. Their meetings are closed to the public and the press. We can't vote them out if we don't like what they're doing. So the protesters did the only thing we could do—we got out into the streets and refused to move, forcing them to hear our collective voice.

Trying to defend the laws of your country is not nationalism, as Bale suggests in his column. The fact is, many of the people at the protest were people who have volunteered their time to lobby for environmental and wildlife conservation laws (for example), only to see them undermined or threatened by a WTO judgement that such laws are "barriers to free trade" because they don't have the same laws (yet) in Bangladesh (for example). These are people who have struggled for years with the sorry excuse for a democracy in the USA to enact laws to (for example) protect air quality, or save sea turtles from extinction. The WTO represents a direct threat to democracy.

I think it's correct to question whether people involved in political protest movements really know their shit before jumping on the bandwagon. I agree that one should do some research before taking action or forming an opinion on a cause. For this reason you won't hear me chanting "Free Mumia," because I really don't know too much about his trial. People say he had an

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unfair trial, but I need to see some transcripts or read in detail about what happened so I can decide for myself. I would protest his execution, however, because I don't support the death penalty. I don't believe he should be set free just because he's a "political prisoner" or because he's featured on punk records and magazines.

I've been frustrated for a while about the apathy of the punk scene and the USA in general. It's about time we had some people in the fucking streets. The feeling I got in Seattle was great because it was for real. It might sound corny to someone who wasn't there, but it felt like a revolution. Not because people dressed in black were smashing things I don't like, but because so many different people were united against a common threat to their well-being.

I believe in independent, local economies. If a state can't produce oil then it shouldn't be driving cars. If a state has already cleared it's forests, they shouldn't be using wood. Even with these oh-so-radical opinions, I would be happy if the WTO was reformed (if not abolished), in two ways. They need to take into account the environmental and social effects of their judgements and do what's best for people first, profits second. And they need to democratize their organization, so that ordinary people know what they're up to and can have a say in their decisions. These are essentially the reasons so many people came to protest in Seattle.

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I've been listening to BIG STAR a lot lately. They're a great '70s rock band. Unfortunately, one of my favorite songs by them has been ruined by television, as the theme song for That 70s Show. I never fuckin' watch TV but I just happened to be near one when this piece of shit sitcom came on. It's fuckin' criminal to use music for TV shows or ads, because it changes the song forever. Unfortunately for people who cherish music and art, it works. Now when I hear the song I think of this show. I'll bet they teach this in college to fuckheads studying to be advertising execs.

Most people's reaction to Adbusters magazine, and admittedly mine at first, is to say, "what's so bad about advertising?" Once you give it some thought, it all comes to light. Some of the most talented designers are designing cereal boxes instead of art. And my music gets raped. Check out this great (my favorite) magazine at www.adbusters.org or go steal it from a chain store.

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I started a fun new project, it's tentatively called Fellow Humans. It's really simple—I'm taking close-up photos of people I meet. You can view what I've got so far at www.stickerguy.com/fellowhumans. Most of the recent additions as of this writing were the attendees of a party I went to in Naples (Italy). Somehow, my hairless Italian friend Luca managed to pack his birthday party full of boner-inducing women. I could hardly speak (and walking was a bit difficult under the circumstances).

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I managed to see one of my plans through on this trip: I attended the Towards Car-Free Cities conference in Romania. I met a great bunch of people, and we began strategizing for World Car-Free day, which will take place on September 21, 2000. The conference was organized in part by Car Busters from Prague, who also publish a great magazine with the same title. You can order a copy of the magazine from me for $3 ppd or direct from them. They could really use some help distributing this thing worldwide, and it's quite easy to sell at Critical Masses. Check them out at www.carbusters.org, or Car Busters / Krátká 26, 100 00 / Praha 10, Czech Republic / carbusters@ecn.cz.

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Pete Menchetti / Po Box 204 / Reno NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com

Finally the time of year has arrived that reminds me of why I ended up in Richmond. Though I'm generally a happy person with a positive outlook—I'm very moody and easily affected by the weather. In the winter the cold, dark, and short days find me depressed and lacking energy. Though it doesn't keep me from doing the many things that I do—it does affect my general outlook. When Spring comes around, all of that changes with a renewed infectious energy that makes me feel like I'm on fire. Even though this Spring has been erratic and volatile in terms of moderation and uncertainty, I feel the heaviness lift as more and more plants and trees sprout, bloom, and turn green. These perfectly gorgeous 70° sunny days are energizing and lure me out of bed and into the world with full-throttled energy.

It was this time of year that I first visited Richmond, and I was so charmed by the lush spring growth and the abundance of green plant-life everywhere. It comes so much earlier than up north, which makes it seem all the more special. All that lush growth and charm coupled with the distinct southern architecture—the columns on porches, floor to ceiling windows, this distinct style of old houses with peeling paint and crumbling stone brings to mind a past near forgotten which my camera wants to remember. After my winter blahs—everything seems better with the rebirth of spring amidst this dense lush growth. Plant life seems to grow in out from every rock and crack creating an abundance of life. The warmer temperatures and growing plants bring a heightened energy to me and with an extra kick. It's the season when I feel on top of the world—as if anything is possible.

This is the time of year when my garden obsession is my foremost thought. Each day brings something new and my impatience to get everything planted—and see the seeds take and grow—often gets the better of me and I obsess over every little thing. I'm finally coming to realize that gardening is really about patience. Only with the dedication of time do you see the results of your work and care. As I enter my third year of gardening, I take in the way various herbs have changed from year to year; the way that the winter ice storm affected certain plants and the way in which cutting back some plants makes them grow back thicker—even though it feels wrong to cut them in the first place. I suffer from wanting to know everything now—to have something finished sometimes before I've started. And so the garden is a real test for me because that isn't how it grows. I learn by trial and error and by paying attention to how the plants respond to each phase of the year and the conditions that come.

So while I often feel myself struggling to understand everything all at once —I'm also now able to look back on all that I've learned through the experience of the past few years. It doesn't stop my impatience though. This year I've got a new set of obstacles with garden pests. I've got slugs in my lettuce. And earwigs and ants and fleas and cabbage worms and who knows what else. Because I'm doing my garden organically — I'm not simply grabbing a chemical spray to kill off the bugs. Instead I look into companion plants that will deter the various pests and other forms of organic pest control. In the mean time it's hard to watch the leaves of my carefully tended plants get eaten up, but it's also easier to sacrifice one plant than resort to the use of nasty chemicals. And so time will tell what flourishes and what continues to struggle.

With my love of plants and gardening and my past life in New York City, I've also been following the struggle of community gardens, especially on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Mayor Giuliani has been ruthlessly taking long-standing community gardens away from the people, selling off what is now seen again as valuable land, and bulldozing these gardens under the pretense of building more housing. However, with all of the empty lots owned by the city—these precious gardens are not integral to the housing "crisis" and it's pretty obvious that it's more of a power struggle for the city government to reassert their control. It's a painful battle for so many. I have fond memories of these gardens from my years in NYC. When the Lower East was still undesirable to most and had been left in much neglect. The little pockets of green growing gardens, in stark contrast to the dirt and grit of the neglected streets, were a touch of utopia and sanity. In these little pockets, not only did community folks have the opportunity to tend to their plot and grow their own herbs, vegetables and flowers—a valuable enough thing in and of itself. But these gardens also took on the character of the neighborhood with artis-

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tic sculpture and expression which also formed a central meeting place and a sense of community and place. Many of these gardens are/were open to the public at all times and some only for special events—but nonetheless, these gardens have been an integral part of the neighborhood. It's interesting to note that while the city government had long since stopped caring about these areas and the people inhabiting them; many people in the neighborhood took it upon themselves to make their community a better place. And we can see through the hard work of a lot of dedicated people the reformation of empty lots full of garbage and dump, into useful community spaces as the gardens were formed; and these gardens did a lot to help the neighborhood and the sense of community.

And it's this very thing which helped to stop the decline of a neighborhood by bringing the people together, taking an interest in their block and making the place more inhabitable. With the ebb and flow of city politics and gentrification—the neighborhood became desirable again. "No matter that it was the gardens themselves which helped arrest the decline in low-income neighborhoods and actually raise property values, paving the way for new development and renewed market interest. The bottom line is sell, sell, sell." (from Sarah Ferguson's *The Death of Little Puerto Rico*). It's also important to recognize that these Lower East Side Gardens have been integral in the active community development—and it's this empowerment of the people that is being squashed along with the gardens. "The gardens became catalysts for community development. Once people succeeded with gardens, they went on to other things like fixing the schools, housing, creating jobs, whatever was needed," says Taylor (from Sarah Ferguson's *A Brief History of Grassroots Greening on the Lower East Side*.) "The gardens are vehicles for social empowerment, and empowered people are very scary to this Administration. What better way to disenfranchise people than to take away these gardens?" remarks a greening advocate and former City Hall insider.

Connected to the fight for community gardens in NYC is the battle against biotechnology and corporate big business attempts to patent and own everything from plants to human DNA. The very idea of patenting plants that have grown naturally and freely around the world, and bringing them under ownership of large corporate interests is sickening. I was brought to the realization of the effect of this industry in a way that I had nearly overlooked, when I came across an essay that started out by saying, "Remember the way tomatos used to taste?"—and it went on to describe how the seed varieties of our childhood are no longer used, having been replaced by "new and improved," more resilient seeds. In a really direct way this tied in everything I'm hearing about bio-foods and how companies like Monsanto are getting rid of seeds that will produce plants which will continue produce seeds—these new sterile seeds are what they called terminator technology—which forces farmers to buy more seeds each year and in turn buy their insecticides and pesticides which must be used in conjunction with their special seeds. Sound like it's all about a huge corporation getting more powerful and ensuring more profit? Clearly it is. The very idea of fucking with something so fundamentally natural as a seed which grows into a plant is scary, and when it's done only in the interest of corporate profit, it's all the more angering. I mean, how long will it be before seeds are "illegal"—and sure, you can laugh—but if companies like Monsanto are given the free-range control and they are striving for, that won't be so far off from the truth of things. The whole idea that the seeds which have grown tomatos and apple varieties for years and years have been replaced by a stream-lined version of seeds—grown for size and strength rather than flavor or variety—really hit me, because for the past couple of years I've been complaining that the fruits I get at the supermarket are completely flavorless. I have yet to buy a decent peach or apple at the grocery store. I have gone through rounds of just thinking that the batch was bad, that the season was bad, supplying myself with all of these excuses for why the peaches and apples just don't have any of the flavor that I remember.

The funny thing is that in NYC, those prolific corner market vegetable stands had some really good fruit and I got some amazing fruit and apples at the local farmers market. I got so used to the flavorful fruits that I didn't even really think about it that much—I mean fruit has always tasted delicious. I've often thought about the fact that it doesn't make a lot of sense that you can get better fruit in the Big Apple that you can in Virginia, which is closer in many ways to the farms that grow the food. And it's one of the many things about NYC that is unique—that even though none of the fruits and vegetables are grown in the city—due to demand and competition, they get good produce at a good price. So here I am in Virginia, unable to buy apples and peaches because the supermarket varieties are not fit to eat and the organic markets sell theirs for five dollars each, which is just not an option. Last summer, on one of my jaunts around the state, I stopped at a road-side fruit stand and bought a few peaches—they were the best peaches I had ever eaten in my life. Likewise at one of the abandoned old farm houses I was photographing, I found a wild peach trees with the most flavorful succulent peaches. These encounters reinforced my ideas that the supermarket's varieties just were not good. But until I read about connection to the bio-foods debate, I didn't realize the reason why these fruits from the supermarket are not fit to eat. They are fucked with genetically and all of the flavor is taking out of them—and like the writer—it make me nearly cry to think that something so simple as a good apple has already been taken away from me, and with all of my awareness of the bio-food industry I almost didn't realize the direct effect it was having on me.

I could write on and on about gardening, growing foods, and the fight to keep it all real. For anyone interested in these topics - I would suggest getting a hold of the book, *Avante Gardening: Ecological Struggle in the City & the World*, edited by Peter Lamborn Wilson and Bill Weinberg, published by Autonomedia. (The above quotes are taken from this book). They all say it much better than I can. Also keep yourself educated about the new technologies in bioengineering and biotechnology and what companies like Monsanto are doing in this field—and the ways in which you are not getting the whole picture unless you look between the shelves. And in the meantime, think about the cycle of how your food is grown and produced, and just what it is that you eat and where it comes from. Get to know your food—what is in it, how it's grown, and where it comes from. Support local farmers, support organic growers, and do not to buy overpackaged and overprocessed and genetically altered food—it's a waste of resources, and the food isn't food and it's not good for you. Support organic farmers and grassroots organizers trying to get genetically altered foods labeled, if not done away with all together. You would be surprised at how integrated these foods already are into our supermarket shelves and produce areas. And of course, get outside and enjoy these early summer days in the sun, plant some seeds and watch things grow!! Guerrilla gardeners and gardening as active resistance!!!

—Chris Boarts Larson

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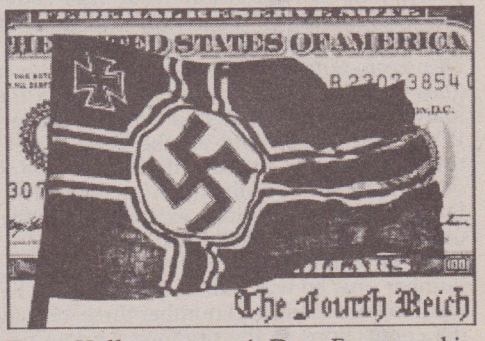

Dave: Hello, my name's Dave Emory and in this next half hour we're going to be visiting with Ray Kohlman, the attorney for Bill Tyree and a law partner of William Pepper, author of "Orders to Kill," and the attorney for the late James Earl Ray. We're also visiting with Mike Ruppert, former LAPD narcotics detective, the editor of the *From the Wilderness* newsletter, and a crusader against the intelligence community's involvement into drug trafficking. Also, Dee Carone Ferdinand, daughter of Albert Vincent Carone, one of the more important and very enigmatic figures in the American National Security establishment over the last fifty years or so. Gentlemen and lady, welcome back once again to our airwaves.

<All say thanks>

Dave: In the discussion that we were having

before we concluded our last half hour, we were talking about many of the organized crime figures who were known to Dee as associates of her father. Among those organized crime figures who were known to your father was a fellow named William Casey.

Dee: Well OK, if you want to associate him with organized crime.

Dave: I think that would be a very fair characterization. There is obviously an element of humor in that, but I think he belongs in that context.

Dee: I'll agree with you. A lot of inside trading went on between the families, and William Casey had a big part in it. William Casey would give information to my father. In return, my dad would give it to Paul Costelano. People made a great deal of money off the inside trading.

Dave: Inside trading? Now is this the stock market?

Dee: Yes.

Dave: Of course, William Casey was actually Director of the Securities and Exchange Commission under Richard Nixon.

Dee: Well, wasn't that convenient?

Dave: He would certainly be a very good insider if you were going to do some trading.

Dee: Yes.

Dave: Of course, William Casey had been in the OSS and later became the director of the CIA, so in that context he also would have been dealing with your father.

Dee: Definitely; they were friends and business associates.

Dave: Your father's activities on behalf of the CIA continued up until the point where his health began to fail. What are you in the position to tell us about what was code-named "Amadeus" that your father dealt with?

Dee: From what I understand of Amadeus, it goes back to WW2. It was the umbrella for many operations that had started during WW2; getting gold out via the Vatican, getting people from Germany, the SS offices, and etcetera, into the South American countries.

Dave: So these activities existed under the umbrella name of Amadeus?

Dee: Yes, and Dad was perfect for it because; number one, he was Italian, number two, he went to Italy often, and number three, he had the connections to the organized crime figures.

Dave: With regard to Amadeus, these activities subsumed under that code name were obviously going on for quite some time after the conclusion of WW2. What is the most recent recollection you have of Amadeus?

Dee: 1984 and '85. My father would get phone calls and all they would say is that they needed to speak to Al. If you asked who it was, you were told, "tell him it's Amadeus." Although, there were many times where when my father made a phone call, it would be "Amadeus." When these calls came in, my father would actually leave the house within a twenty minute to half-an-hour period. This was here in New Mexico. The only thing I can tell you is that what they were doing was heavily involved in drug running, *very* heavy involvement into South America, Latin America, and Mexico. Around 1984 to '85, dad went to a place called Chapatula, and there was an occupation down there in which an entire village was wiped out. There was a mass grave that every woman, child, and man was put into.

Dave: Do you know what country this was in?

Dee: Mexico. It was around the same time as Enrique Camareno's death. My father was a good friend of Enrique Camerano. Enrique allegedly also worked both sides of the fence.

Dave: Mike Ruppert, fill us in on who Enrique Camerano was.

Mike: Enrique Tiki Camerano was a senior DEA field agent in Mexico who was working in 1985 on a series of investigations which centered around the drug rings of Raphael Caro Quintero and Miguel Anhel Felix Guyardo in the Guadalahara Cartels. At the same time, it has been documented by Peter Dale Scott and the Carey Committee Report that Guyardo and Quintero were running Contra training camps in the Vera Cruz area of Mexico. So we have a strong connection between this particular drug ring (which was moving four tons of cocaine a month) and the Central Intelligence Agency. It was also this particular drug ring that Enrique Camerano was investigating in connection with thousands of acres of fields of marijuana. Enrique was kidnapped along with his pilot, transported to another house in Mexico, tortured over a period of days, and summarily executed. He was the only DEA agent to ever have been killed in the line of duty in Mexico and possibly in all of Latin America.

Dave: So that's who Enrique Camerano was. Amadeus was the code name for a variety of activities going back to WW2 involving gold being smuggled out of Europe through the Vatican, SS Officers being relocated into Latin America, and some of the drug smuggling that your father was involved in. Dee, am I getting this right?

Dee: Yes you are.

Dave: So this group of activities code-named "Amadeus" was still underway as of the mid 1980s?

Dee: Yes.

Dave: And that is when Enrique Camerano died. Can you tell us something about your father in relation to the activities and death of Enrique Camerano? Mike mentioned that Enrique was allegedly working both sides of the street.

Dee: I could only tell you that my father was the paymaster and one of the key figures involved with Enrique's death. It seems that Enrique (lets say) got greedy and wanted more cuts of the profit. People have to understand that when I state money or payment, it doesn't necessarily mean that it was always money. It could be a certain part of the cut of cocaine for them to do with as they chose, whether they chose to sell it or whatever. Enrique was getting a little bit greedy in what he wanted, and was also threatening to disclose certain things. Therefore, Enrique had to be eliminated, and in the end he was.

Dave: Enrique Camerano's death generated quite a bit of publicity in the US, although certainly many of the activities he was involved in did not receive the same level of attention. Ray Kohlman, you mentioned that from a legal standpoint Albert Carone could be said to be the glue that ties together many of the disparate elements of this investigation. I wonder if you could flesh that out for us before we get back to Dee?

Ray: Part of what we expect the government to do is to characterize Bill Tyree as a fictional writer about what happened in '75, '76, '78, and so on. Colonel Carone's activities independently substantiate those illegal activities that Bill asserts took place in the United States. So he is a very important witness to the background for this suit and also the reason he'll be able to show that our allegations that there was a cover-up, and a lot of the defendants are named as participating in this submersion of facts. Colonel Carone will be able to show that it happened before, up until the mid '80s, and certainly happened during Mr. Tyree's service with the Army.

Dave: Dee, back to you. Your father Colonel Carone was no stranger to Oliver North. What are you in a position to tell us about that?

Dee: I know he worked with Oliver North in the South American region. He was paymaster for Oliver North's activities. He was pretty much the man who paid for all of the illegal activities going on. He was brought in when there were problems, and when people had to be paid to do what needed to be done.

Dave: Are we talking about the 1980s?

Dee: The time period we're talking about was up until about 1986.

Dave: So Oliver North's activities are in that time period.

Dee: Yes.

Mike: I think it's important to mention (as I wrote in my last report) that the name of George Bush came up frequently in connection with the word "Amadeus." Dee might want to comment on that.

Dee: I was going to bring that up because there's a gentleman by the name of Jim Strauss that my father had gone to Mexico with. He was also part of the agency and I was told that the head or possible identity for "Amadeus" was in fact George Bush.

Dave: That came from your father, Colonel Carone?

Dee: Yes, and also from Jim Strauss.

Dave: Mike Ruppert, tell us briefly what the Nugenhand Bank was before we get back to Dee.

Mike: The Nugenhand Bank was an evolution of CIA drug operations to fund covert operations from Southeast Asia which arose from Australia in the late '70s under the leadership of a former Green Beret named Michael Hand and a Frank Nugen. This wound up with the suicide of Mr. Nugen in 1980. The Nugenhand council was William Colby and had on its board of directories a host of military and CIA figures. It was extremely well documented by Alfred McCoy and others (especially in the Australian press) as being closely linked to the CIA, the drug trade, money laundering, and a host of very illegal activities up to and including the destabilization of the Austra-

lian government. It was kind of a legendary operation, in that it was a very audacious and above-the-board operation. They took a lot of money from military and government people and basically defrauded a lot of people out of their money as well. When the scandal broke it made a lot of news and was very well documented. I already had a great interest in the Nugenhand Bank when I first went to meet Dee Carone in 1994. I constructed a list of names while trying to piece together Albert Carone's life. So we made a list of fifteen to twenty names, some of which ended up being fictitious. I had started mentioning names to Dee (and her husband Tommy) and Dee picked out close to the whole board of directors of the Nugenhand Bank, including Edwin Black. Dee picked out all the names and said, "My father knew all of those people."

Dave: Dee, what are you in a position to tell us beyond what Mike Ruppert mentioned concerning your father and the Nugenhand Bank?

Dee: The only thing I can tell you concerning that is Dad was in Hong Kong quite often. Dad had stated that they did a lot of money laundering due to drug running through Nugenhand. He had some major military people that he worked with, including General Leroy Manor and General Black. In some shape or form, General Richard Stillwell was involved in it. My father and General Stillwell had gone back quite a bit, because my father at one time was with Stillwell in their training for guerrilla warfare. So what Mike was saying about how they really embezzled quite a bit of money from innocent people is true, especially people out of California. They would get them to invest, but these people would never see their money again, and little did they know that their money was going for covert operations.

Dave: That's a pattern that sadly has not been all that unusual.

Mike: It happened again in Hawaii with a firm called BBRDW, they (the CIA) don't change their methods much.

Dave: Nope, and Dan Sheen of the Crystic Institute was actually representing some of the people in connection with that case. Dee, what are you in a position to tell us about your father's illness and subsequent passing?

Dee: When dad came back from Mexico, he did not come back the same man as had left. He was very depressed and very disillusioned. He made the remark that he was sick of the way operations had gone. He was totally distraught over whatever had happened. He stated that the black suits would be there to get him and that he was not long for this world. He had at one point decided that he was going to start talking about his life and that I needed to remember certain people's names. He stated that "It wasn't the way that it should be." He wound up having a meeting with Michael Herarri who he knew very well, and after this meeting dad wound up getting very sick. All tests that were done on my father came back with results saying "chemical toxicity of unknown etiology." My father's left side of his brain atrophied within a six-month period afterward.

Dave: This was in the 1980s?

Dee: 1986 is when it started. After my father's meeting with Michael Herarri one morning, by that evening my husband had to rush Dad to the hospital. The doctors all thought it was either sever ulcers or food poisoning. They couldn't find anything. Within six months my father's brain started atrophying on one side and his organs started shutting down. He wound up having to go onto kidney dialysis, and dying in 1990. But by 1986, I guess dad felt like he had cleared his conscience, although I don't know for sure. I remember one statement because my father knew he was dying. He was buried at the Santa Fe National Cemetery—I remember stating to my father that he would be buried in his full dress uniform with all his medals. My father looked at me and told me that I had one order from him and one last wish, and that was to burn his uniform and to throw away the medals because none of it was what it appeared to be.

Dave: Even though your father passed away in 1990, he is still listed as being "active-duty military" by the Armed Forces?

Dee: Yes, but you have to remember something. My father was buried as a Staff Sergeant even though his rank was actually full-bird colonel. When I went to Santa Fe to state "this is wrong," I started looking into things because everything (records of his existence) started disappearing. Bank accounts that I was on with my dad were gone! They said that the records had never existed, despite proof to the contrary. They had wiped him from the police department and they had wiped the bank accounts also. I can't even get my father's birth certificate, because they say that he never existed. Up until three years ago, they said that he never even had a social security number. It didn't matter what I had; they would tell me that it just wasn't so. The military turned around and said that my father was never even with the military.

Dave: So from an official standpoint he was the man who wasn't there.

Dee: Exactly.

Dave: So very briefly, because we've heard this story before, Theodore Shackley was instrumental in getting your father's headstone changed?

Dee: I had called Theodore Shackley because my father had stated that he knew and had worked with him.

Dave: By the way, Theodore Shackley was one of the main players in CIA covert operations for many years.

Dee: My father had stated that he knew Theodore Shackley from the Golden Triangle (from the Vietnam era). I called Theodore Shackley, and I told him, (to put it very bluntly) "I don't care about your drug running. I don't care how you people eliminate anyone, but I do care that my father doesn't exist and that his headstone reads 'staff sergeant'." He replied, "Excuse me?" Then he asked me what the hell I wanted from him. I told him that I wanted my father's headstone changed and his identity put back. Within ten days of this phone call, I received an inter-office memo stating that my father's headstone had been changed to Full-Bird Colonel. What I couldn't accomplish in five years was accomplished in ten days after a phone call, for which I am very grateful to Mr. Shackley. All of a sudden, Dad began showing up on police department and social security records. So his identity to this point has pretty much been put back. Military had stated three times that Dad didn't exist with them, they then came back and stated, "well yeah, he did exist, but for seventeen years and no further," and that if I wanted to produce my records, they would help me.

Dave: One of the activities that your father touched on was the activity in Dallas, Texas in and around November 22nd, 1963. What are you in a position to tell us about that Dee?

Dee: I can tell you that Dad was instrumental with a woman by the name of Ruth Payne. He paid Ruth to find Lee Harvey Oswald. He worked very closely with Frank Sturges. He knew Jack Ruby through his organized crime connections. He was the man who paid Jack Ruby to pay Frank Sturges and others to take out (assassinate) JFK.

Dave: We should say "allegedly," simply for legal purposes.

Dee: OK, "allegedly."

Dave: Obviously, Jack Ruby had a long history of involvement with organized crime. Ruth Payne was one of the people who helped to shepherd the Oswalds around in the Dallas/Fort Worth area and was instrumental in helping get Lee Harvey Oswald his job with the Texas Schoolbook Depository. Frank Sturges (or Frank Fiarini) is also a man whose name has popped up in connection with the investigation.

Dee: Well, I will tell you that I did not know. My father was very good friend of Frank Fierini's. Until two years ago I didn't know that Frank Fierini and Frank Sturges were the same person. I know that dad was in Dallas with Frank Fierini.

Dave: And that was the name that Frank Sturges was using at the time. So your father allegedly was in Dallas with Frank Fierini.

Dee: Yes.

Dave: Your father left home on November first, 1963?

Dee: Yes, and he came back home late (around midnight) on the night of the 22nd. He came home in full dress uniform. He had left in full dress uniform also. Dad stated that the military was given orders to "stand-down."

Dave: That basically means that they were given orders to not do anything?

Dee: From what I understand, from what Dad explained that was a "stand-down" order. When the president travels there is some type of military alert going on. The military was given orders to "stand-down" when JFK was heading into Dallas.

Dave: Colonel L. Fletcher Proudi made the same statement with regards to the military's behavior in Dallas. Go ahead Dee.

Dee: They were told to not do anything.

Dave: Did your father have any comments to make about what went on that day (the day of Kennedy's assassination)?

Dee: Not to me. The only thing that Dad ever stated was that a lot of the agency's problem with JFK had to do with the Bay of Pigs, and that he had wanted to eliminate the agency to a certain point. The way dad put it, JFK felt

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that the agency was out of control and that a president should know what was going on and not be on a need-to-know basis by the agency. That is pretty much why it was a coup. Dad referred to it as "a coup."

Dave: Your father actually referred to Kennedy's assassination as a coup?

Dee: Yes he did.

Dave: Ray Kohlman, there has been an affidavit submitted in connection with the lawsuit in which Colonel Carone was actually on a building at Love Field with a rifle?

Ray: Yes. That was one of the statements given in the affidavit.

Dee: My husband gave it, because my father had spoken with him regarding those events.

Dave: Another of the names that pops up in connection with your father and the activities is that of Marita Lauren.

Dee: He knew Maurita very well and I have spoken with Maurita. She told me that she was in the motel room when Jack Ruby came to pay them and that my father was there. Maurita didn't exactly know what was going down at the time and she left with another gentleman. She has stated that Lee Harvey Oswald was also in that motel room.

Dave: Right. Your father allegedly also knew Maurita Lauren?

Dee: Oh yes.

Dave: She confirms this?

Dee: Yes.

Dave: Mike Ruppert, you mention that in a book there is a mention of an Albert Carone in connection with Jack Ruby?

Mike: I have to be very careful with this because I have a very confidential source who I don't want to jeopardize, but I will say that there is an established journalist who was writing a book. He submitted portions of this book to a publisher (this book has never been published) in 1992 in which he describes having met an Albert Carone in a northern California city in connection with a mob figure. During that conversation, Albert Carone was talking about Jack Ruby. Now this event was described in chapters of an unpublished book (which I now have) long before I ever met this writer, and long before I ever met Dee.

Dave: Which would tend to verify what we've heard so far. We are out of time. I want to thank all of you for participating in this interview. Ray Kohlman is the attorney for Bill Tyree, and a law partner of William Pepper. Mike Ruppert is former LAPD narcotics detective, the editor of the *From the Wilderness* newsletter, and a long-time and tireless crusader in order to expose the role of elements of the intelligence community in drug trafficking. Dee Carone Ferdinand is the daughter of Colonel Albert Vincent Carone. I want to thank all of you, and in particular Dee since she's new to our airwaves, thanks so much for sharing your experiences with us.

Dee: Thank you for letting me speak.

Dave: And thank you gentlemen as well. For Ray Kohlman, Mike Ruppert, and Dee Ferdinand, this is Dave Emory saying thanks for listening.

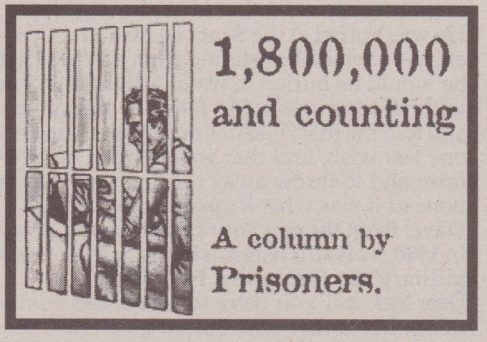
Links:

http://www.copvcia.com/ online version of the *From the Wilderness* Newsletter.

http://www.radio4all.org/crackcia/tyree.html is more info on the Bill Tyree case.

http://www.usdoj.gov/dea/agency/10bios.htm lists DEA bio on Enrique Camarena and other DEA agents who have been killed in the line of duty.

For more information about Dave Emory, his research, and his audio cassette series, contact: Spitfire, PO Box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, email - alcalame@ix.netcom.com, Web site - http://www.kfjc.org Attention non-commercial radio stations! Contact Spitfire regarding Dave Emory's weekly radio program.



To the readers of *MRR*: My name is Dan. I know how much you love to hear from we prisoners, so here I am.

I'm just a punk rocker that did something stupid. I'm not here to talk about that though. I'm writing this to inform everyone about the discrimination against individuality going on here, in this wonderful minimum security work camp called Cedar Creek Correctional Center, in Washington. To start it all off, I'll tell you how it happened. I've been here for about a month now, and I had finally gathered together what I needed to put up my mohawk. Anyway, I got a visit, so I put up my hawk. One of the officers here went to look if there was a rule against it. Of course there wasn't (I had already checked). So off to visiting I went. I was there for about five minutes, talking to my mom and sister. Then lo and behold, there came a sergeant and another officer to escort me outside. They were in disbelief about what I had done to my hair. They were yelling at me, telling me my visit was canceled. Then I, always trying to resist authority, replied, "for what reason?" They claimed that my hair was a distraction and was hazardous. After about ten minutes of arguing, they said I could go back to my visit as long as I put my hair down. I asked, "why?" All he could say was, "put it down now!" Again I, being defiant, said no. So the officer asked if I would like a second opinion from the big old lieutenant in charge. I went along with the idea. Off to the lieutenant's office I went.

When I get there, he looked stunned. He sat me down in the chair and started preaching to me. I told him there was no regulation that prohibited me from spiking my hair like that. So he got angry and started racking his pea sprout of a brain for infractions he could give me. His list consisted of: 1. not being clean-cut, 2. cause to incite a riot, 3. being gang-affiliated, 4. inappropriate use of items, 5. self mutilation, etc. These are all major infractions. He also threatened to take away my work-release. He also threatened to make me closed-custody and send me to Walla Walla or Clallam Bay, where I could have a mohawk. He also said that he would tell his officer friends that work at those prisons to harass me and make my life miserable.

I questioned him on the infractions. I asked, "how is my hair not clean-cut?" "I don't like your mohawk," was his response. I told him that the matter wasn't about whether he didn't like it. The point was that other inmates braid their hair, have long hair, tails and shaved, etc. So what's the difference? He wouldn't answer me. Then I asked how I was inciting a riot. He told me I couldn't be an individual, that there's no individuality allowed in prison. So on to the next one— how was I gang affiliated? Of all things, he called me a skinhead and an Aryan Nation member. I showed him "unity" tattooed across my stomach. He told me the blacks don't know that. The fucking racist asshole of a pig couldn't make it as a real cop. Oh well, forget it. I asked him about my toothpaste and gel that I bought from the prison store. He told me the toothpaste was not meant to be put in my hair. Then, I asked how I was mutilating myself. The toothpaste could cause serious damage to my scalp, he told me. He was quite angry at this point and told me to put my hair down now or go to the hole. I decided to comply.

I have put in a grievance on the officers for discrimination. I would also like to put in a lawsuit. If anyone knows of a lawyer in Washington state who would be willing to come to my aid, please write or talk to them. Thanks for listening.

If you would like to write Xac (who provided some of the info for the Nov. 1,800,000 and Counting) or me, address your letter to:

Daniel Reddin 798756, or Zachary Karman 787624, C.C.C.C.-Olympic PO 37 Littlerock, WA 98556

"The Good Old Days"

You were in a *band*? Lately, when this question comes up, the emphasis rests on the final syllable, as if it were pretty natural to imagine me in the Marines or a donkey suit, but not in a *band*. You were in a *band*? It's disconcerting, but I understand it. It's a different sort of public experience than having your name on the inside of *MRR*'s cover every month. You can be the sort of person who does both?

Our band didn't ever put out a record, which was too bad, I thought, when the lone

copy of our crappy demo tape caught in the spools of my tape player. Other times, I think it's just as well we didn't feel like we needed to produce anything. At least I didn't. We did get pretty close to being recording artists at the end of our two? three? year reign of glory. I stood outside of unmarked equipment shops giving secret knocks at windows plastered over with yellowed newspaper, looking for awkwardly-sized reels for obsolete reel-to-reels. We imported an old acquaintance who had "recorded lots of bands" and we made this tape. My voice, compromised by lots of cigarette smoke, flickered on and off like the electricity. We enjoyed ourselves, and talked about our seven inch. Then we broke up, or more accurately, we "grew apart."

Before we'd play I felt like thirteen on a wooden chair at night, pressing ice cubes to my earlobes while my mother sterilized a sewing needle over the kitchen stove. Anticipation. Jeanette would get agitated too, and after tuning her guitar she would go into a kind of trance. She knelt down on the floor in crowded living rooms with mattresses propped against the windows and played like Greg Ginn with her eyes closed. Mag—who is the sort of person who plays every instrument and is always in four or five bands—did suspenseful things on the drums. Gabe would fill out the songs on the bass and write them half the time, and Jeanette in her glasses and baseball cap with "FAG" on the back would half listen and remain half in tune. Punk. We did a sort of Paxston Quiggly thing, but with Jeanette doing high screechy backups and Gabe doing the unintelligible growly deep backups. The consensus among spectators was that we had "energy." Whether or not this was a compliment...who cares? We didn't care.

The secret to our energy was tension, aggravated further by the fact that we practiced in an eight-foot square tin corrugated shed without any lights. Like injecting rats with hormones and malt liquor, throwing them into a lunchbox, shaking them up, and recording it. Aaaah. Jeanette flirted with Mag. Mag flirted with Jeanette. Gabe flirted with Mag. Jeanette flirted with me, and I flirted back. I flirted with Mag, (Gabe and I were sleeping together most of the time, so that didn't count), but Gabe and Jeanette did not flirt, so far as I recall, though they seemed to be reasonably fond of each other.

In addition to love, there was war... Jeanette and I struggled over the lyrics, which I never had thoroughly written out for her, always reserving a certain space for improvisation (which could be seen as creative license or laziness, depending on how you looked at it). Mag and Jeanette fumed over the guitar lines, until Gabe stepped in and mediated while they glared at each other across the bass amp. We laughed. We cried.

Naturally, since two of us were women (still are), and Mag is Black and Jeanette is Latina and wore a "FAG" baseball cap (punk!), people tended to assume that we, as a group, had a rigid political agenda, and that they knew what it was. Occasionally they were right, but more often than not, a group identity was not our goal. It was about tension, which as I mentioned, we understood well.

We played shows with everyone from The Need to Good Riddance. When the Stratford Mercenaries came to town on their first tour, we set up a show on SPFU's front porch, and every punk rocker in town—about thirty total—came to get drunk on top of the abandoned cars in their front "yard." It was summer, about this time of year. I yelled into the crappy mic and Jeanette played bent over at the waist, and we watched the punks dancing and their toddlers running around in the dust. The Stratford Mercenaries were greeted with great curiosity and rapt attention, which they rewarded with a couple of Crass songs, deftly finishing their set as the police cars rolled up and the kids packed off into the sunset. That doesn't happen so much in the city. At least not this city.

Evan brought the Mercenaries to Santa Cruz, and then he moved to San Francisco, about a block and a half from *MRR*, and started his own band, the Scurvy Dogs. After promising to check them out for about a year, I finally went down to the local bar where they were playing, and they literally destroyed the place. I almost lost an eye, but it was a good time. They play fast, unclean punk hardcore with two guitars and layered vocals sung by the guy who used to sing for Rumor 39. Evan's own tastes are built on a venerable "peace punk" foundation—uh, Conflict, Subhumans...—the Scurvy Dogs show their roots and their tunes are well-crafted. They also play out by the Bay sometimes, in the sun, for free, you know. Check them out.

Speaking of venerable, when Code 13 played at Gilman St. a little while back, before embarking on their pan-Asia tour, all of the members of Destroy happened to be there—much to everybody's surprise, they got up and played "Ode to Ramen" and a couple of other classics. A Destroy reunion! (The kids went wild. One of them managed to mosh, or something, in two square feet of stage space). It was another good time.

My band, as I said, sort of faded away, so it seemed we'd never have a final show, much less a reunion. Then one night, we just happened to all be milling around at the same show, and Jenny Piccolo just happened to be late...and their equipment happened to be set up, and we played for the last time together. The audience was confused, and then the band showed up and gave us mean looks during our "set," but it was still a good time. I miss it. If you haven't yet, you ought to try it.

Contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com

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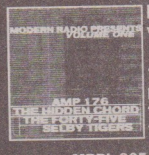

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Its been, what, 3-4 years since the last issue of Scam Zine came out? But, hey, it's been worth the wait... In this issue you get hopping trains with a bike, Sadaam Hussein, The Stun Guns, library squatting and Starbucks... Buy now, or regret it later.... **$2 ppd USA / $3.50 World**

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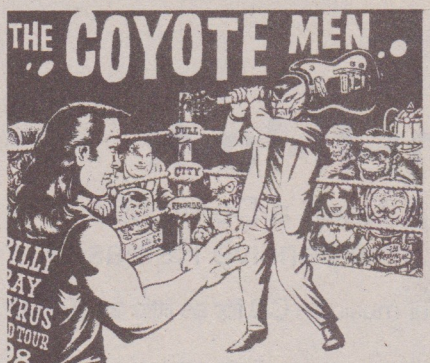

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Hello my name is Enrique, and I live in Buenos Aires, Argentina's capital city. I'm 28 years old, my friends call me 'Checho'. About the punk rock movement, the first bands started in the early 1981, some bands were - Los Testiculos, Los Laxantes, Los Violadores and a few others, the only band who continue playing (a few times per year) is **Los Violadores**, this band is a great influence in the whole hardcore punk movement. Buenos Aires hardcore scene started in the beginning of 1989 with bands which mixed a hardcore punk style with the influence of cross-over style. There are some bands who split up, but they were an influence for the new bands, I can name some old bands like Diferentes Actitudes Juveniles, Existencia De Odio, No Demuestra Interes, Indiferencia, Eterna Fuerza Natural, Buenas Intenciones, Psicotraccion, Autocontrol, Confort Supremo, Ideas Totalmente Adolescentes, Despertar, Buscando Otra Diversion, Venganza, Alternativa Positiva. The bands who have been playing or keeping the flame of hardcore alive are:

Acidos Populares: They play punk-patchanga-ska-rockabilly style, with political lyrics. They change the line up all the time, two of the members edit zines (both zines are very influential to the scene, 'Bs As Underground' and Bs As Desorden'). Get in touch with them: Maxi Vadala - C.C. 4524 - (1000) Bs As - Argentina

720°: They play a hardcore punk style,. they released a cassette EP, a CD split with Redencion 911 (Chile) and a new CD called 'Fuerza Para Luchar' edited by the label "A.M.P. Discos" (Argentina). Contact: C.C. 3893- Correo Central (1000)- Argentina

Animo: Another pop punk band, they sing about sexual freedom, animal liberation, and other social themes, at the moment they have a EP tape with 5 songs, contact to them: Fran - C.C. 85 - (1403) Suc. 3 'B'- Bs As -Argentina

Charlie Brown: a mid tempo pop punk band, in the style of Gameface, they sing in English, actually the self released a tape called 'Three' and a CD called "In My Own Garden". Contact: Esteban Zunzunegui - Allende 3435 - (1417) Bs As - Argentina

Eterna Inocencia: they play melodic hardcore, at the moment they have 2 releases with some songs about skating, the traditional family, and the new stuff is a CD with very political point of view, the band was started in 1995. Contact: Guillermo - C.C. 4380 - (1000) Bs As - Argentina

La Nueva ley: punk rock 77 they sing against the police anti commercial themes, also they do a zine printed on newspaper with the same name as the band, and also they are running the biggest internet record store of the country, Where you can buy with credit cards or postal money order and cash (www.recordlabel.com.al), contact: Caseros 2157 - San Martin (1650) - Bs As - Argentina

Minoria Activa: They started in 1992. This band has two singers. After some changes in line up they're still in action waiting to release of their first CD. Discography: split cassette with Buenas Intenciones called "Reflejando dolor". Contact: Rivadavia 3883 3° "D"- (1204) Capital Federal

Otra Opcion: a new band, with 2 singers, they play hardcore punk, social lyrics, they have a split tape with 'A Reason to Resist' (Old School SxE from Basil). Contact: Mariano- P.O. Box 85- (1403) Suc. 3 'B'- Capital Federal - Argentina

Otra Salida: They started in 1993, their style is very NYHC, like Madball, at the moment this band have 1 CD and I tape, the CD is hard to find because the record label broke, and the tape is released by the band and includes 13 songs recorded in a studio, it's called 'Tiempo de Continuar' (Time to continue). Contact: Fernando - Bragado 6034 - Wilde (1875) - Bs As - Argentina

Propia Decision: Old school in the style of Misconduct or Shutdown, not SxE, their lyrics are about anti-militarism, and other social themes, they have 1 tape released by xDETERMINACIONx Records.>C.C. 13 - Suc. San Fernando - (1646) Bs As.- Argentina

Shaila: a melodic band, in the style of Pennywise, they sing mostly in Spanish and have their own record label, they released their tape debut called SHAILA, contact: Yasser - C.C. 20 - Suc. Almagro (1404) - Bs As- Argentina

She Devils: they have former members of an old band called Cadaveres de Ninos, they are 2 women and one man on the drums, they sound like Vice Squad, they were releasing their music on tape, and now they have a CD released called 'La Piel Dura'. Contact: C.C. 1.6 - Suc. 27 'B' - (1427) - Bs As- Argentina

Slam Up!: melodic punk band, in the style of NOFX but with more brasses, they have 2 releases, a tape and a CD, get in touch with them to: Belgrano 817 - Bernal (1876)- Bs As- Argentina

Todo Mal: a trio of punk rockers playing Screaching Weasel style, they have a tape self released. Contact: Edu - C.C. 55 - Suc. 33- (1433)Barracas/ Bs As- Argentina

Vieja Escuela: Straightedge old school band. Formed on the end of 1995 and releases their first cassette EP with 6 songs in May of 1997, and Duende (drums) is involved in Actitud Mental Positiva Records. Contact: Look 720° address.

YODA: Old school very personal style, this is the new band of Julian ex - singer of Autocontrol, they started in 1998, and they sing about animal liberation, things about the scene, and other social themes, they have a tape self-released called Dagobah, contact: Julian- C.C. 4524 - (1000) Bs As - Argentina

Siguiendo Nuestro Ideal: NYHC old school style, in the vein of S.F.A., open mind lyrics, the youth crew. At the moment they have only a rehearsal demo with a good sound.> snihxc@'hotmail.comMovil Vission: The local version of Bad Brains, hardcore mixed with reggae music, two singers, two rastafaris plays in the band: one is the guitar player and the other one is singer, they have a split CD with Cucsifae (grunge.core), and also some tapes, all self released, lyrics about freedom, latino American problems, pro-marijuana, animal liberation, and more. >

The Star Loosers: rock and roll punk, very punk, with a touch of glamour, in the vein of the bands of the 70's, they have a CD with 8 tunes released by Ugly Las Feos Records.>info~funpeople.com.ar

There are more HC, punk, str8 edge bands but this report its starting get a lot of space in this zine, I think you have a big overhaul of the Buenos Aires underground music scene. About fanzines there are a bunch of them but about hardcore / punk I can point to the following.

Tiempo de Cambio: SxE Vegan, columns, interviews, reviews. Contact: See Autocontrol address.

Natural Mystic: Hardcore- punk- metal- columns, interviews, reviews, the issues # 1,2, 3 are bilingual (Spanish/English) also nude girls/ boys (photos). Contact: see 720° address.

BsAs Desorden: Punk, comics, columns, reviews, interviews. Contact: C.C. 4524- Correo Central (1000)- Capital Federal

Haslo tu Mismo: Punk & Hardcore melodic, columns, reviews, interviews, also they do a distro called "Sniffin Distribution & Recordings". Contact: C.C. 213- Suc 12 (B)- (1412) Capital Federal

Golple Justo: Zine Oi!, punk-ska and all about s.h.a.r.p. skinheads Contact: C.C. 89- (1665) Jose C. Paz- Buenos Aires

About record labels:

Sniffin Records: They have 3 releases in 7" (Eterna Inocencia/Whisper, Hablan Por La Espalda, Restos Fosiles), also some tapes, 3 CDs (Eterna Inocencia, Catarsis, Againe), and they run a distro. Contact: C.C. 213- Suc 12 (B)- (1412) Capital Federal

Actitud Mental Positiva Dis-

She Devils - Argentina

cos: a hardcore punk label with 4 CD's (Split Redencion 911/720°, V/A Hardcore Sin Fronteras 2, V/A Youth Against Political Violence, V/A Sociedad (Co-edited with Utopia Records) and 7 tapes released (Expresa Tu Emocion, Nada Que Hacer, Nunka Nos Enseffaron, 720°, Klasse Kriminale, Don Fango, Latino American compilation), also run a distro. Contact: P.O. Box - Correo Central (1'.~00) .- Argenti:la amr_disco.~latinn~ail.conl.

Xel Cambio Records: 4 tapes released (Animo, Otra Opcion, V/A "Tomar Conciencia"), and there are 3 CDs coming out (Split Otra Salida / ECO Violento, Propia Decision, etc.)> Mariano- P.O. Box 85- (1403) Suc. 3 'B'- Capital Federal - Argentina

Utonia Records: They started in 1991, an old record label but they have a few releases because they stopped their activities for 5 years, their releases are: Minoria Activa "the seven inches sessions" CD, Autocontrol "Complete Discography" CD, V/A "Para abrirtus ojos" CD, V/A "Sociedad ' (co-edited with Actitud Mental Positiva Discos).> Utopia Rec. - C.C. 4524 - 1000 Buenos Aires - Argentina

There are some places where you can see hardcore punk shows like "Teatro del Plata" at Cerrito 200, "Cemento" at Estados Unidos 1200, and others like 'Terraza Rock', 'Teatro Arlequines', 'Club De Arte', and others places but in general they are closed by several circumstances...

For the vegetarians there are some places where they eat a delicious food, the places are: "La esquina de las flores" and the other one is "Lotos", both places at Avenida Cordoba 1500 (avennue Cordoba), also there is some very good Arabian food, and pizzerias very cheap like 'Ugy's' or 'Pizza Papa! ' (La Paternal).

If you want to buy some records I recommend you go to a park called 'Parque Rivadavia' where you can find some independent labels selling their stuff with prices from US$ 2 (a tape) and US$ 10 (a CD), also second hand stuff (CD/LP/7"), pirate stuff, you can find some personalities from the HC/Punk scene, every Sunday, the address is 'Avenida Rivadavia and Avenida Acoyte'. See you there!

If you want another address of zines/distros/bands that no appear in this report, just keep in touch with Natural Mystic zine (c/o Checho): C.C. 3893- Correo Central (l000)- Argentina (e-mail: nmz~ne@Nyahoo.com)

Korsn gar det? Trondheim, for them that don't know, is a city of around 140,000 people, nestled in a fjord halfway up the Norwegian coastline. Northern Europe, known for its long, cold winters, makes up for lost time with some tearin' shit up fests in the warm summers, when the sun shines up to 22 hours a day. There are a few good gig spaces here, touring bands, newcomers to town or curious locals should check them out.

U.F.F.A. (Youth For Free Activity), originally squatted in 1981, now under contract, has been pumping out the rock since 'round day 2. There is a vegetarian cafe and sometimes a punk hair salon there on Thursdays from 4-6, gigs at random times, practice space, meeting hall, and a screen-printing studio "under construction", uh...tomorrow. UFFA hosts a yearly punk-a-thon, called **Pobel Rock** (Vandal Rock). Traveling bands get in touch! Mail to: UFFA, post box 5133, Lademoen, 7447, Tondheim, Norway. E-mail to uffahus@hotmail.com, or call Thursdays 4-6 (Greenwich time +1), (47) 7353-55-52. When in town, ask about shows at the bookstore (below). Street address, Innherredsveien 69c.

Shows are also held at **Veita Scene** on the walking street Thos. Angels Gate in the town's centre. Info at scenesyn@online.no, or ring Morten or Sverre at 73-50-40-05. Gigs also go down at the huge student center and at a local evangelist church, but ask your parents about that stuff.

An outdoor free festival called "**Eat the Rich**" is held in the Lademoen neighborhood in August. Metal, punk, HC, hip hop, pop, rock and other acts are arranged, plus there is an open stage where you can just drop in and perform. The fest is hosted by a small neighborhood where old houses were squatted and restored, defying attempts by city government to level the houses and sell off the land. During the fest, backyards, living rooms and 'freedom park' become cafes, restaurants, bars, gig spaces, etc. To reserve space for your act, workshop, art, performance, lecture, theater, burlesque or whatever, write to Eat the Rich, c/o Ivar Matlaus Bokkae, 23 Strandveien, 7042, Norway, or e-mail to uffahus@hotmail.com.

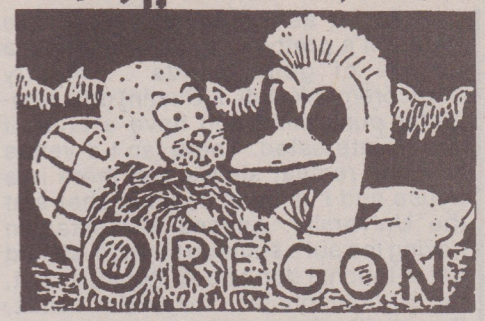
Victimized - Norway

An incomplete roundup of relevant bands would include **Premier League** (HC/oi), the **Hobbits** (pop punk), **Victimised** (Finn-style HC), **Rifu** (crossover) and **Trass** (upbeat HC), who have all been gigging for years and all have independently released or self-produced recordings available through Ivar Matlaus (below). Other local bands currently gigging include **Distrust** (thrash), **Jerk** (punk), **Hopalong Knut** (ska), **Numbskul** (ska/crossover), **DDE** (Nordic power violence), **Termos** (punx for jesus), and **Compress** (kinderpunkers). Local alternative magazines include the long-selling "**Giljotin**" and the infrequently-produced activist-oriented "Larm", both written in Norwegian. Contact bands through the UFFA, publications from the bookstore (below).

Kjetil at **Lilac Sky** does distro for some great independent Norwegian hardcore, as well as putting out two releases on the Lilac Sky label, so check him out for a taste of underground Norwegian music at Kjetil Holstad, Dyrborveien 21, 7018, Trondheim, Norway or Kjetilh@stud.iet.hist.no.

Need scene reports focus on music? There's a great collectively run anarchist bookstore here, called **Ivar Matlaus Bokkafe**. Besides hosting the occasional party, concert or lecture, the joint offers free coffee or tea, a place to read, information posted on local events and demos, a periodicals archive as well as a selection of anarchist and counter cultural literature in Norwegian and English, magazines from around the world, underground comics, videos, and, yes, punk rock records, tapes and cds. Next door is a cheap cafe where hot food is served by a rotating staff of volunteers. Ask at the bookstore about the "free store", where everything is free! The cafe is open on M W F, 4-7, Sun 2-7, the bookstore is open on the same days, from 4-6. Strandveien 23 is the location. From out of town, you can write to Ivar Matlaus Bokkafe, Strandveien 23, Trondheim, 7042, Norway, e-mail to ivarmatlaus@hotmail.com or visit the website at www.geocities.com/ivarmatlaus. The bookstore takes zines, books and DIY music on commission, distributors, send catalogues.

What else? Lots of hiking, forrest, mountain biking, dumpster diving, ski jumping, cop baiting, street soccer and other sport. Drunx punx, beware, Norway is famous for its ridiculously high alcohol taxes. Beer runs around US$ 4-7 per pint in bars! But the Trondheim area is famous for its moonshine distillers who beat the tax with the locally brewed "heimbrent". Dangerous stuff, kids. For all you SXEers, the carrot cake is good here, too. Mushroom season is short, but for a week or so in late August early Sept., the tiny northern variety really packs a punch! But don't do drugs because they will kill you. The Starvation Army (called Frelsesarmeen) gives out free coffee and bread from 9 am to 2 pm at Hvedingveita. Ask for "maht pahKAY." Solidarity!!!!!



Welcome To Eugene

Greetings from Eugene, home of the "New Anarchists". According to *60 Minutes*, at least ...

Aside from all the bulls hit corporate media attention, Eugene actually has some worthwhile stuff going on. What follows is a brief synopsis of what has happened this past year, what is going on now, and what is planned for the near future...

Eugene has had a reputation for being an anarchist hot spot for a while now, but just within the past year it has attracted all sorts of national corporate media – whether it be due to the courageous tree-sitting clan RED CLOUD THUNDER (efn.org/~redcloud/) or to the controversial primitivist ideas of John Zerzan (the media just fucking love to exploit his connection to Ted Kaczynski).

Things started to pick up last April 24, when a couple of folks organized a MILLIONS FOR MUMIA rally in support of Mumia Abu-Jamal. Approximately three-hundred folks showed up in solidarity and listened as speakers explained the situation and the Eugene Police Department videotaped from unmarked cars parked across the street. After the speakers finished up, a somewhat surprising thing happened — everyone spontaneously took to the streets. Sure, it'd happened plenty of times in this town before, but not for a while, and not with so many people. It was a pretty empowering and eye-opening experience for my young, impressionable self.

People took over intersections, chanting "Brick By Brick, Wall By Wall – Free Mumia Abu-Jamal" and other slogans, and danced to the tribal bucket beat, while the cops made a futile attempt to warn us out of the streets over their loudspeakers. This went on for three hours. By the end of it, only twenty or so individuals were cited for (of all things) "parading without a permit". I'm not sure if the charges were dropped or not.

A week later there was a rally at the same initial location as the Mumia rally, this time to protest the opening of logging season and to celebrate Beltane (pagan holiday) and May Day (the original Labor Day). The energy of the rally was peculiar. The cops were more visible, and I recall hearing at least one person say they weren't going to attend because they didn't want to get involved in a riot. The whole rally was organized by a charismatic – but hopelessly egotistical – man who spoke a lot of nice words, but diffused the potential of the rally (which had gathered quite a few black-clad individuals). The highlight, I have to admit, though, was Rod Coronado (in Eugene to work on the *Earth First! Journal*) leading a prayer circle. The cops told him he wasn't allowed to speak, but he risked getting thrown back into prison and did it anyway. Fuck yeah.

Then came the RECLAIM THE STREETS action on June 18 (greennet.org.uk/june18/) – a global day of action against the G8 summit, where a bunch of governments and rich fucks get together to discuss and formulate methods ensuring the Power of Their Capital (how's that for vague and rhetorical?). A lot of crazy shit happened all over the world. In Eugene, a lot of crazy shit happened downtown. It started out nicely. The turnout was amazing, due to the recent *Anarchist Conference* at the University of Oregon and the punk gathering *Asylum* out in the woods. There was at least three hundred people, and most of them were disguised, one way or another. Tough guys smashed computers, televisions, and radios, while others berated global capital and deforestation on megaphones (ah, the irony). A flag was burned. Then folks proceeded to drum on the equipment. That went on for about forty-five minutes. Then, the aforementioned charismatic – but hopelessly egotistical – man made his move and gathered everyone together to explain that in London, people had trashed the London Stock Exchange. People cheered and the energy visibly grew. Then, the man explained that someone had been killed (I believe he was referring to a women who had been run over by a police van, but I don't think she ended up dying because of it). Everyone grew somber, but the energy remained. Five minutes later, what was intended to be a stationary gathering (from all appearances, at least), became one an illegal march.

As I mentioned before, people were expecting something like this to happen sooner or later. So, it came as little surprise when *Bank Of America* came first. Someone climbed up onto the sign and punched a hole through the "U.S." part of "U.S. Bank". Some people were upset, but most cheered.

For the following three or four hours, windows at a leather furniture store, three more banks, a Taco Bell, and several other stores, were systematically broken. An attack on NikeTown was averted by the EPD, lined up in riot gear (they didn't make their move until after a majority of the damage to businesses). One of the most intense moments came when folks had one of Eugene's largest intersections blocked. The cops pulled up in unmarked cars, jumped out, and tackled five or six individuals, wrestling them to ground and pepper spraying them, whether they resisted or not. Most everyone else retreated into Washington-Jefferson (aka "Carbon Monoxide") park. No more than ten minutes later, these people found themselves being tear-gassed – in a fucking public park! It was crazy. On the *60 Minutes* segment, the EPD captain said that the cops were surrounded and being pelted by a hail of rocks ... but this total nonsense. The cops retreated because their tear gas blew back into their faces!

Three hours later, most of the excitement was over. One unfortunate incident involving a man from Southern Oregon named Robert Thaxton (#12112716/2605 State St./Salem, OR, 97310) occurred when Thaxton was being threatened with a beating by Sergeant Larry Blackwell. Thaxton threw a rock at Blackwell, said "oh shit!" and then ran out of fear for his life. He was caught, beaten and kept in jail for three months on $50, 000 bail.

The trial was crazy. When on the stand, Blackwell openly interpreted Thaxton's exclamation when he threw the rock to mean "oh shit, I didn't hit him hard enough!" This was not disputed, which amazed me. However, the real fucking twist came when the defense made an attempt to call two witnesses to the stand that would explain the history of anarchism to the court. This attempt was refuted on the grounds that it had "no relevance" to the case – even though (and the defense noted this) a couple of the jurors had said they could not remain unbiased against Thaxton because he was an anarchist, and stepped down. Then they changed their mind, and were allowed back on the jury! What the fuck? Essentially, the defense was hardly allowed to mentioned anarchism at all, while the prosecutor, in his final statement to the jury, said that anarchists were responsible for *thousands of deaths throughout history*!

In the end, Robert Thaxton was found guilty of First-Degree Assault, I believe, and riot. Both are bulls hit, but the man is now spending seven-and-a-half years in State prison because of them.

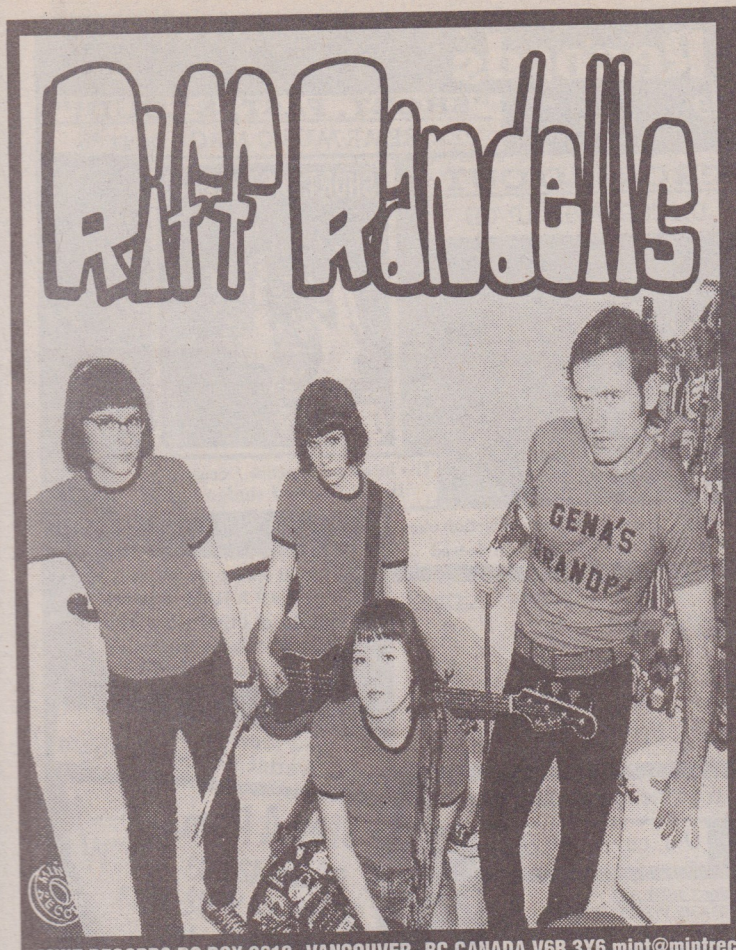
Since that day, the police have had immense public support from the majority of Eugene's citizens to do whatever the fuck they want to "the anarchists". I recall one rally held at the jail in support of Thaxton where three individuals showing up in masks were detained by the cops, held by the arms and forced to remove their masks. Then, they were ordered to state their names and birth dates, or else spend the night in jail. It was amazing, and a little surprising. No one gave a fuck, though. This went on for the following four weeks, the cops continually justifying this practice by stating that it's possible the four or so masked individuals could start a riot – right at the jail, while outnumbered 4 to 1 by uniformed cops? Whatever.

Then WTO happened and all that bulls hit about "Eugene's Anarchists" really hit the fan. If you saw the *60 Minutes* segment, you'll know what I mean. I don't know, it got the word out and the piece was decent considering it was corporate... but, I have trouble believing that the "revolution will be televised,".

Currently, the energy in Eugene is really positive. I think the one good thing that came out of all the attention is the fact that now people are interested in coming to town to network and continue to build this fledgling anti-capitalist movement (as to how powerful or real this "movement" is, I have yet to figure out). So, a bunch of us have come together to organize nine weeks (April 24 to June 18) exploring our power and potential to bring about change within ourselves and society itself (I'm more interested in the former, to be honest). It's been dubbed "EUGENE ACTIVE EXISTENCE" and you can check out what's going on at the website "fruitiondesign.com/eae" or you can e-mail the collective at "eae@efn.org". It should be a fucking blast, with all sorts of stuff going on ... workshops, rallies, discussions, video showings, street marches, raves, hip hop shows, punk shows, a Historical Reenactment of June 18th (including the "showdown" at Washington-Jefferson park, in the form of a puppet show!) and a lot more ... come check it out!

As far as the actual punk scene here... it's pretty weak. There's only a couple of good bands ... mostly hardcore/punk stuff. I (Dustin) do a solo-guitar punk-thing and have a tape, if you're interested. There isn't a venue that has regular shows, but there is a house and I've been booking shows at the University. Anyone interested in having me put a show on for them should get in touch. I don't book stupid, sexist, racist, homophobic, speciesist bands, though (I'm limited like that). You can e-mail me at "depfcollective@doityourself.com", call me at 541.687.7872, and visit my website at "efn.org/~adl/depfcollective". Also, I'm about to release a benefit tape compilation for the PIGS PEACE sanctuary (pigspeace.org) that'll feature tracks from Abstain, Bug Central, Chupacabra, Lariat, Oheisvasara, Robb Johnson, $ETH!, Submission Hold, Wlochaty, Yankee Wuss, and many others. It's $5 postpaid to the *Dead End Project Fulfilled Collective* @ POB 10661 Eugene, OR 97440 USA ... I'm planning on doing another benefit tape compilation for RED CLOUD THUNDER, so send a song or two on CD-R to me, and include lyrics ... also, funds for Rob Thaxton's Legal Defense Fund can be sent to: *Anti-Authoritarian Anonymous*, POB 11331 Eugene, OR 97440 ...

That's all for now. Get in touch and come to Eugene!



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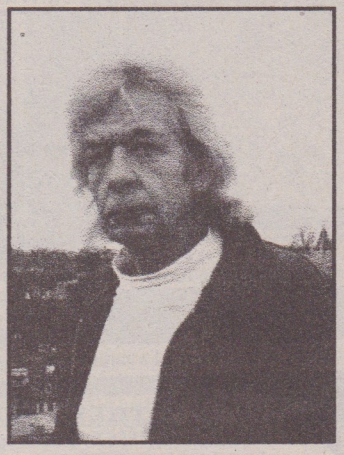

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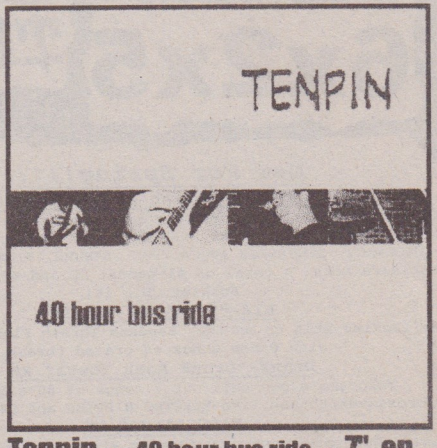

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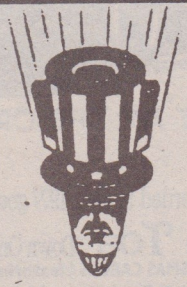

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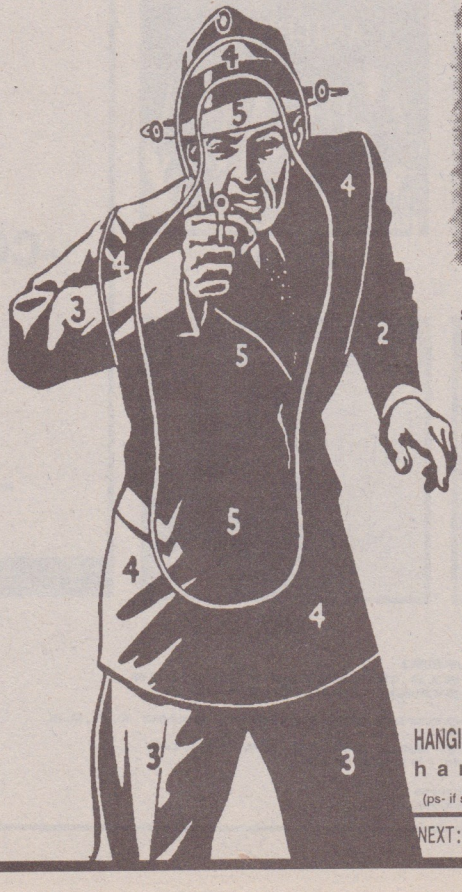

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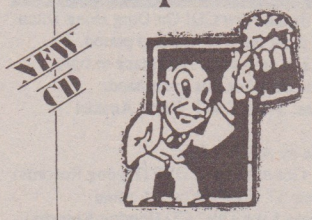

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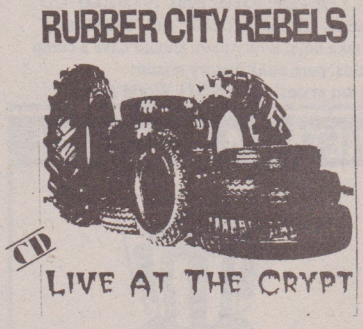

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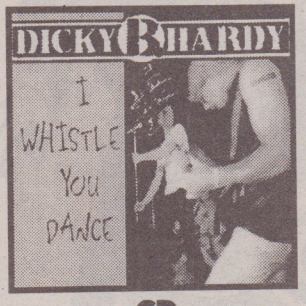

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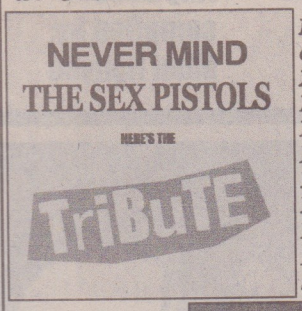

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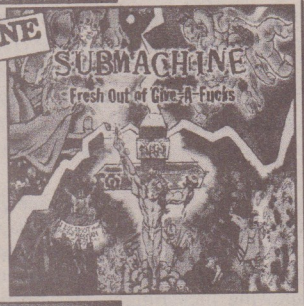

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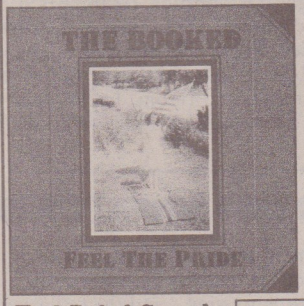

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MRR NEWS

No. 206
July 2000
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

RALLY ROUND THE PROVIDER

The lines were drawn even before April 25th. That was the day the United States Supreme Court convened to hear Nebraska Attorney General Don Stenberg and CRLP lawyers for Nebraska abortion provider, Dr. LeRoy Carhart, argue respectively for and against Nebraska's "partial-birth abortion" ban.

In the weeks prior to the arguments, Congress was thrust into a political showdown as members voted (for the third year in a row) on a federal "partial-birth abortion" ban. The bill passed by a margin of 287-141, even as Rep. Louise Slaughter (D-NY) decried that, "Proponents of this bill are not just chipping away at the right to choose, they are taking a jackhammer to it." However, President Clinton has promised to veto the bill and the Senate is expected to sustain his veto.

The Administration further demonstrated its commitment to women's choice by submitting to the High Court a "friend of the court" brief on behalf of the United States, joining a host of amicus briefs in support of Dr. Carhart that outline the constitutional infirmities of Nebraska's abortion ban. "[T]he statutory definition of partial-birth abortion, on its face, is so broad," states U. S. Solicitor General Seth Waxman, "that it reaches the abortion procedure most commonly used in the second trimester of pregnancy, conventional dilation and evacuation (D&E). In some circumstances the statute may also reach the abortion procedure most often used in the first trimester of pregnancy, suction curettage."

The brief further argues that the ban is unconstitutional for failing to provide an exception to preserve the pregnant woman's health and for being "unconstitutionally vague." The term "'partial-birth abortion' is not a generally accepted medical term nor a term of art with common-law roots," states the solicitor general.

Legislative support for Carhart arose from over 80 members of Congress who, led by Senator Barbara Boxer (D-CA) and Rep. Nita M. Lowey (D-NY), co-signed a "friend of the court" brief. The brief describes Nebraska's abortion ban as a political ploy intended to "roll back the clock to the days before *Roe v. Wade* recognized that it was the woman's right, and not the State's, to make the intensely personal decision of whether to terminate a pregnancy and, by recognizing that liberty interest, allowed women to participate fully in the social and economic life of this Nation."

But women's liberty is clearly not a high priority for some proponents of the Nebraska ban, including West Virginia Governor Cecil Underwood, who enlisted the attorneys general of seven states to sign an amicus brief supporting petitioner Stenberg. Emphasizing their interest in elevating fetal life over women's health and liberty, the brief states that the bans are amply justified by State "interests in protecting partially-born human life." Not once does the brief acknowledge *Roe's* essential Constitutional holding that a woman may terminate her pregnancy prior to viability.

Various medical groups including the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists (ACOG), which represents approximately 90% of all board-certified ob/gyns practicing in the United States and the vast majority of physicians affected by Nebraska's ban, weighed in to support women's right to make reproductive health decisions in consultation with their physicians without government interference. ACOG's brief states that, "Its members, whatever their beliefs about abortion, share an interest in opposing laws that interfere with a physician's ability to exercise his or her best medical judgement to determine the appropriate care for each patient."

Furthermore, the brief says, the statute, "is so hopelessly vague that the physicians subject to its terms cannot know what it prohibits." In response to Nebraska's latest argument that the ban applies only to D&X procedures, ACOG outlines in precise, factual medical terms how the ban could easily encompass D&E procedures, which account for "over 90% of post-first-trimester abortions performed in the United States," states the brief. And, "even if read to ban only intact D&X procedures, the [ban] cannot stand because it precludes some Nebraska women from obtaining the most medically appropriate abortion procedure for their particular health circumstances, and it thwarts medical advancement."

Roe is credited with allowing increasingly safe abortion techniques to be developed in the U.S., as well as giving the women of this nation the choice not to carry unwanted, high-risk pregnancies to term. Whatever the outcome of *Stenberg v. Carhart* (a decision expected by early July), this case will provide a road map for those rights in the 21st century. (From The Center of Reproductive Law and Policy, *Reproductive Freedom News,* May 2000, written by Ann Farmer)

MOTHER, MAY I? May Day protests disrupted cities across the world as a growing movement against transnational capitalism --recently made real in Seattle and WDC-- finds its footing among environmentalists, laborers, students, feminists and other radicals, all invested in their local contexts but inspired by global solidarity. MRR had originally planned to run reports from different May Day protests and demostrations, but the length and number of these events made this impossible.(Hey, the news is only four pages.) Instead, we suggest checking out IndyMedia on the Internet, if you have access, for first-hand accounts and photographs of the May Day protests, at http://www.indymedia.org. If you're interested in any of the many upcoming protests, check out the Calls to Action in this section.

peruvian woman wins rape case against doctor

On March 6, 2000, the Peruvian government accepted international responsibility for the rape of a poor indigenous woman by a doctor in the country's public health care system. This rare concession - and the settlement - represent a striking victory for the victim and for abused and oppressed women in Latin America who rarely receive acknowledgement of their rights. The Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, along with the Latin America and Caribbean Committee for the Defense of Women's Rights (CLADEM) and the Center for Justice and International Law (CEJIL), reached a settlement after bringing this first-of-its-kind women's human rights case before the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights. The government agreed to provide the victim, Marina Machaca, with psychological care for as long as she needs, as well as land and materials to build a house and property in a public marketplace to sell her wares. In addition, the doctor who raped her was dismissed. Peruvian officials also agreed to study the creation of centers for sexual abuse victims, and to review and implement proposals to revamp the health service and judiciary systems in regard to women throughout their country.

u.s. homeless update

In the course of his inhumane efforts to drive homeless and low-income people out of San Francisco, Mayor Willie Brown held last year's city budget hostage until it included $250,000 for the City Attorney to prosecute so-called "quality of life" infractions in traffic court. This is yet another attempt by the Mayor to criminalize what homeless people have to do in public by initiating another round of prosecutions.

The stepped-up effort to prosecute the "crimes" of sleeping in a doorway and sitting on the sidewalk leave little doubt that another round of civil rights violations and blatant harassment of homeless people has been set in motion. Welcome to Matrix 2000, compliments of a misguided and cruel attempt by the Mayor to further turn the screws on those who can least afford to pay $76 per citation. The City spends more money on a program that will do nothing more than land homeless people in jail instead of the housing that they need.

In 1999, the SFPD gave out a record total of 23,871 citations for sleeping, sitting, drinking and urinating in public. In 1999, a record number of 183 homeless people died on the streets of San Francisco. The SFPD also issued 1,661 tickets for camping and sleeping in the park. These tickets were written even though there are currently only 1,500 emergency shelter beds available in the entire City, for an estimated 15,000 homeless residents. Over 90 families are still on a waiting list for emergency shelter. 17,651 tickets were written for drinking in public offenses, while there are currently between 1,200 and 1,400 people on waiting lists for substance abuse programs. 2,698 tickets were written for trespassing, which includes sleeping in doorways. The monthly welfare grant for single adults ranges between $294 to $364, well below the cost of an SRO hotel room (average $450 a month) or a studio apartment (average $950 per month). Only 3% of homeless people surveyed by the San Francisco Task Force in 1989 said they wished to remain on the streets, and didn't want permanent housing.

Tent cities in both Seattle and Santa Cruz were recently evicted, and in Denver Mayor Wellington Webb is moving to crack down on public drunkenness and "aggressive" panhandlers in an effort to make downtown seem safer to visitors. Among other things, the package of ordinances would toughen disorderly conduct laws to make it illegal to sit or sleep on busy sidewalks between 7 a.m. and midnight, and to panhandle aggressively during the day or at all during the night. Similar measures are being pursued elsewhere, following the much-vaunted "success" of New York City Mayor Rudy Guiliani's own criminalizing programs.

call for moratorium on world bank water privatization; clashes continue in brazil over land reform

In early April, a group of global organizations called on the World Bank for a moratorium on water privatization projects, in the wake of the killing of at least three people in Cochabamba, Bolivia. The demonstrators were demanding an end to the water privatization, sponsored and financed by the World Bank, which had resulted in an immediate huge price increase for water supplies to the people of Cochabamba.

The new private owners of Cochabamba's water supply are the giant US construction corporation Bechtel, Italian group Montedison, Spanish construction company Abengoa, and four Bolivian companies. The killings followed over three months of demonstrations against the price rises, and demands for the scrapping of the privatization. The first week of April, the Bolivian government declared a state of emergency and ordered troops into Cochabamba in defense of the privatization.

Hans Engelberts, PSI General Secretary, said today, "Three deaths for water privatization is three too many. We want to see a moratorium, now, on World Bank sponsorship of water privatization. The only beneficiaries of privatizing this vital service are the multinationals - the local people always pay the price of their profits. Now, in Cochabamba, the price of privatization includes the lives of three people."

The group also called for an end to water privatization as part of IMF demands. Bill Lucy, PSI President, said in Washington, "The IMF has been including water privatization as one of the requirements for its loans, especially in Africa, where Mozambique and Kenya, among other countries, have been forced to privatize their urban water services to multinational companies. This imposes an extra burden on the people to pay for the multinationals' profits at a time when these countries are supposed to be benefiting from debt relief."

Bechtel, the leading company in this consortium, is a giant global construction company. It is involved in many construction projects, including controversial private power stations in India and Indonesia, which are financed by 20 year contracts to buy the power at a price that guarantees profits. Bechtel is no stranger to the use of ruthless tactics to protect the company's investments against local protestors.

In March this year, a major water conference organized by the World Bank and the multinational corporations at The Hague backfired when unions and NGOs combined to persuade most people, including government representatives, to reject the Bank's recipe of privatization and commercialization.

Jamie Dunn, of the Council of Canadians, said, "The World Bank and the multinationals found out at The Hague that communities around the world are not prepared to allow the fundamental human right to water and sanitation to be sold for profit. What has now happened in Bolivia is an atrocity, committed on behalf of the World Bank and the multinationals, in the face of popular opposition. As fellow Americans, we call for this continent to become a privatization-free zone, where water is recognized as a human right, not a source of profits for foreign multinationals."

The Cochabamba water privatization was centered on a major engineering project funded by the World Bank. The price rises were driven by the requirement to fund the profits on this engineering. Patrick McCully of International Rivers Network said, "The water of Bolivia is being canalized and channeled into the balance sheets of Bechtel, Montedison and Abengoa. This project, and others like it, should be halted while a complete reappraisal of the environmental, economic and social sustainability of water supply schemes is completed."

Throughout the past few months, Brazil has also faced increasingly violent clashes involving the rural landless after a week in which one person died and hundreds were injured during nationwide protests demanding faster land reform.

The early May invasion of property in 22 of Brazil's 26 states by members of the Landless Workers Movement (MST) was one of the largest mobilizations in the group's history and showed that it was broadening its range of targets. More than 30,000 MST protesters invaded land and federal buildings, including offices belonging to the country's central bank, finance ministry and agrarian reform ministry. In some areas, heavily armed police used smoke grenades and rubber bullets to quell the demonstrations. One 30-year-old man died near the southern city of Curitiba after being shot in the stomach.

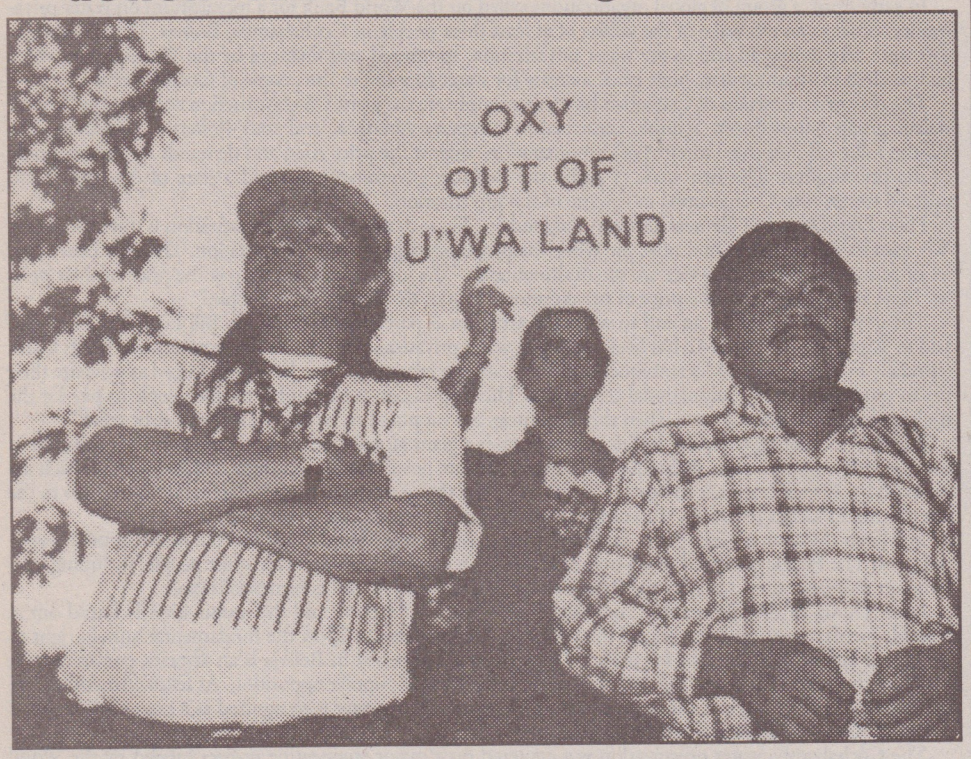
The scale of the MST protests - which spanned the country from the Amazon to Rio de Janeiro - stunned President Fernando Henrique Cardoso, who issued a flurry of measures including the creation of a special police force charged with dispersing illegal settlers from land and public buildings. He also said that if peasants squat on land, their efforts to gain land titles will be delayed by at least two years.

The measures struck at the heart of the MST's long-held strategy of winning land disbursements by ordering squatters onto vast swaths of arable, unused plots across Brazil. Through the success of this strategy the MST became one of South America's most important social movements, helping to redress the balance of land distribution in the continent's largest country, where half of the land is owned by a handful of wealthy families. But political analysts fear that Mr Cardoso's tough new measures may force the MST to become illegitimate, fueling the radicalization of a group that relies increasingly on confrontation with the government. (From Public Services International press release, April 12, 2000, and Alex Bellos, South America correspondent for The Guardian, May 9, 2000)

investigative report into gulf war atrocities released

In an article entitled "Overwhelming Force," in the May 22, 2000, issue of The New Yorker, Seymour M. Hersh reports on the activities of the 24th Infantry Division during the 1991 Gulf War. The 24th was commanded by General Barry R. McCaffrey, who now serves as the director of the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy. Hersh concentrates on three episodes in the campaign: the Battle of Rumaila, on March 2, 1991, which took place two days after President Bush declared a ceasefire; and two incidents, on February 27th and March 1st, in which Army personnel have been accused of wrongly shooting Iraqis who posed no threat to them and who, in the case of the February 27th incident, had already surrendered and were in retreat. All three of these episodes have been investigated by the Army, which found no wrongdoing, but as Hersh reports, key witnesses and information were either missed or ignored. Hersh interviewed more than two hundred past and present enlisted men and officers over the six months he spent preparing this account, including the Army's own investigators.

presentation disrupted by solidarity action for the u'wa indigenous peoples



On May 11, a dinner and presentation with Fidelity Investments, sponsored and held by Merrill Lynch in Colchester, Vermont, was disrupted during Fidelity vice-president Dalton Gustafson's talk to potential investors. During dinner, three activists from ACERCA (Action for Community and Ecology in the Regions of Central America) continuously bombarded a thoroughly flustered Gustafson with questions regarding the plight of the U'wa indigenous peoples (Colombia) and Fidelity's complicity with Occidental Petroleum. Other activists from the Native Forest Network, Vermont Action Network and other concerned citizens protested and rallied outside of the Hampton Inn, where the presentation occurred.

Fidelity Investments owns roughly 30 million shares in Occidental Petroleum. Occidental Petroleum (Oxy) to wants construct an oil drilling site on the traditional lands of the U'Wa people in Colombia. Up to three U'Wa children drowned a couple months ago when the Colombian military broke up the U'Wa occupation of the drill site and the U'Wa were forced to retreat into the river.

Fidelity's Gustafson and a Merrill Lynch representative referred to "responsible investment" and how that investment would allow you to be able to "sleep at night." ACERCA coordinator Orin Langelle, asked Gustafson, "How can you sleep at night with blood on your hands?" The U'wa call oil, "The blood of our Mother," and have threatened to commit collective suicide if Occidental proceeds with the drilling and oil extraction.

Langelle later commented, "Just as the WTO was confronted with resistance in the streets of Seattle, the World Bank and IMF met with massive protests in Washington, DC and just as the OAS and the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) will be protested in upcoming actions in Toronto in June, money changers like Fidelity who deal in the destruction of the earth and its people will be met with dissent. Business as usual will become anything but."

There have been more than 50 U'wa solidarity actions across the US already this year. The first major action happened at vice-president Al Gore's primary campaign headquarters in New Hampshire in January. Eight activists from Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts were arrested. Gore owns $500,000 worth of Oxy stock.

For more info, contact NFN and ACERCA at (802) 863-0571, or for a complete campaign history and what you can do regarding the struggle of the U'wa, please contact Amazon Watch <amazon@amazonwatch.org> http://www.amazonwatch.org, ACERCA e-mail: acerca@sover.net http://www.acerca.org, NFN

australians protest proposed strip mine

Both the aboriginal Adnyamathanha of the Flinders Ranges and non-indigenous citizens have taken their fight against the Beverly Uranium mine to conflict point. The mine located in South Australia's Far North are claiming the peaceful protests a success although police violence has erupted in a isolated desert location.

The Beverley uranium mine is due to start full production by August this year, however about 300 protesters have converged on the area in the past week to try to halt it's progress. Green groups are united with traditional Aboriginal elders of the region, to try to bring a halt to the mine, which they say is poisoning the land by its use of the in situ mining process, which pumps acid into underground aquifers to bring uranium to the surface.

The company that owns the mine, Heathgate Resources, says it's business as usual, against the wishes of important Aboriginal Elders and local environmental concerns. Not only is this mine a danger to the health of the local environment, but directly threatens the ancient Aboriginal heritage. The current Australian Government has also recently come under severe attack from citizens due over the proposed Jabiluka Mine in Kakadu National Park. (FREAC --Flinders Ranges Environmental Action Collective–and the Adnyamathanha people of South Australia have a new web-site: http://freac.gibsonnet.net)

court rejects michigan's attempt to end ACLU challenge to urine testing of welfare recipients

Rejecting Michigan's attempt to end a lawsuit challenging drug testing of welfare recipients, a court today ruled that the action brought by the American Civil Liberties Union must go forward. In her ruling, federal district court judge Victoria Roberts said that ACLU clients Terry Konieczny and Tanya Marchwinski and the welfare-advocacy group Westside Mothers, are legally entitled to challenge Michigan's program of suspicionless drug testing of applicants and recipients of state assistance.

"We are very pleased that this case will now be allowed to move forward. We are hopeful that the judge will enter a permanent injunction that prohibits implementation of this unconstitutional drug testing law," said Kary Moss, Executive Director of the ACLU of Michigan. The ACLU has argued that the program testing violates the Fourth Amendment's requirement that people not be subjected to "searches and seizures" without probable cause or suspicion that illegal activity has occurred.

Last November, Judge Roberts agreed, and issued a temporary restraining order blocking the state from instituting its drug testing program. Shortly after that decision, the state sought to have the case dismissed, arguingthat the ACLU's clients did not have standing to prosecute the action. Since October 1, 1999, the state Family Independence Agency has operated a pilot program requiring drug testing and treatment for welfare applicants in certain regions of the state, including Detroit. The program began after the Michigan legislature enacted a law requiring such testing.

Those who test positive are required to participate in substance abuse assessment and comply with a required substance abuse treatment plan.

Applicants who refuse to submit to drug testing will have their application for assistance denied. Additionally, after six months–in April 2000–20 percent of adults and minor parent grantees with active cases up for redetermination would have been randomly selected to be tested. The parties will now set a schedule for submission of additional briefs. No additional hearing dates have been determined. (*ACLU press release, April 18, 2000*)

protesters disrupt brazilian "celebration" of conquest

This month, Brazil marked the 500th anniversary of its "discovery" by Portuguese explorers, with government-sanctioned celebrations tempered by angry protests against centuries of ill treatment of Indians, blacks and peasants. More than 60,000 people gathered in Porto Seguro, a palm-lined beach town about 600 miles north of Rio de Janeiro, where Portuguese explorer Pedro Alvares Cabral first dropped anchor on April 22, 1500, nearly eight years after Christopher Columbus made his first landing in the Americas. Police shot tear gas and stun grenades to break up thousands of protesters who threatened to push past a blockade, arresting 141 people in a swift

(brazilian crackdown, con't.)
morning crackdown that quickly crushed the threat of a mass march on the town center. Riot troops stormed the Pataxo reservation early Saturday, trying to silence the budding protest before it could absorb 10,000 members of the MST, labor groups and the black rights movement.

Indigenous tribes planned a peaceful mid-day march to protest their continued poverty and to voice their opposition to celebrations they say ignore the racial killings, forced labor and disease that slashed their population from an estimated 6 million before the Portuguese arrived to just 350,000 today.

``This is a country where there is still murder of indigenous people, where there is still no justice. I don't understand why I should celebrate," said Marilene Jesus dos Santos, from the Pataxo Ha, Ha, Hae tribe. Her brother, Galdino, was murdered three years ago this weekend by middle-class teenagers who doused him with alcohol and set him ablaze while he slept at a bus-stop in the nation's capital, Brasilia. More than half of Brazil's 165 million people live in poverty while 2 percent of the population owns about half the arable land.

***s26**: IMF/WORLD BANK SHUTDOWN*

September 26-28 the IMF and World Bank are holding their 55th annual summit in Prague. A mass mobilization of people to Prague is beginning. On September 26 peoples of the world will express their opposition to the World Bank and the IMF and their policies. Peoples of the world will join together in an expression of solidarity with the demonstrators in Prague. European grassroots groups have met recently and are planning a European wide mobilisation to Prague and also decentralised action.

A website for the s26 global day of action has been set up at http://go.to/s26.

MRR NEWS NEEDS YOU!

MRR is always looking for timely, well-written items for the news. Also be sure to send us News Calendar/Call To Action events. These can be fests, protests, rallies or any Punk-related gatherings. Deadline is the 10th of each month (we work on about a 1-2 month delay). Please send all submissions formatted as requested in the front of MRR. Send submissions to:

MRR/ATTN: NEWS!
PO BOX 460760
SanFran, CA 94146
maximumrnr@mindspring.com

CALLS TO ACTION!

***•j4**: OAS SHUTDOWN IN WINDSOR, ONTARIO*

The Organization of American States (OAS) will be meeting in Windsor, Ontario, Canada to further their agenda of corporate rights through the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA). While the OAS does monitor human rights abuses, it does not (nor can it) force any member states to comply with its recommendations. It also oversees the operation of the Inter-American Development Bank (IDB) which is largely responsible for the implementation of mega-projects that threaten the security of impoverished people, the sovereignty of indigenous people and the capacity of this planet's ecosystems to sustain life well into the future. There will be two convergences happening from June 1-3, one in Windsor and one in Detroit, MI. These will include teach-ins, civil disobedience training, and preparations for the shutdown on June 4.

WHAT IS THE OAS? The OAS stands for the Organization of American States. It is a political forum that is based in Washington and involves the heads of state of all 34 countries in the Americas, with the exception of Cuba, which has no voting rights. Its main priority is free trade and on its agenda right now is the proposed Free Trade Area of the Americas. As the extension of NAFTA, the FTAA aims to consolidate the entire Western Hemisphere into one free trade zone through "economic unification."

HOW DOES THE OAS AND THE FTAA FIT IN WITH OTHER BODIES SUCH AS THE WORLD BANK AND THE IMF? The OAS and the FTAA also work to accelerate corporate globalization. The media often presents globalization as "global harmony" but the reality is that globalization is a very violent process. It enables transnational corporations to colonize less industrialized countries by taking over their domestic markets. The Inter-American Development Bank (IDB) is the investment body of the OAS that funds development projects throughout the Americas. It is very similar to the World Bank in that it imposes structural adjustment policies on indebted nations.

HOW CAN PEOPLE GET INVOLVED... For more information, contact: Hotline: 416-643-0837 www.shutdownoas.org, stopftaa@tao.ca.

***•a11**: NORTH AMERICAN ANARCHIST CONFERENCE*

The Democratic National Convention is coming to Los Angeles, California, in August 2000; what better way to tell our oppressors what we think of them than to organize ourselves right under their stuck up noses? The August Collective is planning a transcontinental gathering of anarchists in the days before and during the DNC.
The primary focus of the NAAC will be the intellectual, philosophical, theoretical, technical and spiritual advancement of anarchism as a political theory/ideology/practice, and the analysis and evaluation of the current state of anarchism as a viable political theory and practice.

The first three days of the NAAC (August 11-13) will include speakers, workshops, films, study groups, networking, plays, film shows and preparing for the last four days (August 14-17) which coincide with the Democratic National Convention. There will be lots of direct actions and street protests taking place around the DNC.

If you want to get the latest information as it becomes available ask to be added to our infolist by emailing augustcollective_la@disinfo.net.

***s11**: STAND UP FOR GLOBAL JUSTICE*
SEPTEMBER 11-13, CROWN CASINO, MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA

On September 11-13th, the World Economic Forum (WEF) will hold its Asia-Pacific Economic Summit. Like the World Trade Organization (WTO) and the IMF/World Bank, the World Economic Forum is a means of promoting economic and social policies that will benefit the rich and the powerful at the expense of the majority of the world's people and the environment. Participants are being lured to the summit with the opportunity to meet "at a time when the eyes of the world will be fixed on Australia, and coordinate their participation in the Summit with the Olympic Games."

s11 will be a kaleidoscope of actions, conferences and workshops united in opposition to the current policies of corporate globalization and the WEF. This is a worldwide call to action, inviting social justice/human rights/animal rights/peace activists, workers/students/trade unionists/environmentalists/indigenous groups/artists/community campaigners/consumer advocates/citizens and all people who are concerned about the violence and inequality of the globalised economy.

The s11 Alliance is a network of organizations and individuals that all share a common concern about the growth of corporate power and the direction of globalization. We are one of the main groupings organising a week of cooperation, networking and protest action against the WEF We will provide support and assistance to anyone attending the s11 actions.
(http://www.s11.org/ Our resistance must be as global as capital!)

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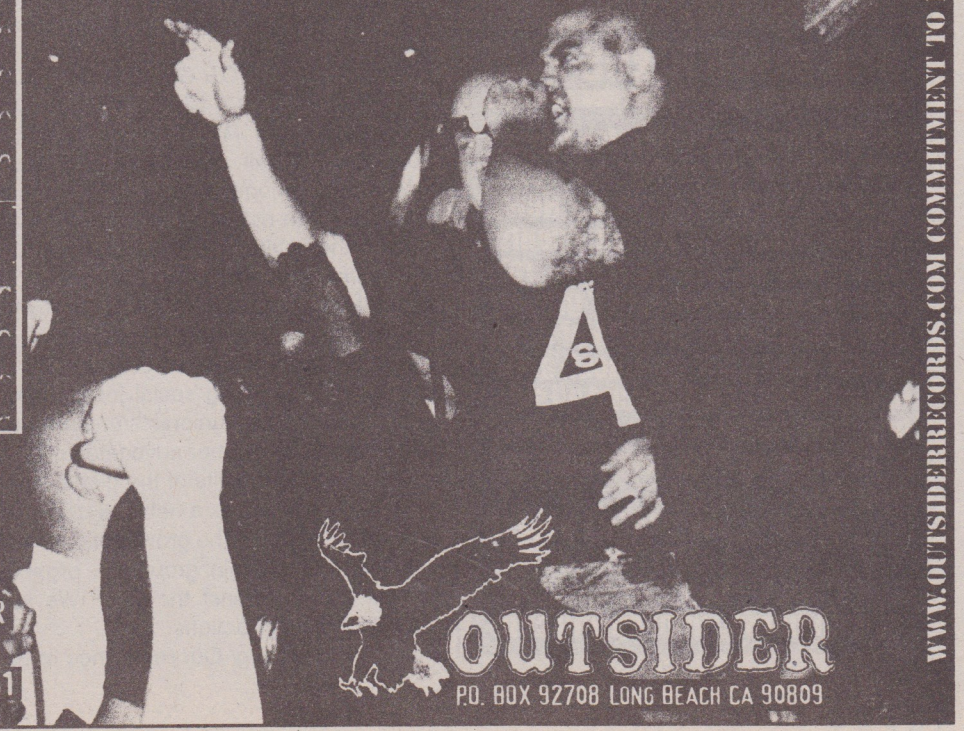

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DRUNK - Oslo, Norway

The following interview was conducted with DRUNK by e-mail in March 2000. DRUNK are from Oslo, Norway and have had their last three releases were well-received in the review pages of MRR and beyond. An interview seemed like a good idea...

MRR: Please introduce yourselves, sescribe your role in DRUNK and what you do outside the band.

Tom: I'm Tom, and I'm the bass player in DRUNK. Earlier I've played bass with bands like BARN AV REGNBUEN, LIFE,..BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? and CAPTAIN NOT-RESPONSIBLE. Besides playing in DRUNK, I make a living working as a city-bus driver in Oslo.

Roger: I play the guitar, and I do my fair share of the vocal parts in DRUNK. I'm Tom's brother, and I've pretty much played in the same bands that he has. I'm going to school these days, studying computer science and programming.

Baard: I'm the singer, and I'm a bit younger than the rest of this "old-boys" team. I work as a graphic designer besides playing in the band.

Finn Erik: I play the drums in DRUNK. I used to play drums in the hardcore band SO MUCH HATE, and before that I was the singer in a band called BANNLYST. Per Arne is the second guitar-player, but he's not here today. He used to play bass in BANNLYST, and later SO MUCH HATE. He's got his own workshop here in Oslo, where he repairs old tube amplifiers and all kinds of tube equipment.

MRR: Why the name DRUNK? How did you come together as a band?

Finn Erik: I can't really recall who came up with that name... It could have been Jon (ex-guitar player).

Roger: It came up really late at some weird party in 49 ...not the year 1949, but the house in Stromsveien 49, where most of us used to live together some 6-7 years ago. The sense of humor was getting way out of hand, and a name like DRUNK actually sounded like a great idea. The next day we all still actually liked it. I mean... it's short and easy to remember, just like KISS.

Tom: Yeah, a short name sounded perfect. I mean, after touring around Europe with the band with the longest and hardest to remember name ever: LIFE,..BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? We were kind of tired of having to answer questions like "LIVE BUT HOW TO ALIVE, that's very strange name. What means it?"

Finn Erik: I remember how the band came together. Me and Per Arne were playing together in SO MUCH HATE, and we heard that Borre (SO MUCH HATE's guitar player) was starting a new band together with Tom, Roger and Dyret from LIFE... So we officially ended SO MUCH HATE instead of keeping it as a hobby-band, and started what was to become DRUNK together with Jon (the first guitar player). Me and Roger were next door neighbors those days and he joined DRUNK as well as playing for CAPTAIN NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Roger: Part of the reason I wanted to join DRUNK was that I was kind of bored with playing the same kind of music all the time. With DRUNK we had endless jam sessions and we made less complicated songs with room for far more improvisation than what we were used to.

Finn Erik: After a while Katja, the singer from LIFE,..BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? also joined DRUNK. We did our earliest shows with that line-up, and everything went really well until Jon decided to leave Oslo. Katja then decided that she didn't have enough time to put into the band, and we were left with a trio.

"We met lots of good friends from way back, drank lots of good German beer, and played our music for a bunch of new people. What more can you ask?"

Roger: Then Tom came to the rescue. He took over the bass, and Per Arne switched to the guitar. Tom knew Baard from before, and when he joined DRUNK we finally had our present line-up together. The musical style has of course also changed along with the line-up changes. So, we don't do that much hippie-music anymore.

Baard: More back to the punk rock roots, but still with the dynamics of the older music. This story is WAY too long!

Finn Erik: We've kept this lineup for 4 years now!

MRR: How is DRUNK different from your past bands?

Roger: Well... we get a hell of a lot less done.

Tom: T.T.T.T.T (things tend to take time)

Finn Erik: I guess he's talking about musical differences.

Roger: Right, but I guess we've already mentioned that. With our earlier bands we always tried to play really complex songs as fast as possible, with as many different melodies crossing each other at the same time as possible.

Tom: The result being that no one ever understood of any new material we did live.

Baard: I guess that could get a bit boring after a while.

Finn Erik: We decided when we started the band that this was not going to be LIFE or SO MUCH HATE - lite. We wanted DRUNK to be a band with it's own unique sound.

Roger: ...and we succeeded doing that. But it is kind of nice to hear that people can tell that some of the energy from our old bands still is present in DRUNK.

Baard: Are there any more differences worth mentioning?

Roger: The number of members. In DRUNK we are 5. In the old bands we were always 4 members.
Tom: Shut the fuck up!
Baard: We're doing a lot of double vocal harmonies these days.
Roger: Yeah, before we were always satisfied with a little bit of shouting and screaming in the background.

MRR: Do you feel like you have to please fans of your past bands?

Tom: Nope.

MRR: A few of you are fathers right? Who has children, and what do they think of all this music business? Do they go to your gigs?

Tom: Yup, and we have the right to be mothers! (laughter)
Finn Erik: Me, Per Arne and Tom all have children.
Roger: I'm planning one. (laughter) I'm trying to be serious here!
Tom: Most of the kids are too young to go to normal gigs, but they've come to a couple of outdoor happenings. That's been really nice.
Baard: We had lots of really young fans in front of the stage last time we played outdoors. They thought we were playing way too loud though.
Roger: Yeah, they add up. If you count all our girlfriends' kids as well, the DRUNK family is huge! On a daily basis I don't think they like the music-shit that much though. I mean... that's why dad's never at home half the week, etc.

MRR: I get the impression that this band has fun. It seems to be more of a hobby and a means to escape as opposed to a full-time touring band. Is that right?

Roger: Definitely. With our past bands we did tours all the time, and at some point we almost lost the sense of belonging somewhere/living somewhere. That was fine in those days, but now we've got far more important things that keep us in Oslo. And I can of course only speak for myself, but I wouldn't want to do the "touring for 5 weeks, home for 3, touring for 5 weeks, home for 3" life again even if I could. It was a lot of fun back then, and we lived a lot in a very short time, but that was then and this is now.
Tom: I agree. We still want to tour from time to time, but not for more than 3-4 weeks at a time... and not ALL the time.
Roger: But we ARE a live band though! Our music is meant to be played live.

MRR: You had a short tour over the X-mas holidays. Where did you play and how were you received? Any good stories?

Baard: We did a handful of gigs in Germany and Switzerland. We were received really well all over the place. As we don't tour too often, and are a bit lazy making records we were kind of scared that everybody had forgotten about us since our last tour.
Roger: The tour was really good for several reasons. We met lots of good friends from way back, drank lots of good German beer and got to play our music for a bunch of new people. What more can you ask? We met lots of good friends from way back, drank lots of good German beer, and played our music for a bunch of new people. What more can you ask?
Tom: Stories... Well, we survived the storm!
Baard: We were caught in the middle of the worst weather in Southern Europe since... EVER, and we didn't even notice it. I mean, people were dying all over the place.

MRR: Any future tours planned?

Tom: Nope.
Roger: If we can manage to get together enough cash to play for the plane tickets, we'd really like to go to Canada sometime. We've toured Europe many times over the years, but none of us have ever made it to the American continent with a band. That would be something else...

MRR: Your records and website are really well done and have great graphics. Who does your artwork, logo and stuff?

Roger: We're lucky enough to have a graphic designer in the band, so he ends up doing all the artwork. As I'm into programming, I'm doing the website (should have been updated ages ago... shame on me!!!). We actually did the website long before we actually had any records out. It's a good way to reach new people.

MRR: The songs on the new split LP were written at the same time as the "Hate Songs" EP. Do you have new songs written and do you play them live yet? Any recording plans in the near future?

Finn Erik: I guess we've got like 7 or 8 new songs ready at the moment, and some 5 or 6 new ones coming up. So there will definitely be more DRUNK records. However, things tend to take time.
Roger: We're already playing 6 new songs live. Most of them are on the faster side of what we're doing.
Baard: We'll try to do a demo recording of one song in the end of March. In a real studio this time!
Roger: Yeah, all our previous records have been recorded in the garage of a friend of ours, Paasan. He's got some recording equipment there, and he's been helping us out a lot. Without him kicking our butts there probably still wouldn't be any DRUNK records.
Finn Erik: Paasan is King!
Tom: Elvis?

MRR: Do you have anything that you would like to add or comment on?

Tom: Nope.
Roger: Give our greetings to all the squatters out there, wherever they are. In this new yuppie era it's almost impossible to get a place to stay for affordable rent. Keep it up!

Drunk Discography:
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From Holland, the hardcore fury of

AMULET

MRR: So, what kind of band are you?

A: We're basically a hardcore band trying to play classic and powerful hardcore punk. Anthemlike, intelligent, raw and catchy songs. We're focusing on bringing musicianship into aggressive and energetic music, too many people who are involved in underground music today don't care about good sound. But then again "quality sound" is a relative term. What we feel is really important though, is to have a distinct sound, a sound with a face that is *our* face.

MRR: Amulet dates back to 93, Two mini CDs, two seven inches and now the full length "The Burning Sphere". Why aren't you more well known in the U.S?

A: No matter how good a seven inch you make, you are totally dependent on distro, and a label that backs you up. We never really had that. And no one in the band has any skills when it comes to distro. We focus on the music. We're not really proud of our two first releases, we were a totally different band back then: an emo three piece with me on drums and vocals. The two EPs "Diamond" and "Life on the Edge of Chaos" deserve attention though. Hopefully we'll have "The Burning Sphere" licensed to an American label cuz we are serious about bringing our stuff over to the US, we would love to tour there

MRR: Is it hard being a European band playing what most People would consider hardcore with a very American sound?

A: People may think we're some copycat kids on some bandwagon, but we grew up with this music. We've been ten years in the game, at least. And a lot of bands from the US toured Europe back in the day: Bad Brains, Youth of Today, Verbal Assault, Rich Kids On LSD, Gorilla Biscuits, a bunch of Dischord bands, Agnostic Front, Cromags, Shelter, Sick Of It All etc. Then you had English bands: Ripcord, Snuff, Leatherface, Heresy. In the late eighties you had a bunch of European bands playing "classic" HC, fast and raw: Larm, So Much Hate etc.. It's not like we're trying to be something we're not. I think the dichotomy rural vs urban is a much better better device to define styles of hardcore with, than American vs European. A small town in the U.S and a small town in Norway have more in common than a US small town and NYC. And a big Euro-city is more alike a big US city than a euoro-ville.

MRR: Any special agenda lyric wise?

A: Nothing in particular. We wanna write something that reflects the young mind, our minds. We want people to be allowed to construct their own meanings and be able to apply those meanings to their lives\ situations.

MRR: Where do you see Amulet go in the future?

A: We just added a second guitarist, Espen, the guitarist from Sportswear (rip), so lately we've achieved a thicker sound. Two guitarist open up for more dynamics as well. We will just try to make better songs all the time and hopefully reinvent ourselves.

MRR: Tell me about the guest appearances on your album.

A: Pete "Sportswear" Amdam sings with me on "Day by Day". He's my cousin and we were in Onward (rip) together (a SxE HC band on crucial response) . Then we have Knut Schreiner aka "Euroboy" (from the legendary Turbonegro) doing a guitar solo on "A Sucker For A Dare". Then some tambourine by Anders Moller from Euroboys (Knut and Anders' band) on "Untouchable". We recorded the album with Knut and Anders at Endless sound in Oslo.

MRR: Final comments?

Hope to see you at a show in the future.

Check out our album out on bridge records(bridge_rec~hotmail.com) and our webpage www.bounce.to/amulet.

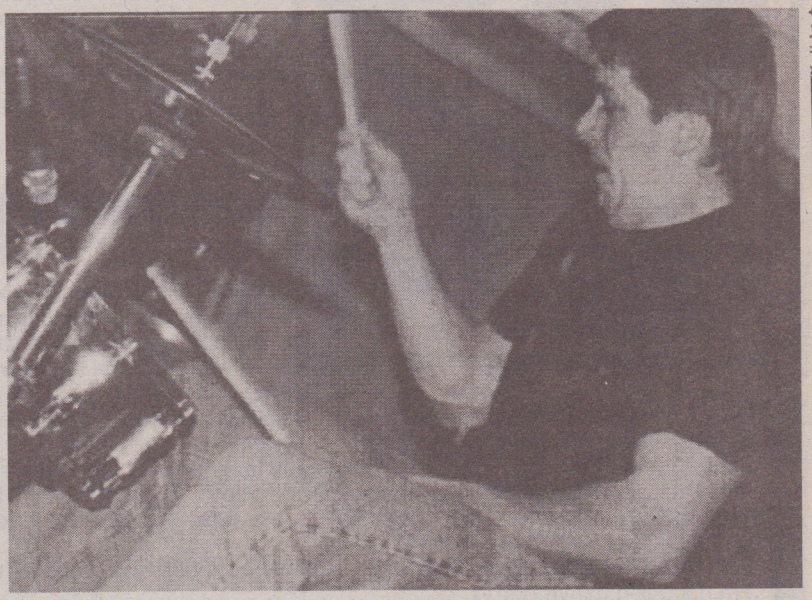
AMBITION MISSION

Ambition Mission is a four piece, coed punk band out of Chicago, Illinois. When Tom Hopkins asked us for an interview, we decided that the typical "band interview" was not gonna fly with us, so we tried to think of ways to make it interesting. Our friend, Pete Lucas, was going to interview us while we shoplifted from some huge, strip mall, garbage store. The idea was to put us under stress while he followed us around recording us and taking pictures of our pilfered conquests. Although the idea was brilliant, the consensus was that we would attract too much attention to ourselves and put ourselves at higher risk for detection, although the interview from jail would be the quintessential punk band documentation. The idea was both humorous and dangerous, but I don't think any of us thought it would really take place. In the end, we just decided to interview ourselves in our van en route to Minneapolis to play a show and record our trip. It turned out to be quite a learning experience and some very interesting debates ensued. We tried to figure out some ethics behind theft, where DIY ends in our lifestyles, and if capitalist thinking has a place in the punk scene. While debating these issues, we were comfortable enough to disagree with each other while trying to reach a conclusion about where our own beliefs fit into the punk ideal. Something that developed from this discussion with the band is that, personally, it gave me a lot of fodder for thought. It forced me to rethink and reevaluate what the punk ideal has brought into my life and what I give, or could give, back to it. We don't claim to know anything about how the world works, as this interview will show. Basically what you are reading is our attempt to use each other's experiences to figure out a problem we encounter while trying to incorporate the DIY ethic into our everyday lives. That is part of what makes Ambition Mission so much fun: we are four individuals with different values, plans, and musical tastes, but with enough of a common thread to bind us together in this band. Like we've said many times before, there is no frontperson in Ambition Mission: we're just four kids high on DIY.
xoxoxox The Motherfuckin' Mission

This interview was done on February 12, 2000 just as we were passing Eau Claire, WI on I-94. I have edited out all the fart jokes and things of that sort just to keep things coherent.

ON CORPORATIONS AND THEFT...

Annie: Jake, you seem a little crabby. What's the matter?
Jake: There's nothing the matter, really. You know, we've been in the van for a while now. We're just going to Minnesota to play some rock. (he says with a sarcastic tone)
Annie: Aren't you happy 'cause you just stole two tapes from Kmart?
Jake: I am happy, but I am unhappy with how supportive my outfit is, my band is, towards the whole topic.
Annie: Well, what if our show got cancelled 'cause you got caught?
Jake: I think it would be one funny story.
Annie: Okay, MRR kids, we were just having a debate about how Jake stole tapes of Quiet Riot and Culture Club from Kmart while we stopped to get some tapes and film. He felt bad that we were unsupportive of it, but I am not unsupportive of it. Kmart and other corporations are bad for obvious reasons, but our debate was about whether stealing from the smaller franchise stores (ex. - Circle K or 7-11) is equally okay. I am not sure; in franchise-owned places, wouldn't the expense come out of one person's pocket? In essence, even though the owner works for a corporation, doesn't the expense rest on one person, not the corporation? But I am not really sure how that stuff works. I have no sympathy for any big name place like Kmart, but...
Jake: I would never steal from a Mom & Pop place, but the small franchise place we are speaking of is called 7-11, which is a convenience store. Okay, I know theft doesn't affect the actual workers who are behind the counter when I am there. I know they are underpaid by the hour, probably minimum wage. I don't know who the owner is, but knowing how the franchise is (7-11) I am sure he is doing quite well.
Annie: In my first job, I worked for somebody in a franchised convenience mart, and although they "owned" it, they still answered to the higher-ups in the corporation. I know they weren't rich; they were always struggling to break even. Yea, they ran it up to corporate standards, I think I even got an employee handbook, but I know they had a lot of out-of-pocket expenses that caused them a lot of grief. So I am saying that unless the owner owns maybe a lot of stores, they don't do well financially. But I don't know if they have to make up the costs due to theft from their own pockets. Either way, even though they are still workers for a larger outfit, they're just down the chain from the bigwigs, and I think that's fucked. I also think it gives them a lot of grief, yet a little bit of authority, so they can vent those frustrations out on their employees.
Jake: Do you think these chain stores have ever been responsible for knocking a smaller business out?
Annie: Yea, definitely. These places are springing up everywhere, like crabgrass. But I guess when you're talking about the individual behind the single store, who sees themself as a small business owner, they might not realize what their involvement with this chain is doing to the community. These chain stores and strip malls are really bad and ugly, but I wonder if they comprehend that. How does one pass on this idea to the store owners of these horrible places? Yea, we don't have to work for these places, and thankfully some people are aware of this, but that is a very small percentage of the population, or American population, I should



say. I would think larger mass market stores like Kmart would have some kind of way to account for losses due to theft and just write it off as a loss.
Jake: I totally understand all that and it makes sense, but if that is the theory, don't you think the smaller franchises would have the same thing?
Annie: I don't know. That's what I don't know enough about to really make a call on. Both the mass market stores and convenience stores are evil, but is one less evil, or are they equally destructive? Is there a middle ground on the topic?

Jake: Well that's the bottom line, I guess. Even if one is just a little bit fucked, it's still fucked, and I don't feel bad about stealing from any of those places. I am proud of it actually.
Annie: So I guess we are basically in agreement. You just have bigger balls than I do, 'cause I don't feel comfortable shoplifting. I used to do it a lot when I was younger, but I never got caught and got really paranoid because of it. I used to steal stuff all the time, often out of necessity, but now, even though I am bordering on complete poverty, I just don't feel the need to do it anymore.
Jake: But we wouldn't steal from Joe Q. Citizen...or John Doe.
Annie: Yea, not from Johnny... I guess either way you look at it, you just got yourself a free Quiet Riot tape.
Jake: So Jim...
Jim: Yes, Levee?
Jake: Since you own the van, and you drive everywhere, do you consider yourself the Leader of our band?
Jim: Naw, I think we're all in this together. One big, happy family. But I am the Daddy though.

Jake: The Daddy, huh? I'd agree with that.
Jim: I gotta keep you guys in line. If I would have known you were stealing from that store....
Jake: Well, how do you feel about that? I mean, we got some new jams for the van.
Jim: Yea, but those tapes suck!
Jake: But they were best out of the selection!
Annie: I guess something to add to this is that each of us in this van is a hypocrite when it comes to that stuff because, ideally, we would like not to support those corporations, but we did just eat at Wendy's, and I am talking on a General Electric tape recorder, and I'm taking pictures with my Polaroid camera while smoking a Camel cigarette.
Jake: I don't think there's a way to prevent it. I mean, it's true as far as "punk rock ethics," you can break it down until....Bryan wants to chime in...but you can keep breaking it down until people just don't know how to communicate anymore.
Annie: Communicate?
Jake: Well, a lot of people get mad at others for supporting this and that. I am sure there's some really DIY folks who are for real out there. You know, who live in huts and make their own clothes.
Bryan: Gibson and Marshall are not DIY collectives.
Jake: And that's what we sport, so fuck us!

ON OUR BAND...

Annie: Okay, Bryan, you know how me and Jake do most of the lyrics and stuff? A lot of times they express sociological or political views. Like, I have never asked any of you if you subscribe to those same thoughts, and I know they can sometimes be forward or emotional. How do you feel about what our lyrics represent? Do you believe in that too?
Bryan: I would say... is it recording right now? Okay, I would say that yea, I am pretty much on the "pseudo-leftist" side of the politicalspectrum. I mean if I had to choose between Leftist and Rightist, I guess it would be to the left. So I guess the answer to that question would be yes.
Jake: Same question to you Jim. How do you feel about all that? What role do your drums play in the lyrics?
Jim: Well, the drums don't play any role in the lyrics.... but I read all the lyrics. They aren't too radical. I can pretty much go with what you and Annie write. And I don't necessarily have to believe in it or agree totally with what you say in our songs..
Jake: So you don't think it reflects on you?
Jim: What I mean is...if you guys wrote a song that I totally disagreed with, I would say so, you know? But nothing's like that here. I am done. I'm not talking anymore!
Jake: Is there anything you've read that you do disagree with?
Jim: No, there's nothing I disagree with, I guess. Like I said, nothing's really that radical. I know I can't write lyrics! I try but I can't. I'm not a lyricist. I'm not a poet. I can't write, I let it out on the drums, know what I'm saying?
Jake: Well, it shows.
Annie: Yea, you're a rocker!!
Jake: I have a question for the whole band. We've been a band for about two and a half years. We've been to a lot of places—never a tour, but we've covered some ground. What do all you guys hope for as far as travelling and touring goes?
Jim: Someday I hope that we've gone enough places that when we do go back to these places, on an extensive tour, we'd actually be able to make some money doing it, so we could actually live on the road for awhile.
Annie: Well I know that work has been an issue with you. So would you be willing to stop working?
Jim: Yea, that's what I just said.
Annie: Do you think, Jim, that touring and making enough money to support ourselves on the road is something we could accomplish and still retain the DIY ethic?
Jim: Yea, that can totally be done. Self-management is where it's at!

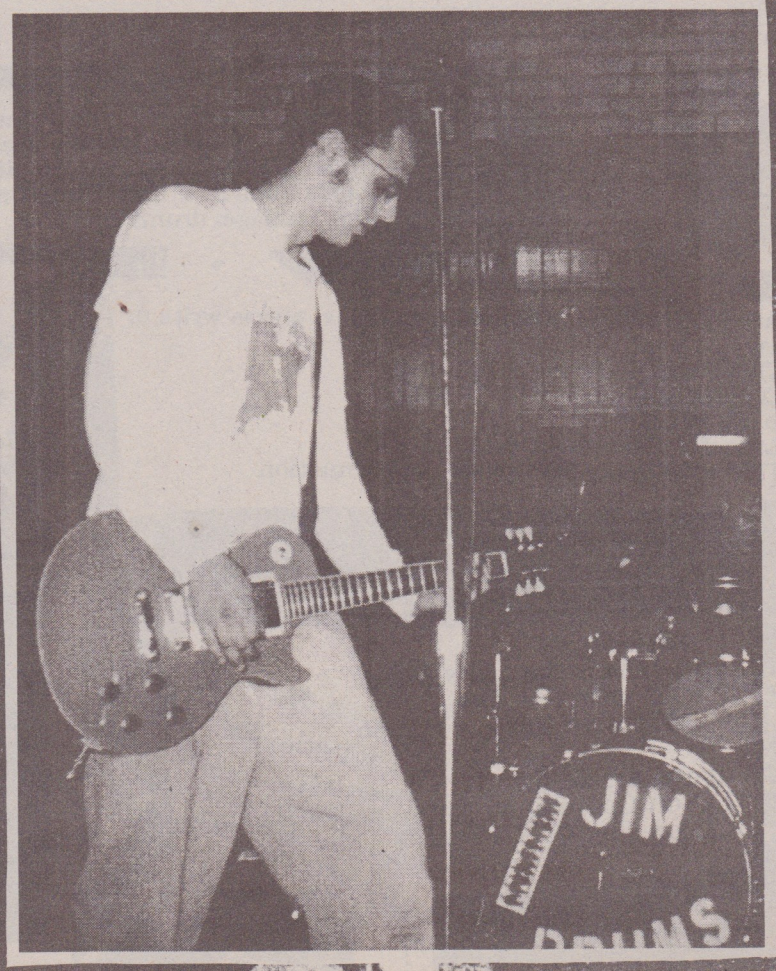
ON BEING LOST IN MINNEAPOLIS (WITH STEELY DAN PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND):

Jim: Let's go, dickhead! (to a car in front of us)
Annie: What are you trying to do??
Jim: What the fuck??!?!? (We're all laughing hysterically at Jim's freakout)

Annie: Where's Extreme Noise?
Jake: Turn left on Lake Street. No, not left...wait, yea, left!!
Bryan: There's the Egg & I...
Annie: AHHH... Egg & I...
Bryan: That's the place we always go into but never eat at.
Jake: Yea, we did eat there!
Bryan: We should ask Hammer to go on tour with us, with that big fuckin' cigar! [Hammer is the bartender at the Fireside Bowl in Chicago].
Bryan: I'm nervous.
Annie: Why are you nervous? 'Cause of the show tonight? 'Cause of Half-pint's band, The Sound of Rotting Corpses? Jim! You just passed it, you fuck! We just passed Extreme Noise!
Jake: Jim, why didn't you stop, dude?
Jim: 'Cause we're lost asshole! I'm driving right down the fucking sidewalk! Where is it??!?
Bryan: It's right in front of you, Jim.
Jake: Good driving, Jim.

After the drive to Minneapolis, we were at a loss for more self-questioning, so we decided to let the kids that came to our next two shows ask us questions. Unfortunately, we promised to answer anything asked of us. You decide for yourself if punk is really dead. These are the questions asked by our intelligent fans in Minneapolis and Chicago:

Do you think *MRR* has declined in, oh I don't know, their quality? Or do you think it has just become a "monopoly" for too long with their opinions? (no name, MN)
Annie: Well, you don't give much of an option. It's either I feel they have declined in their quality or they have become a "monopoly". Doesn't leave me much choice, now does it? I don't believe anybody or any organization can hold a "monopoly" on opinions. As for the quality of the zine, I think it's a very good resource. I don't always agree with what I read, but overall, I find that it's a pretty decent rag. It seems to me they used to be a lot more political, then that aspect waned, but in the past few issues I have read, I have noticed a turn towards more political thinking, aside from just focusing on the music side of punk.
Jake: *MRR* is and always has been a fine zine. People seem to think everything goes downhill after it has been around a while.
Bryan: I feel devoting your time to the unraveling of such tearing questions is essential. After all, it is your job to tear down the giant which is dictating your scene. By the way, I'll be looking for your band's review in next month's issue.
Jim: Reading is stupid...What I'm trying to say is, I never learned to read.
Do you feel that previous question is worth answering? (Aaron Wolf, MN)
Annie: Yes.
Jake: Honestly, no I don't. Who the fuck are we?
Bryan: Yes and no.
Can I sue for always having ink on my hands from these old *MRR* Issues? Also, why do so many punks smoke and support the tobacco industry? (Brian "Review King" Czarnik, IL)
Annie: Unless the ink has affected your sperm count, you're outta luck. I think most punks support the industry because they know that smoking makes you look sexy and cool. At least that's what the ads tell me. And I know that J.P. Morgan cares about me.
Jake: I don't think you always have ink on your hands from *MRR*. Why is everybody asking about *MRR*? Punks support the tobacco industry because since day one they were told not to. But don't forget to fuck Mc Donalds.
Bryan: I would answer this question if it were more than an expression of animosity over the lack of an Oblivion interview during their twelve year existence.
How do you feel when someone's "biznaz" falls out of their shorts? (no name)
Annie: It depends if I asked to see their "biznaz" or not.
Jake: I've never seen it spelled like that.
Bryan: The ballistics of the statistics of the realistics is that the shit floats wit me.
Jim: That's none of your business.
What's better, HELLOWEEN's *Keeper of Seven Keys*, part 1 or part 2?? (no name, but I can make a good guess on which Chicago nutjob asked this question)
Annie: Okay, okay, you got me. I don't listen to HELLOWEEN! If you want to talk AC/DC, however...
Jake: Thank You so much for your participation.
Bryan: Actually, Sacred Denial's *Sifting Through Remains* LP holds all the keys that need to be held, followed by BL'AST's *Take the Manic Ride* as a close second.
Jim: I liked both of those movies, as well as Part 3 and 4.
You guys are fucken dumb! (no name, IL)
Annie: That's not a question. Who's the real dummy here?
Jake: Thank You so much for your parcipitation.
Bryan: A year and a half of community college, precursered by one year at Southern Illinois University hardly constitutes dumb.
Jim: Thanks for asking, yes we are. But at least we know how to spell "fucking." And also, your parents must be pretty stupid since they couldn't think of a better name for you than "no name."
Who's your favorite Sweathog and why? (no name, IL)
Annie: Oliver, the wacky, bespectacled, little cousin of Freddie Washington.
Jake: You, because you cut right to the shit.
Bryan: Johnny Thunders for his hairdo influence on the majority of our scene's boys.
Jim: Why is my name always last?
Can girls rock as well as guys? (Johnny Butane, IL)
Annie: Can you ask a sillier question? Of course not! Everyone knows that males are superior in everything. Except of course, having babies, doing laundry and making meatloaf. Jeez! What, do you live under a rock or something?



ambitionmission

Jake: The only thing girls can rock are beds, Johnny Butane.
Bryan: It's us versus them man.

What is the future of the band? (Justin Schweir, IN)

Annie: No Future! God Save the Queen! No Feelings!
Jake: Royalty checks.
Bryan: Discography. Shutting up and playing. Tight black Levis.
Jim: To keep living in denial.

Does Jake eat? Why are you doing an interview with *MRR*; is it because Underdog zine [from Chicago] turned you down? Has Brian really had sex with 10,000 women? Is Jim really dead? Do you really hang out in Canada every year naked? (John Benetti, IL)

Annie: Yes, but only kidney beans. Because Underdog doesn't do band interviews. Brian is up there with Wilt Chamberlain. Jim is dead, Mr. Damage is not. Yes, we go up to our friend Tyler's cabin in Lost River, Quebec every year and hang out naked. I have the pictures to prove it.
Jake: I eat hunger.
Bryan: Actually, Jake and I went out to eat tonight. He had the knockwurst, I had the same. The phrase "turned down" is not in Underdog's vocabulary (unless you can't turn around the N in their logo). Ask my roommate. Yes. My phallus and Canada go hand in hand.
Jim: I am the living dead. I walk the earth a soulless corpse. My brain a maggot soup.

Why is it taking so long to complete this interview? (mysterious lady...)

Annie: Ummm...well....wait, what was the question again?
Jake: Yea, right.
Bryan: After BL'AST, you got your Negative Approach, your Black Flag, whatever.
Jim: It just seems like a long time because we live in a different time zone.

Where were you guys a year ago when I lived in Chicago and hated the punk scene because I thought everyone involved in it was stupid? (Piper, IL)

Annie: We were right here all along. Waiting for you. WHERE THE FUCK WERE YOU??!?!
Jake: We were right here hating the haters.
Bryan: Trolling the bars for number 10,001.

So there you have it. That's us.
Jake Levee: guitar, vocals, dreamer
Bryan Welch: guitar, van co-pilot
Annie Saunders: bass, vocals, hellcat
Jim Damage: drums & drives

If you are interested in our music and ideas, please write or email us.
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PO BOX 267873
Chicago, IL 60626
EMAIL: mofomission@earthlink.net
WEBSITE: http://members.dencity.com/ambition

discography:
Spit Where the Liars Live 7"
7"split with the Vice Dolls
7" split with Trepan Nation

upcoming album:
LP on Community Showers/No Records
CD on Plan-It X Records

They're poppy, but still scream. They sing love songs, but will jump into political lyrics at the drop of a hat. They're an Orange County punk band, but still have their own sound. They've been together for almost six years, but sound as fresh as they did at their first show. Their fan base ranges from high school punks to college slackers and even parents (singer/guitarist Dave's mom is a regular at their shows). And by the looks of it, ESL?! is going nowhere, but up. I caught up with the band during their usual Friday practice at Dave's house, and here's what they had to say Interview by Heela Naqshband. Pictures taken by Heela Naqshband and Shahab Zargari.

MRR: First off, identify yourselves and what you play.

Dave: I'm Dave and I play guitar, vocals, and backing vocals on Jeff's songs.

Jeff: I'm Jeff, and I play bass and try to sing sometimes.

Justin: I'm Justin, and I play drums.

MRR: So Dave, as the oldest and only original member of the group, how do you feel ESL?! has progressed musically over the years?

Dave: Well, we used to suck really bad, and now we suck a little better. We're getting there. We've gone through a lot of people, various changes.

MRR: Yeah, like I was going to say, you guys have had more line-up changes than a three-ring circus, and are actually just as entertaining. What's up with that?

Dave: Well, let's see. Some band members were kinda conflict-type people to be in a band with. One guy had another band going on. Another guy just didn't cut it. Our old rhythm guitarist, the person that started band with me, kinda went heavy metal and started going out with someone and spends all this time with her now, I guess. And let's see, who else is there?

Jeff: Brian.

Dave: Oh yeah, our old drummer went to prison, so that didn't work. And our first bassist just had other stuff he had to do. When he quit, we recruited Jeff and I didn't even know him, so that was kinda weird. Then after Brian...

Jeff: Jeezus Christ, this is a soap opera.

Dave: After Brian went to prison...

Jeff: We got Matt.

Dave: And Matt was in the band for probably like a year, and we just got in a fight and that was kindof the end of Matt being in the band. Then we tried out drummers...

Jeff: Then we got Justin, the same day Matt quit.

Dave: And then it's been me, Jeff, and Justin since then. That was about... how long ago was that?

Justin: November.

Dave: Eight months? November?

Justin: About that.

MRR: I know that ESL stands for "English as a Second Language," but since you're a bunch of white boys, how is English your second language?

<laughter from the boys>

Justin: Not me, I'm actually Spanish.

MRR: Oh, OK.

Jeff: I'm a cracker.

MRR: Aren't you aliens or something?

Dave: Well, that's not how it originally started. I was kinda just making fun of our rhythm guitarist at the time. But it ending up sticking. And then we made various random names for ESL?! that didn't really fit, like "Extended Learner's Program" and whatever anybody else would think up. I think our friend made like a whole list one day, and drew pictures and stuff. I don't remember what any of 'em are. Then Jeff came up with the alien idea.

Jeff: More of an afterthought, than an actual reason for the band being called that.

<basically, they mean that they are aliens from another planet, thus English is their second language>

Dave: It's kind of so people can see how weird we are. Then they see our name and say "Ahhh, so that explains it." Not that it means anything.

MRR: How important is playing shows for you guys?

Dave: Pretty important. We didn't play shows for a long time after Brian and the prison thing. I think we played just one or two shows with Matt. And they kinda sucked. Not because of Matt, just because they sucked.

Jeff: Now the shows are fun; more people are coming.

Dave: Yeah, now everyone's coming and dancing and singing along, really supporting us, buying CDs and shirts.

MRR: What were your best and worst shows? Justin, you can talk too.

Dave: I don't know if he can.

Justin: I don't got that much experience.

Jeff: Our best show? I dunno.

Dave: A sucky show would be Rockfield Taverns.

Jeff: Yes!

Justin: Oh yeah, that one really sucked. That was the shittiest one. They wouldn't even let us in. We're not all 21.

Dave: Our first one at Steps in San Clemente was really fun. Yeah, I have that video. The first show with Justin at Koo's, in Santa Ana; was really fun too. And the first two at Room With A Brew, but now they suck assholes, 'cause they're so disorganized.

Jeff: What else you got?

MRR: I noticed that on the CD there's a picture of Dave getting arrested. Is this a regular thing with ESL?

Jeff: Dave has a history of being

a smart-ass to cops and getting into trouble. Once, we were playing in Mike's backyard (Mike is our old guitarist and founding member of the band) for friends, and the cops showed up. The song "Backyard" came out of this incident. Anyway, Dave was totally smarting off to the cops, but at this time he was only 17 and the cops really couldn't do anything to him, so they searched and harassed Brian, our old drummer, and Mike. Then, much more recently, we were playing at this party and the cops showed up. Shamus O'Niel (our friends' band) played their whole set but we played maybe one song. Dave got so upset that he threw his guitar. The cops thought this was Dave attempting to "incite a riot" so they dragged him off and threatened him with jail and arrest and the usual cop stuff. Dave finally calmed down and they didn't press charges or anything. But that's the story behind the picture. Those are Dave's only encounters with ESL?! and cops, but he has been given so many tickets that the DMV revoked his license! I don't think he's too fond of the boys in blue.

MRR: Ugh, that sucks! On to a less depressing subject... Who are some of your influences?

Dave: I think we all have different influences.

MRR: Well, name same names.

Dave: I don't know if we sound like 'em just 'cause we're influenced by 'em. Probably Screeching Weasel and Sicko.

Jeff: Vindictives.

Dave: Vindictives—one of Jeff's main influences. And then we have a little more of a hardcore sound—I don't know where we got that from. Final Conflict might be a little bit of an influence.

Justin: I got some. Grimple, Econochrist.

Dave: Grimple is a *big* influence on us. Definitely.

Dave: But we're not influenced by Litmus Green. Or the Sex Pistols.

Jeff: Or NOFX.

Dave: Or Bad Religion.

MRR: Guns N' Roses?

Jeff: Well, maybe Guns N' Roses.

Dave: And AC/DC. Definitely AC/DC, and KISS too.

MRR: You recently came out with your first CD, a split with your friends' (and Dave's brother's band), Shamus O'Niel, on GC Records. And now a split 7" with Swindle on Cool Guy Records that should be out soon. What else is in store for the band?

Dave: World domination.

Jeff: Hopefully we'll get to put out our own 7" and our own LP, at some point.

Dave: Maybe a split with these idiots. *<either in reference to Shamus O'Niel or to Exhibit A, whose singer David was also sitting around>*

Jeff: Yeah, that'd be cool. We're just not financially secure enough to do that ourselves, so we need help. So if anybody's reading this and wants to help us out, that's what we wanna do, put out more records. And go on tour next summer.

Dave: Yeah, go on tour.

MRR: Lastly, what type of music do you classify yourselves as?

Dave: SkaFunkRastaPunk. Haha!

Jeff: No!

Dave: Nah!

Justin: What?

Jeff: Just rock and roll, man. Bringing back the old rock and roll.

Dave: Yeah, rock and roll. Sped-up something.

Jeff: Short hair's the clean-cut American way.

Dave: What would you say, Justin, since you haven't been in the band long, what do you think of the style of music we write?

Justin: I haven't thought about it. It's just fast pop. Like Grimple and Screeching Weasel.

Dave: Put in a blender.

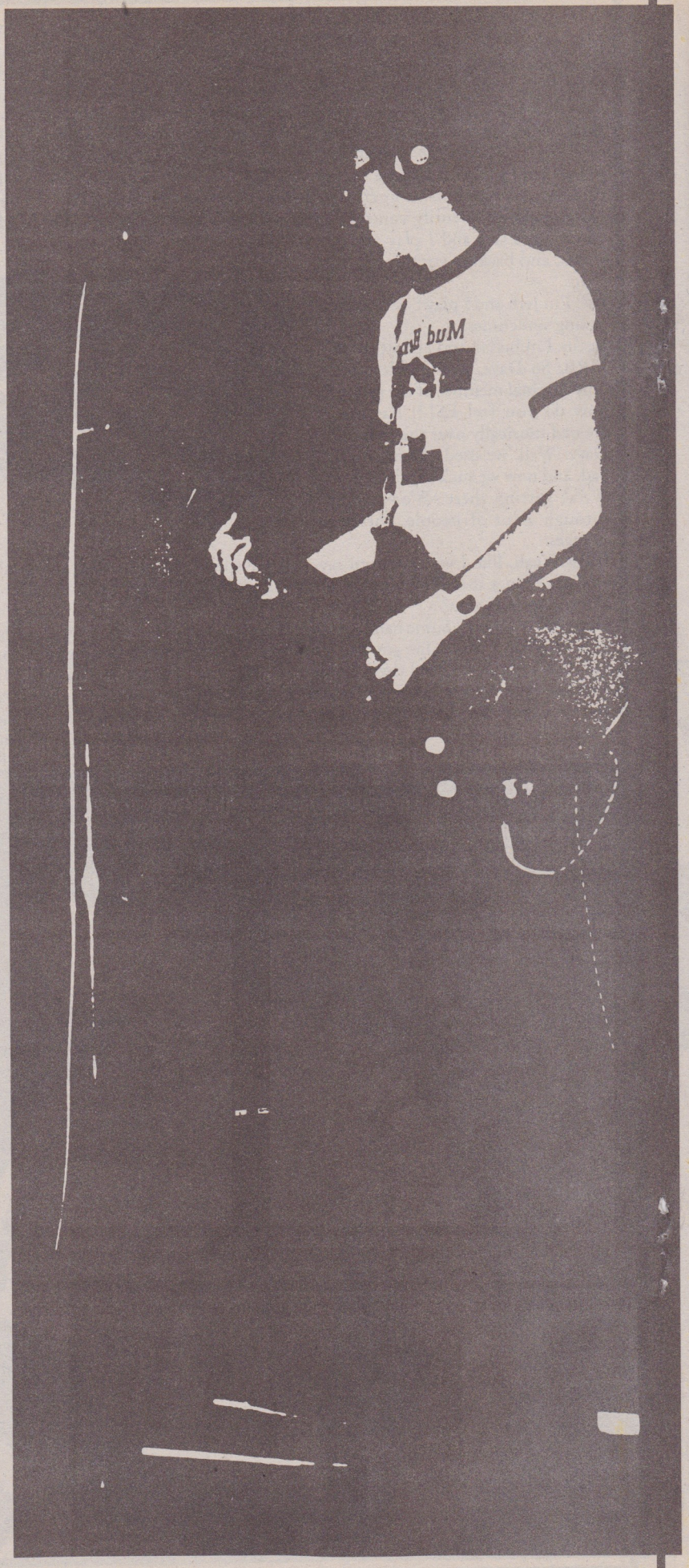
Justin: Putting 'em to the point.

Jeff: That makes sense.

Justin: After meeting with ESL?!, I soon discovered they're not as bright as they appear to be.

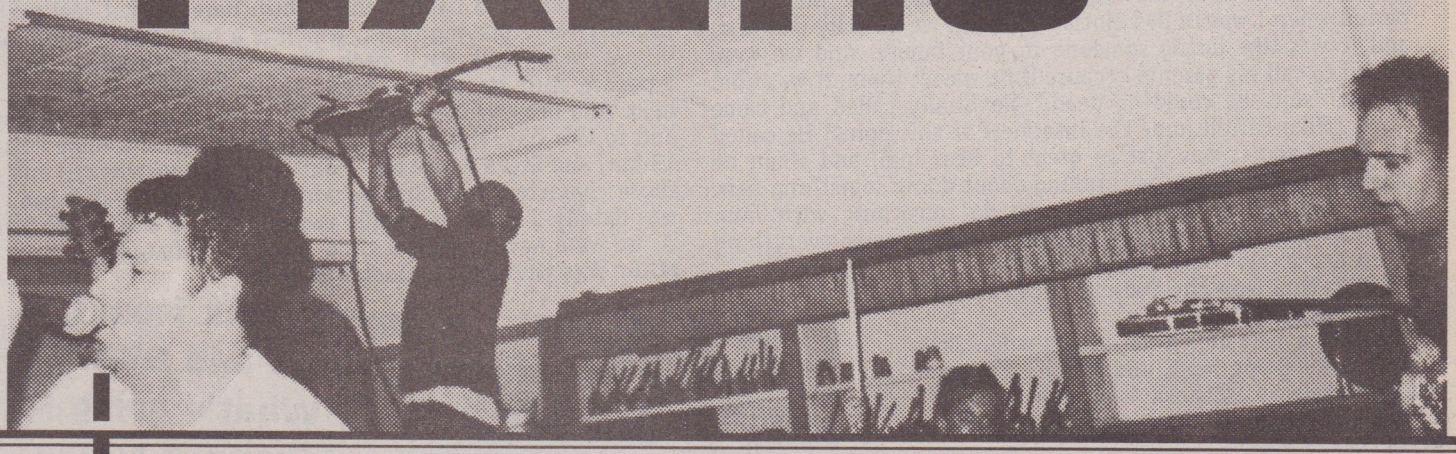
MRR: OK, thanks guys!

For more info, check out http://www.gcrecords.com, or email the band at ESLJeff@hotmail.com



the death of...

the LORD HIGH FIXERS



I had never even set foot in Texas before I headed down to Austin with partner-in-crime Brett Schultz. He was on spring break, I had some vacation time coming, and I said what the hell, let's go. Fortunately, our trip coincided with the Lord High Fixers' last show ever, and as an added bonus they were playing with the Fatal Flying Guilloteens, my favorite band to come out of Texas in recent years. I wasn't quite sure what to expect of the show. While I didn't own any Lord High Fixers records, I knew that Brett was crazy about them and that Tim had been a fixture in the Texas punk scene since the late '70s, had been in seminal bands like the Big Boys, major label funk-a-teers Bad Mother Goose, the demonic, blues-drenched Poison 13, and Jack O' Fire. But I did know that everyone in the band was either approaching 40 or had already crossed that threshold, and we all know what age does to bands...

Which is why I stood there with my mouth open when the Fixers launched into their set, watching these supposedly old musicians go completely ape-shit on stage. They flung themselves around stage and into the audience with a vigor surpassing bands half their age. Halfway through the first song Tim plunged off stage and landed on his back, sending a few audience members to the ground. But the fall didn't slow him down at all; he jumped back up and proceeded to go even crazier, spending half the show leaping around the stage and the other half alternately beating the shit out of his guitar and throwing it out into the audience. It was one of the most inspired and energetic performances I had seen in a long time. Afterwards Tim and Mike sat down with us to talk about a whole bunch of shit.

Interview with Tim Kerr (guitars) and Mike Carroll (vocals) of the Lord High Fixers by Mike Joyce, with occasional interruptions by Brett Schultz.

MRR: Brett and I have never been to Texas before, and the whole point of this trip was to see the Lord High Fixers last show ever.

Tim: Oh Lord!

MRR: One thing I was very curious about was I've heard a lot about not messing with Texas. Now let's say that I, a young punk from Los Angeles, shows up here and starts messing with Texas. What's going to happen to me?

Tim: [laughs] You might get your ass kicked, that's probably what's going to happen

MRR: Can you think of any good examples of kids coming from out of town and messing with Texas? What happened to them?

Tim: You want me to take off [on a tangent] or do you want me to tell you the truth of why that ad is there? Because what the ad actually is, is for "don't litter."

MRR: Let's talk about the attitude.

Tim: Now, the way punk rock has become, no, nothing is really going to happen. Back when—

yeah, just the fact that you didn't look like you were supposed to look, you got fucked with. That was messing with Texas. [It's true, Brett and I spent one afternoon in a bar in El Paso, and at one point one of the locals inquired as to who had let the faggots in] But even to this day, like when people say "Texas music," it's not any of the stuff that *Maximum Rock N Roll* writes about. Like the Buttholes, Ornette Coleman, or people like that. You might hear about the 13th Floor Elevators, but that's about it.

MRR: Now the Lord High Fixers are the second band featuring you with Mike Carroll on vocals. What inspired you guys to get back together and do a band again?

Tim: Mike. What happened basically was Mike, he was pretty bad with alcohol, because you'd never know by seeing that [the Lord High Fixers live on stage; Mike Carroll is a fucking madman!] but if he's here talking you'll see, he's real quiet and shy, he just doesn't talk very much at all. So to get up there and do that, he had to get pretty sloshed. And it just kind of got the best of him. And then he left, he was gone, during the period when I was in Bad Mother [Goose], we literally lost him, and it was like losing someone in your family. And we were scared to call his parents because if he wasn't there, it was kind of like "shit, he could be dead." He finally called and came back. [Mike Carroll joins the interview at this point] He called me back, and it was just so great to hear him, and when he actually said that he was thinking about doing something new, I was like, I'll drop everything to do something with him, because he's just great, he's definitely wide open to everything like I am, so its cool.

MRR: Is that how the Poison 13 reunion [around 1994] came about?

Tim: When he called back, that's when Jack O' Fire was doing stuff, and I didn't know if I should talk about music with him, because I didn't know how to approach him. I didn't know exactly what had happened or anything. I just didn't know, and I didn't want to lose him again. But at one point, he said something to me about Poison 13 or something, and I basically said, "well, you know there's a lot of people that want to reissue that, but I've always said no because we didn't know about Mike," and he said well, that'd be cool, and the thing that totally just floored me was we were sitting there and he says, "maybe we could do a show," and I just couldn't believe it.

let's say that I, a young punk from Los Angeles, shows up here and starts messing with Texas. What's going to happen to me?

MRR: And the band started from there.

Mike: I had sat in with Jack O' Fire a few times and we had recorded a few songs with Jack O' Fire and it just kind of grew from that.

MRR: How many of the current Lord High Fixers were in Jack O' Fire and Poison 13?

Tim: Just us. But Mike was never actually in Jack O' Fire. When all this happened, I didn't know if we should take it slow or what was going on, so I said next time we go into the studio, think of some songs you've always wanted to do but never got to do, and we'll do those, and that happened and it kind of went from there.

MRR: If I could ask you about the Big Boys for a minute.

Tim: Oh yeah, that's totally fine. I'm totally proud of all that stuff, I'm not one of those people that's all "this is now, I'm not talking about that shit."

Mike: I was the roadie for the Big Boys.

Tim: That's how Poison 13 started. We were friends from that. Mike always wanted to be in a band, but things weren't really happening, so I said good, I'll help. And we'll just play one show, and it went from there. The Big Boys were the same thing, we said let's play one show, and everything went from there.

MRR: Did Poison 13 and the Big Boys exist at the same time?

Mike: Not really.

Tim: Kind of, because in reality the Big Boys actually never broke up, we just quit playing and just never got back together. And the bad thing about this was that a lot of people thought we [Poison 13] were trying to be the new Big Boys, which, no, we weren't.

Mike: It became obvious [that we weren't] the first time people saw us play. It was totally different.

[Brett, unable to contain himself any longer, asks]: What was the first Poison 13 show like?

Mike: It was at a real small bar, and it was basically just all our friends. It wasn't really wild or anything because I'd never sung before. We just kind of got up and played ten songs.

Tim: I just remember Ian and Alec from Dischord were doing this trip, an 'on the road' kind of thing, and were actually here and saw the very show which was pretty cool.

Mike: It was real low key.

Tim: Because that band, people down here did not really like. Because we're playing blues, which is a total Texas thing, and if you were punk rock back then, especially when all the hardcore stuff started up, that's the last thing you wanted to hear. And here we were, doing that, we were doing it real loud, and to this day, Mark [Arm, of Mudhoney fame, a huge Poison 13 fan] and Steve [some other guy from Monkeywrench] and all those characters from Seattle don't believe me [that Poison 13 was hated], I mean 30 people were coming to see us. We loved it, we were having a great time, but people hated it.

MRR: Was there a big backlash from the hardcore kids, not just in Texas, but all over America? The Big Boys were regarded as a hardcore band, or at least a part of the hardcore scene, it seemed.

Tim: You always saw it more here, because everywhere else we were playing with bands like the Screaming Sirens and bands like that.

Mike: We played with bands that were kind of like us, like the Divine Horsemen, Gun Club. We didn't really play that many hardcore shows.

Tim: Well [Poison 13] did play with Samhain. You have to realize too that that's kind of what punk rock was about anyway, if you're true to what you're doing here [Tim taps his chest], it doesn't really matter what people think. I mean it's cool if people like it, but the biggest thing is to either hate it or love it, don't just be like "eh. . ." [shrugs apathetically] Leave some sort of impression. Either fucking hate the thing, or...

Mike: We drank a lot; we had a reputation for being real obnoxious. When we opened for Samhain, I would go "OK, here's a fast one," and then do "Spoonful," which is a total dirge, slow. We would kind of taunt them a little bit.

Tim: With the Big Boys—and I'm totally proud of all this

it's cool if people like it, but the biggest thing is to either hate it or love it, don't just be like, "eh."

Leave some sort of impression. Either fucking hate the thing, or...

stuff—but it was getting to the point where everybody was really watching what you were doing, which is cool, but it comes to the point where people have to realize that you need to be yourself, and realize that all these people are human beings, give everybody a break and have fun with it. We were definitely kind of pushing buttons with that band.

MRR: It does seem that for a while that a lot of bands in the hardcore/punk rock scene, a lot of hardcore shows, weren't really about fun.

Tim: It was sort of a ritual thing, a rival thing. Texas was a lot better. Texas never really had that locked-in thing like LA, California, or anything, and that's why you had bands like the Butthole Surfers that didn't sound anything at all like the Dicks who didn't sound like the Big Boys who didn't sound like Poison 13. It was pretty cool, and it still kind of is pretty wide open, which is why I got into this in the first place, which was the whole community thing—you could pretty much do what you wanted to do.

MRR: Did the Big Boys like Big Girls?

Tim: [laughs] Well, I'm married, I can't answer that.

MRR: You weren't married then, were you?

Tim: I was.

MRR: One thing I've noticed is that a lot of girls in Texas get married very young, and its frustrating because I see all these gorgeous women and I'm like hey...but then I notice the ring.

Tim: Well go up and ask. You never know

Mike: They get divorced, and then you'll have girlfriends.

Tim: And then you wont get your ass kicked because you'll be dating a Texas girl!

MRR: They'll be the ones kicking my ass. But forget about girls—lets talk about posses. Like I said, this is my first time in Texas and I'm not really sure how things work around here. Are there still posses dispensing frontier justice, or is that a thing of the past?

Tim: Well the gangs are probably dispensing frontier justice, and they're posses, so there you go.

MRR: Is that a big problem in Austin? Are there lots of gangs around here?

Tim: I don't think it's as bad as Houston or Dallas, and a lot of small towns are getting it more than the actual cities now. But the old established gang here was the Brothas. You'll see graffiti, but that's it, we never had a big deal with the Crips and the Bloods.

Mike: Law enforcement is really paranoid about it. There are lots of ridiculous rules in school, like if you wear red you get sent home.

MRR: Speaking of gangs, let me ask you about the Young Lions Conspiracy, which I've been hearing a lot about, but I haven't gotten any concrete answers to what it actually is.

Tim: [laughs] That's right! There's all kinds of stories flying around about it, and mainly I'll tell the story—I found out about it from the Big Boys, off a Sun Ra record. I saw some kind of weird little address and thought it was pretty cool, started writing, had a time just like everybody is now, had a really hard time trying to get anybody to write, and finally got some sort of response through one connection to this connection, and we've just kind of been writing. The emblem, if you look at it, it looks like the thing from the Black Panthers, except it's a lion. Its one of those things where it's about you, it sure as hell doesn't need to turn into straight edge or anything like that. It's all about you, and you participating in stuff and keeping the doors and windows open in your own mind and having the freedom to express yourself and do something creative.

MRR: OK so our friend Felix, he's the biggest Big Boys fan ever.

Tim: Hey Felix, you have the same name as the kid who plays drums for DRI—his name was Felix and he lived in Texas and we were friends. [Felix really likes DRI too, coincidentally]

MRR: Getting back to the Lord High Fixers, I saw you on stage today, going nuts, and you put bands half your age to shame. You have a new album coming out, and there seems to be a lot more unexplored territory to go to. Why end it now?

Tim: Well we're probably going to do some other things, me and Mike, but for this group of people things have pretty much run their course, because Robbie is moving to Brooklyn, Stephanie started her own band—Sunshine Supergirl—and we weren't real comfortable keeping that name with a totally different group of people. I think it's more appropriate to change the name and keep going in the same vein.

Mike: We'll see what happens.

Tim: It's kind of been like that in most of the stuff I've been involved in—they never expected it to go this long to begin with, I mean, Jesus, we went to Japan twice, which was amazing. It's been pretty cool that it's lasted this long. We weren't even going to do this

show. What happened was, in Japan, Stephanie had decided that she's drumming in Sugar Shack, and she's married to Andy, (she met Andy though this band, so she calls it the Lord High Fixer Uppers), so with Sugar Shack and then her band, it was kind of one of those things where [she said] if I keep doing this, if I'm going to keep going, I've got to stop something. Mike really wanted to do one more show, and Robbie did too, and I thought it would be really cool, but I'm the kind of person who says whatever happens, happens. And then when she found out that Robbie was going to move, she said yeah, I want to do one more show before you leave. They've been friends for a really long time, so then this thing happened.

MRR: But a reunion isn't out of the question?

Tim: I don't really like reunions. I mean we did the Poison 13 thing just because nobody liked us to begin with, you know? The worst part about those things to me is that the band could be better than they were, but the trouble is that all these people that never saw the band back then think they saw them and they didn't. I mean, especially with the Big Boys, or any of the old bands, it was the whole package. The crowd was half; the band was half. But now its turned into such a thing where you're going to a show, and seeing the band onstage, it's just a whole different mind set, and I'm just not that much into reunions at all. I mean more power to anybody else that wants to do it, but...

MRR (Brett): So what about the future? Will you be continuing on with different projects with the same band members?

Tim: At this point we don't know. I have a feeling that Andy and Stephanie probably won't be. With Robbie, it will kind of be hard because Robbie will be living in Brooklyn, but he's great. When Jack O' Fire was doing stuff, Josh was living in DC. He's got a great band now called the Sorts, but he would come down to see his mom, and we were a holiday band. He would come down for the holidays and we would record. But I don't know, we'll see. I was telling Mike, I didn't even realize Mike wanted to keep doing stuff until last week, because he doesn't ever talk that much. But we did a...Keith from the Circle Jerks has diabetes, a really bad case...

MRR: Yeah, I saw him at a record store recently, and he looked terrible.

Tim: He doesn't get any money from the Circle Jerks or anything like that, and they wanted to do a benefit record for him, and they asked him who he wanted on the record, so he said Slayer and bands like that, but we were one of the bands, which I was totally honored and surprised about. We went in and did "back against the wall."

Mike: Which was probably the most fucked up version I think of that song ever.

Tim: And so we were leaving and he said you know, I kind of wanted to do more stuff. Monkeywrench is wanting to play so much and I'm pretty much the hold up now.

MRR: Where do you work?

Tim: At the library of the University of Texas, doing computer graphics and stuff, which is really cool, so I'm kind of the one holding that up.

MRR: So you're the monkeywrench in Monkeywrench?

Tim: Yeah I'm the monkeywrench in Monkeywrench. But if Mike wants to do anything then I'm there, he's family, I love him so much.

MRR: So you're pretty much rooted in Texas.

Tim: Yeah

MRR: Is your Texas pride going to make you vote for George W. Bush this year?

Both: Uhh... No. [laughter]

MRR: Do you have any political endorsement for the upcoming presidential elections?

Tim: Ian MacKaye, somebody ought to get him to be president.

MRR: So we're in cattle country right now, right? What's the biggest steak you've ever eaten in one sitting? They have those deals where if you sit down and eat a 72 ounce steak, it's free.

Tim: Where is that? It's on Route 66 somewhere, this really old mom and pop place, but I've never done that. I've eaten steaks when I was a kid and stuff, and here chicken fried steaks are the big thing, and now they're starting to serve chicken friend bacon [what the fuck??!!] if you can believe that. But I've been a vegetarian since 1984, so...

MRR: Well what if it was a tofu steak?

Tim: Umm, no.

MRR: In keeping with the rock and roll theme of your life, how do you plan to die?

Tim: Playing.

Mike: On stage.

Tim: Yeah that sounds good to me. I'll have a heart attack; too much jumping around and falling off stage.

Mike: Yeah I think my neck is permanently stuck in this position.

Tim: I just don't see the point of doing this unless you're going to push it further. I mean we never know what's going to happen. That's why people would always come to see us here, it was great, because bands would play and then we would play and you couldn't even describe it, its like this *happening* kind of happened and then there would be some other band. And Mike too, we feel really strongly, that if you're going to do it then push it, there's no point in rehashing the same old stuff.

Mike: That's why we never play that much, we never considered a month-long tour and playing four times a week, or five times a week, because realistically there's no way we could keep up the pace. Our instruments would get trashed. We would get injured.

Tim: the longest one we've done—Estrus had a four or five show thing in California—I can't remember what it was called, but we were on the bill, us and the Makers would be together all the time, which was great. But by the third show my guitar would make two noises. It either went WOOOOOOOOOOOO! Or WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! And Robbie's bass—his jack was so far in the bass that it would take us 30 minutes to get it plugged in, but it's a live show, what the hell, here we go... Somehow we made it through the next few shows.

MRR: Now that the Fixers have broken up, what sort of young Texas bands should we be listening to?

Tim: The Fatal Flying Guilloteens! [at this point Mike, the drummer from the Fatal Flying Guilloteens—who are amazing—comes over to thank Tim for letting them play with his band] Of all the stuff I've been recording, it's one of my favorite things, it's really, really cool. To me, that's where this shit needs to be headed, where you stand there with your mouth open wondering "what in the hell?"

MRR: Thanks guys!

Both: Thank you.

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INTERSTATE

Salt Lake City's Interstate is presently Utah's most prolific punk band. In a scene that is fairly lively, but largely unknown, Interstate is releasing CDs, playing out locally, and touring at a pace that keeps them very busy. Not long after moving to Utah, I decided to track down Interstate and talk to them about the realities of punk in Utah, Mormonism, and the current happenings with the band. Interstate is Zak on vocals, Devin and Dominic playing guitar, Gavin on the drums, and Jonathan on bass. Interview by Bob Thompson.

MRR: The obvious question is, what is the deal with Salt Lake City, the straightedge scene, and all the violence covered in the media?

Dominic: Whether it's touring bands or us playing out of town, it's all people want to talk or gossip about. They want the dirt, you know? I think a lot of people expect us to be like this crazy straightedge band or they expect us to be some insane metal hardcore band, and then when we play I think sometimes it confuses people, because we're not easily classified into those or any genre in the scene. Maybe sometimes it disappoints people. All I know is that we are not here to take part in the punk/hardcore scene that the media wants the rest of the world to see. With any situation of this nature, there are a few kids who start all the shit and a lot of good kids having to deal with the problems they are creating.

Gavin: I have been asked a lot about the straightedge scene in Utah, and I would say that the majority of the straight edge kids in Utah are not involved the violence and all that shit you see in the media.

MRR: When you play out of town, do people have preconceived notions about Interstate being from Salt Lake City?

Devin: People usually ask about the straightedge situation in Salt Lake City, but we don't fall under that category. The major thing I have noticed is that it seems like six years ago everyone, straightedge or not, went to the same shows whether the bands were hard or not, and it was fun. Now with all the violence that has taken place at shows over the years, it has really separated the kids between hardcore/metal shows and "emo indie rock" shows. That puts us in an interesting spot because we don't really fall into either category.

MRR: How have your tours gone? Any amusing tour stories?

Dominic: There was nothing amusing about our last tour.

Gavin: Our van breaking down in Coeur D'Alene, Idaho—one of many White Power capitals of the Western US. Our old bass player wasn't exactly what I would call a wizard with vehicles,-not to talk shit, just stating the facts—and we burnt out our thermostat right as we pulled into that fucking place. Wasn't that pretty amusing, Dominic?

MRR: Bands often talk about their punk and hardcore musical influences, yet all of us listened to music before we discovered punk. What are some of your musical interests outside the punk scene?

Gavin: My older cousins got me into bands like Metallica...Lars Ulrich and Ringo Starr were the guys that got me interested in playing drums. I am really into the British pop stuff...Morrissey, Travis, Ocean Colour Scene, and Oasis.

Devin: I am also into the Brit pop scene...The Cure, The Smiths, and The Stone Roses.

Jonathan: In terms of non-punk, let me see...I am a huge Bob Dylan fan; Nick Drake, Johnny Cash, some electronic stuff like Moby, Tricky, Massive Attack and Death In Vegas are all really influential to me.

Zak: Well, for me Neil Young has been an obsession since I was a kid, and pretty much all the boys on his side: Bob Dylan, Tom Petty, Rolling Stones...I think Dylan is the greatest contemporary poet. No line of any song captures hate and the strength of a single thought more than "...and I hope you die..." from "Masters of War." You know, it is funny to watch my father try to compute how in the world I could love Neil and Dylan so much and listen to this crap that he says sounds like Green Day. Obviously, because it's the closest thing out there that he knows that he can compare Interstate to. I doubt I could ever get the idea across to him that punk/hardcore has probably hundreds of sub-styles and that those differences are obvious to me. And Dad, when the time comes, I want that record collection!

MRR: Politics and punk have always been intertwined. What role, if any, do politics play in Interstate as a band?

Gavin: Um...as far as lyrics are concerned, none really. We are not "a political punk band," if that is what you mean.

Jonathan: Interstate is not a band with a specific message, agenda, or political cause. At the same time, I know for myself, there are many political issues that the punk scene is

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involved in that mean a lot to me...just because Interstate does not have specific political causes in terms of lyrics, I would not shy away from a discussion or situation that is political within the punk scene.

Zak: I've thought a lot about that, sometimes wondering where my politics fit into this band, lyrically I guess. It's a tough question though. Politics are a strange mix of personal ideas and public forum. I've got my politics, I think most people do. I guess where I stand is, well, you've got what rock & roll was based on since it started, probably since the concept of music started. I believe those things are excitement or entertainment, and then a million renditions of the concept of love. Whether it's love or hate or spite or shame, for anybody or anything, I love to feel all those things and put that into what I write. I deal with those things every single day. I don't deal with why I am vegetarian, what I think about the scene, oppression from governments, or little Elian on a day by day basis. Either way, you are rehashing what somebody else has thought or felt before. It is just more personal when it comes to love, hate, and spite and all that. I was in Miami when they found that kid in the water, by the way...by the time this thing is over Castro will probably kick the bucket. What a shame. That guys is a genius.

MRR: Have any of you been involved in any other punk projects, bands, zines, or record labels?

Jonathan: I began booking shows when I was in high school for touring bands coming through Vermont and Western Massachusetts, and continued to do so at Club 242 Main Street in Burlington, Vermont when I was in college. I also sang for a band: Seven Years War. We had a self-released seven-inch on John Brown Records and a CD, *Ranks of the Common People* on Moo Cow and Struggle Records. Being involved in the punk community was always so important to me growing up. It gave me a chance to get involved with people with common interests and goals, and allowed me to express myself.

MRR: How did you end up in SLC playing bass in Interstate?

Jonathan: After Vermont, I lived in New York City for a couple of years, as well as Boston. I was teaching there as well. I had been thinking about moving west for a couple of years...I almost moved to Colorado at one point, and ended up in Salt Lake City teaching history at East High. I saw Interstate a few times, and heard they needed a new bass player, and eventually just bought some new gear and just started playing with them a few months ago.

MRR: Isn't East High where there was the Gay Club controversy?

Jonathan: Yeah...I think it was last year or the year before. Several gay and lesbian students formed a school club, the Gay Straight Alliance, as a support group for students at East High. Well, the community freaked out and decided to make any school club that was not directly related to the curriculum illegal. In fact, I think the state legislature passed a law to support their actions. It is ridiculous, really. Fortunately, the students have found a loophole in the law and they are still able to meet and are fighting to make it an official club again.

MRR: How did you all get into punk growing up in such a Mormon city?

Jonathan: Well, the punk scene has always been really strong In Salt Lake City...look at that "great" film, *SLC Punk.* (everyone laughs). No, seriously, I think that the fact that Salt Lake City does have a religious and conservative influence has been a blessing in disguise to a certain degree. I think the punk scene has been a really healthy outlet for a lot of kids who grew up in that type of environment. There are a lot of punks whose family are Mormon, and some that are still active in the church.

MRR: What is the significance of your band name, if any?

Zak: Actually, the name Interstate has a lot of significance. Part of it is only inside my head and part of it is represents my main goal in life. "Interstate" is the name of a pretty obscure Neil Young song about being on the road all the time, missing his kids, missing his loved ones, but missing being on the road a whole hell a lot at the same time. Savoring the idea of never wanting to quit the days of being out there doing his thing. It is not just in my head for me personally. The one word Interstate tells its own kind of tale...what are the best times you ever had? Where you know you are really living and not missing a damn thing? For me, it is being on the road, traveling in general.

MRR: You already have one CD released—what are the future plans for Interstate?

Dominic: Yeah, we released "Find Your Own Way Home" ourselves last year and we recorded five new songs this past Fall as well. Right now, we are in the works of planning a summer tour of the Western US, a lot of song writing, and would like to record a full length this fall.

MRR: How would you guys describe your sound?

Devin: I would say that we are melodic hardcore, punk, whatever you want to call it.

MRR: I think Zak's vocals sound a lot like the dude from Jon Cougar Concentration Camp.

(laughter) Gavin: I think our sound doesn't really fall into any specific genre or style. It is melodic, punk, hardcore, fast...whatever. We just write music that we like and whatever it is, it is.

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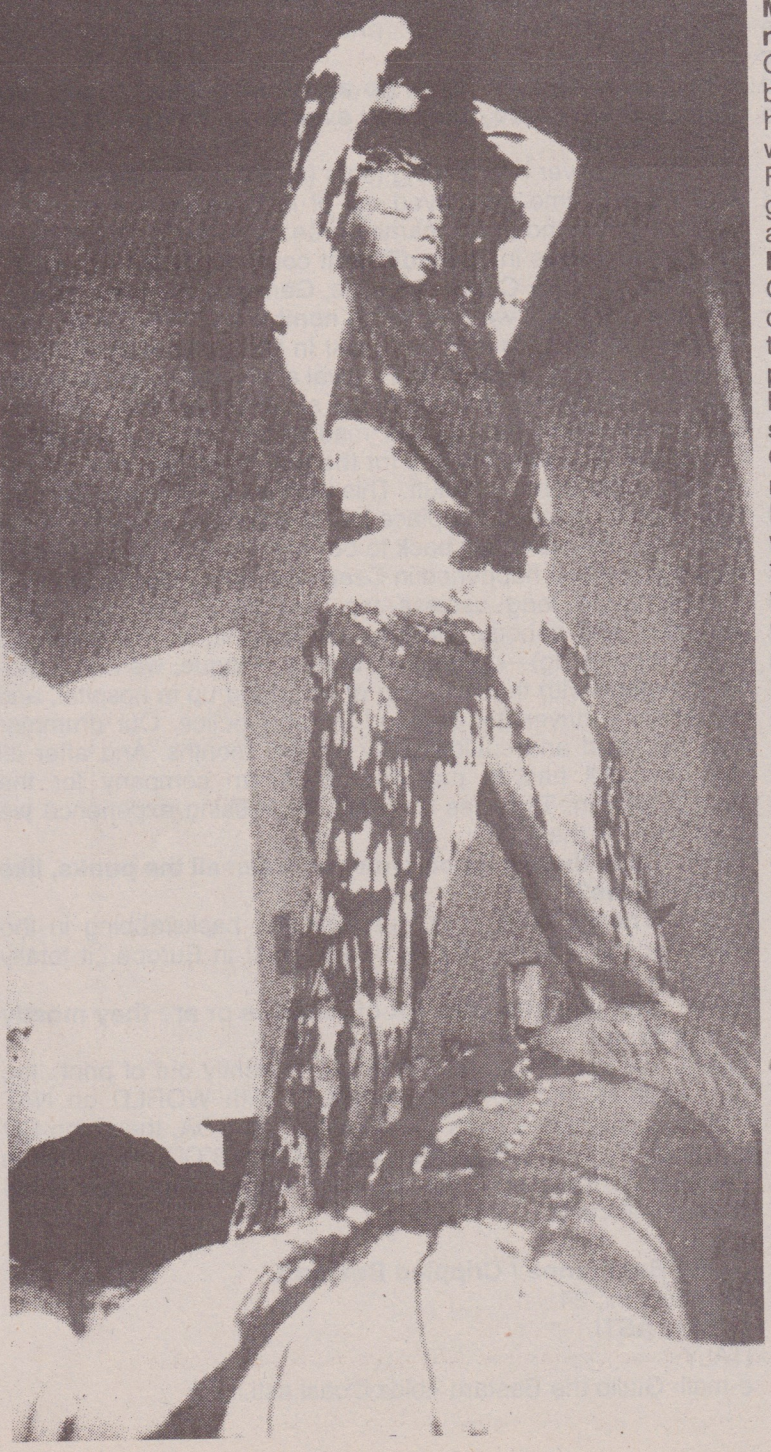

MRR: So what's new with the Cripple Bastards? Any new releases or tours?
Giulio: We are currently working on a new album that will be hopefully released before summer 2000. Then we also have some singles coming out sooner or later—split 7"s with COMRADES, CORRUPTED, DENAK, REGURGITATE, a full length 7", and a 5" as well. We are going to tour Holland for the second time in late February, and then we'll do some other shows around Europe.

MRR: Do you have any plans of coming to the US?
Giulio: We have to wait until our guitarist ends the compulsory civil service. We'll think about going there at the end of 2000 or beginning of 2001. It's still a far off project, but this time we'll do all our best to come.

MRR: What are some things you guys do in your spare time?
Giulio: I work at a video-mailorder service, so I spend most of my spare time watching the films I get (mainly Italian horror/ gore/ thriller / violent action / spaghetti western, and some mondo movies) or I hang out with friends. Sometimes I go to Sicily for one or two weeks to visit my girlfriend, or she comes here. The other members do more or less the same things: watch movies, smoke pot, hang out with friends/girlfriends... nothing special.

MRR: Are there things in your homeland that you think should change?
Giulio: Too many. Education, mass media control over the masses, the excessive power of the Church—ruling people's ignorance and blindness—censorship against any form of different culture. All of this should really change. And even the Italian hardcore scene should be different—there's too much moralism and backstabbing today, and bands are getting more and more mediocre, with no originality and creativity, copying blindly the same old stereotypes in grind/PV/crust etc.

MRR: How long have the Cripple Bastards been together?
Giulio: Twelve years, but consider that me and Alberto The Crippler started to play together one year before forming Cripple Bastards, so it's almost thirteen years now.

MRR: Who all is on the line up now?
Giulio: The current line-up is: Giulio the Bastard - vocals, Fulvio Hatebox - guitar, Schintu the Wretched - bass, Al Mazzotti - drums.
The new upcoming album has been recorded still with the older line-up:
Giulio the Bastard - vocals, Alberto the Crippler - guitar, Schintu the Wretched - bass, Walter Dr. Tomas - drums

MRR: How would you describe your art form?
Giulio: Massacrecore!! C.B. is an extreme personification of hatred and inner violence. The basic intention is to do the fastest Italian HC mixed with old style Grind to give expression to hatred and the culture of violence through our lyrics/concepts.
MRR: Are you a part of any political movement?
Giulio: Definitely *not*. We are a totally non-political band and we hate any kind of politics and rhetorics.
MRR: Are any of you vegetarians?
Giulio: I've been vegetarian for seven or eight years now, the new guitarist is vegetarian,. the bassist too, for two to three years, I guess. We are not intolerant/radical against those who eat meat; it's a personal choice and no one can judge or condemn it. Here's what I wrote in another interview when I was asked about my views on radical animalism and vegetarianism:

"I'm not one of those taking it in a radical vein, even if I've always thought that animal respect is a very important cause. But let me tell you a little story that made us reflect a lot about radical animalism: two years ago we played one show in a place in Austria. A girl among the organizers came to ask what kind of food did we want. At that time, I was the only vegetarian in the band. So we answered that we wanted: pizza, me and Alberto the Crippler said we'd like a simple pizza margherita, while Walter (the ex-drummer) told in his funny English "for me, Pizza with ham!"

The girl spent 10 minutes asking things like "what?? Ham?? Are you really sure?? Ham, have I heard right??" And Walter couldn't understand what was wrong with her. Then the girl went out of the place and I saw that she was mad at us, she came back with the pizzas and threw the one with ham against Walter shouting "Pizza with ham, OK? - this is the pig you are killing: chrrrrrrrrrr" and made a gesture with the hands like of somebody strangling and slaughtering a pig. Then she went out of the place and didn't see the show, probably angry as fuck that a "d.i.y. socially aware Grind band" could ever have a guy eating meat with them. We were all surprised by the stupidity and ignorance of that gesture. I mean, I'm vegetarian because it's my own life and I have my reasons for it, but why should I humiliate a friend because of his different choice?? Everybody should be free to do what ever the fuck they want with regard to these matters. If you don't feel like being vegetarian is something important, go on eating meat - it's your choice. I feel that people should be informed about what happens to animals and what are the advantages of a vegetarian diet, but nobody should try to force somebody tdo something, even if the price we talk about is ani mals' lives."

MRR: How do your tours go as far as getting shows and getting there? Also, have you ever had a really bad experience on tour.
G: We've never had any big tours (maximum 7-8 shows every time). Every time we played out of Italy we always got great reactions from those who came to see us. In the last three years we played shows in many different countries here in Europe... Slovenia, Croatia, Czech Republic, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, etc. Yes, we had some horrible experiences on tour. C.B. are famous for their bad luck! In the summer of 1998, we played in Leipzig at the Zoro Festival and some hippie assholes set off some fireworks close to the stage so that they burnt the snaredrum to ashes. We got mad about this and asked the organizers for money to pay for the trip to Leipzig, and enough to refund the damaged stuff. This created a tense situation, so that we had to leave the place late in the night and drive more than fifteen hours to get back to our homes. But the worst story was the one that happened in Czech Republic in the summer of 1999...after a long useless trip in Poland (the show was canceled and nobody informed us about it, so we drove 20 hours for nothing)—on the way back to Prague, we had a brutal car crash with the van. Two of us ended up in hospital, and me and the driver got arrested by local police. Our drummer hurt his hand and couldn't play for two months. And after all that, we still had to pay the rent-a-van company for the destroyed van. This was the most depressing experience we ever had "on the road".
MRR: So is there a lot of rivalry between all the punks, like most places?
Giulio: There's a lot of competition and backstabbing in the Italian scene. I think it's one of the worst in Europe...it totally sucks.
MRR: Can you still get a lot of releases or are they mostly out of print?
Giulio: Almost all C.B. releases are currently out of print...the only stuff around now is the split 7" with WORLD on NAT Records, the split 7" with COMRADES on SOA, the comp CD of bands playing C.B. covers, and the live 3"CD. *Your Lies in Check* is currently sold out, but we'll re-press it as soon as we have some cash.

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150340

Starting and running your own record label is no easy task, especially when you're 15. Just ask John Christoffel, owner of Act Your Age Records, located in Houston. About four years ago, he began the label with releases by his band, Dig Dug. Since then, Act Your Age has put out records by lots of talented Houston bands such as Sore Loser, Jessica Six, The Tie That Binds, and Guns of August.I caught up with them at Reverb Lounge in San Antonio, before a show with Kind of Like Spitting, to talk about running a label, running a band, and the future of pop-punk in general. By LaceyTauber of The Staring Contest zine

MRR: So, how did Act Your Age get started?

John: Because no one else would put out our records. I did a comp with Dig Dug and Sore Loser, Jill, and Jessica Six, and that's how it started. I started doing other people's records in Houston, and the Millhouse/Dig Dug split. It just went from there. I started taking it more seriously with every release.

MRR: Did you have a hard time getting other people to take you seriously because you were so young?

John: Yeah. My parents didn't even know about it until about two years later. Or at least my dad didn't. It wasn't just the fact that I was young – they didn't know that. It was just that when I would send like a sheet of distributors would send like a sheet of paper things, I invoice, and they wouldn't instead of an feel like paying me because they were like, 'Oh, it's just some kid.'

MRR: What's your favorite release on Act Your Age?

John: Sore Loser – *Is Out to Save the World.* That's the best thing we'll probably ever do. You're supposed to say the Dig Dug record.

Matthew: know, I have to be honest.

MRR:How would you compare the Houston scene with that of other places you've visited, either playing or just traveling there?

Lucas: I know in Austin, just from being there today...We just walked into a coffee shop and they started helping us out, whereas in Houston, if you were to walk into a coffee shop and ask someone to listen to something or look at something, they'd just blow you off and say, 'Why aren't you aren't you sending me slides?' or, 'Why mailing this to me?' In Austin they don't really give a shit, so I like it better there. But Houston is my hometown.

Matthew: People and bands move from Houston to Austin, so that says a long time in Houston, something. We've been playing kind of apathetic. They so people there are don't, or they kind of care and then they it's disheartening. care halfway, and play and you don't show up You play and you play, and people still play. It's kind of sometimes. It usually depends on who else is going to but you know a double-edged sword because it's your hometown, better when we there's not going to be a really big turnout. It's usually

MRR: It seems like Houston is really close-knit. Like here in San Antonio, there's only a couple bands who play the same type of stuff as you guys, and it's really hard to put together a show, and they end up playing with hardcore punk bands and no one cares. It just seems better in Houston because there's more support.

John: Yeah, but still, you go to Austin, and it's like three times better. It's weird because here is about half as good as Houston and Houston really sucks.

Lucas: The reason why there's so many bands around in Houston is because it's all the same people. It's like one big band.

150340

Act Your Age has recently released Dig Dug's first full length, Pop Trio of the Week. With more than 15 tracks, this album shows their growth over three years. Dig Dug is John on guitar, Matthew (who is/was also in Sore Loser) on bass and vocals, and Lucas on Drums and vocals. Dig Dug's website describes them as such: "Dig Dug is pop-punk that (fortunately) doesn't fall into genre of most pop-punk. They (us), unlike most pop punk bands, have a sound that is unique (well, at least to me...). Critics may say that they sound like Green Day for instance (which isn't to say that they're not an influence), but they are in no ways a clone of that or any other band."

MRR: Being someone who is in a band that plays predominately pop-punk type stuff, but who runs a label that puts out a lot of "emo" records, what do you think the trend towards emo means for the future of pop-punk?

John: Well, it's really hard to sell pop-punk. It's really hard to find good pop-punk bands. The only pop-punk band that's new that I think is any good is Quick Step Manuver, and they're turning more emo. But I put out stuff that I like, and if it's considered emo, it's considered emo. I think the stuff that I put out, like Dig Dug and even Sore Loser, it's not exactly what you would consider pop-punk. It doesn't sound like Mr. T Experience. Especially Sore Loser, it has a lot of different influences.

MRR: What are some of your influences in Dig Dug?

Lucas: Metallica
John: Guns and Roses
Matthew: I'm probably the same – more grindcore type bands, heavy metal stuff, but also a lot of pop-punk stuff: Sicko, Zoinks, even Green Day even though people don't like to admit that. Jimmy Eat World, Jawbreaker. I think those are most people's big influences. We all have our own likes and dislikes. It's a pretty broad range.

MRR: So what's up now with Act Your Age?

Lucas: John and I are trying to get one or two other people to help out, and take some of the workload off of John. Hopefully we'll be getting an office space in downtown Houston. It's up in the air, but it's a definite possibility. And if that happens, there's no telling where all this is going to stop. Hopefully it won't for a while.

John: Yeah, I've made so many mistakes and learned so much, I think if I really planned it out well, we could do this and not go under or something. That would break my heart.

MRR: Has it been hard, what with lots of the bands you've released breaking up?

John: That's the story of my life. Jessica Six, you know, they broke up on the day that their split 7" with Schrasj came out. And Sore Loser stopped doing anything when their CD came out – kind of bad timing, you know. And same thing with the Tie That Binds. You can't really do anything about that, but I'm going to be more careful in the future.

MRR: So tell me about the record. How did the title come about?

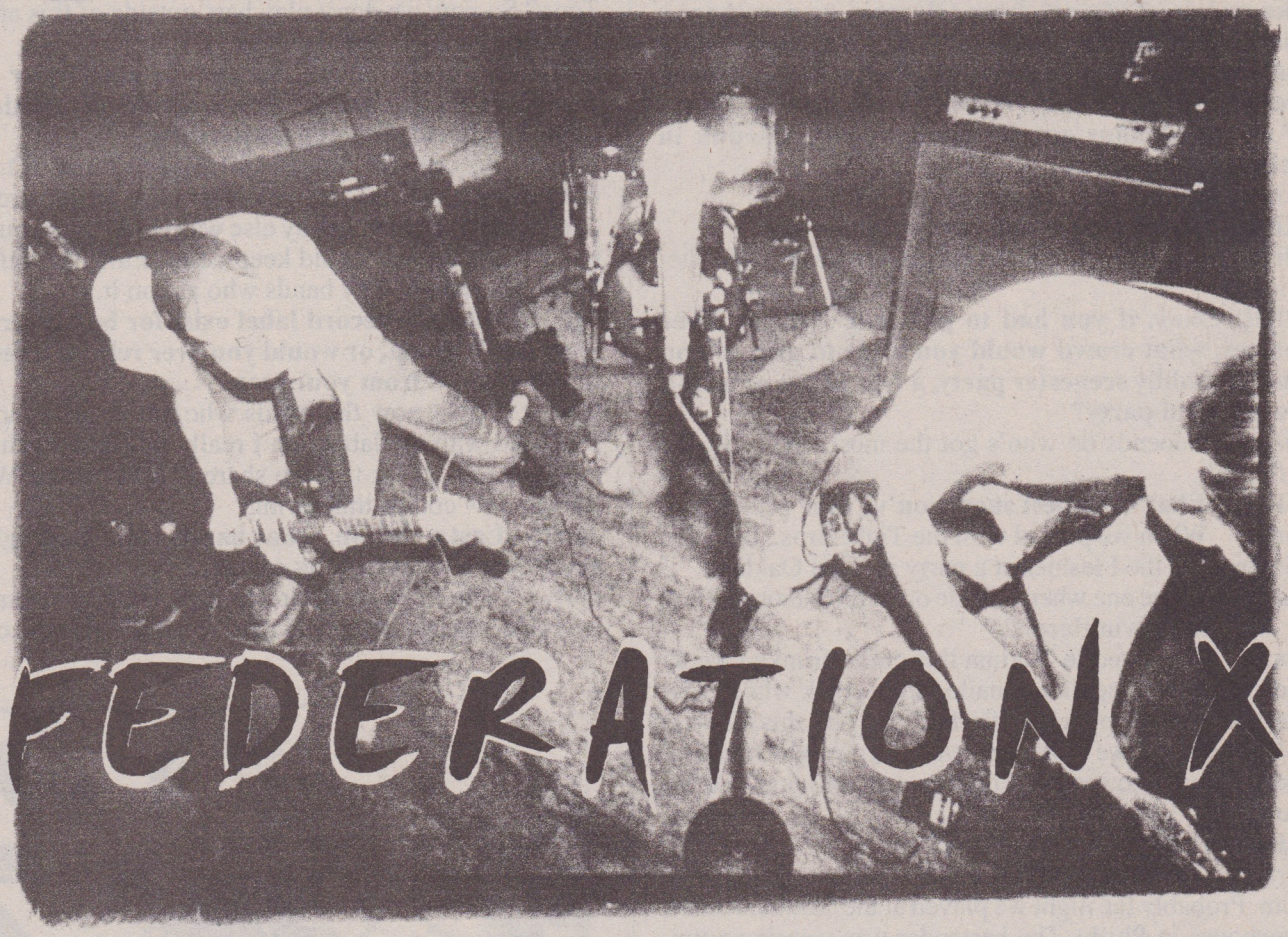
Lucas: It kind of goes along with the pop-punk scene fizzling out. I made a flyer a long time ago for a show we were going to play with Inquisition and Badger, but it got canceled. We put descriptions of the bands underneath the names, and Kevin, from another band thought of it. I got to design all the artwork, and I thought it seemed to fit because nobody likes pop anymore. The lifespan is a week.

My impression, from what I've heard, is that the songs are a bit more angry than I'd expected.

Matthew: Well it's funny, I was thinking about that the other day. I was trying to describe the band to people at work, so of course I tell them it sounds like Blink 182 or Green Day, so hopefully they'll know what I'm talking about. But then they'll ask 'well how does that song go?' and I'll recite the lyrics. And then it seems like a really depressing poem, and I feel weird because everyone shut up and I killed the excitement. It made me think about our lyrics. They may come off as depressing, but it's weird because a lot of times the songs, at least to me, are uplifting, so it has this weird balance. It's complex even though it seems so simple. The lyrics mean a lot more than most pop-punk bands.

Lucas: Even emo bands, because they get all emotional about their ex-girlfriend, and it's like, gimme a break. Everybody's got an ex-girlfriend. What Matt's saying is interesting. I tried to get across that same irony with the artwork. It's like pop, with skulls and flowers, devils, and um, make sure to look under the tray.

Matthew: I think it's a damn good release, and I'm proud of it. I just hope people find the same enjoyment in listening to it that we got making the songs. We tried to do our best to make it as original and inspiring as we could.



The first time I saw Fed X play, I can't really say I remember much of the experience. In fact, my train of memory goes like this: "Wow, the drinks at this bar are really cheap. . . Gosh, I'm feeling really drunk right now..." (Static. Fade to black.) I do remember they were really nice, funny and unassuming guys who seemed to tolerate me, so that was endearing. The second time Fed X came through town I managed to catch their set in an alcohol- and drug-free setting at the PCH (in Wilmington, CA), and this time I was blown away, not by alcohol, but by a freaking insane rock 'n' roll band from Bellingham, WA. Think upbeat, bluesy guitar rock, and throw in some wood paneling and a key ring clip for your belt loop for good measure. They're dirty, fast-paced, and punk enough to keep your toes tapping and capture the hearts and minds of even the most devoted mall punk Total Chaos fans, but with a rhythm and blues rock 'n' roll feel that'll make you want to put on a denim shirt and slap that sweaty-chested son of yours for not appreciating good, down-home rock music. Hoo ha! I can feel it! This is Federation X.

Interview by Mike McKennedy.

B E L L I N G H A M

MRR: Why Bellingham?

I know two of you are from Olympia, so was there a conscious choice involved in staying away from a place that basically has a pretty established music scene and opting for a town with a more DIY feel, or was it more of an unconcious act, like you woke up drunk in Bellingham one day?

Booza: Both.

MRR: Describe your sound in three words.

Dirty: Kentucky-flompjazz meets dishwater-nicknolte-brigade.

MRR: Okay, if you had to pick out of these three choices, what crowd would you want to play to and why: a snobby scenester party, a frat party, or a Hollywood pool party?

Dirty: Depends on who's got the most coke... er, the soft drink.

MRR: What's the best show you've ever played?

Dirty: When we played with the Tight Bros., the Dive Kissers, and the Fleshies at a party in West Oakland.

Zorbatron: The one where I made out with Winona Ryder. Or was that Kevin Bacon?

Booza: We played in Yakima this crazy drunken weekend where my Impala got nailed by a crack whore who was trying to run over her "friend," and I hit this nice-ass El Camino. But we took shots with the guy who owned it and then went to see the Crue. And shoot guns. We got drunk.

MRR: What's the worst show?

Dirty: Christ almighty, there are so many to choose from. Probably the night we played at the Samuel Adams brewhouse in Philly. The bartender was wearing a tuxedo and we played to one housewife that was waiting to watch her husband's acoustic band play.

Zorbatron: Probably the one where I got shot in the face by Ed McMahon.

Booza: We drove all the way up to fucking Los Alamos to play at a community center. I mean, I'm all down with keeping it real for the kids, but this was ridiculous. The 11-year olds in hot pants and tube tops weren't having it.

MRR: What's the difference between the punk rock 'n' roll scene going on up in the Northwest versus the rest of the West Coast, or the country, for that matter, or is there a difference?

Dirty: There is definitely more of a rock scene here in the Northwest, and having come out of that scene people identify us with this rock-based thing wherever we go. But it isn't something we decided, it's more something we grew up with. It's been awesome being exposed to types of music that are more prevalent in other areas, and seeing why it has worked out that way. It's all social politics, really.

Zorbatron: Word.

Booza: It's been fun meeting so many different types of people who, even if they don't like our set, still put us up for the night, feed us beer and become our friends.

MRR: How do you decide how often you tour?

Dirty: We plan on doing a ridiculous amount of tours and then we usually end up doing them. Actually, we've gone on every tour we've planned.

Booza: We titled the first one "Bartender and Soundguy Tour." So now we don't play bars outside of this area.

Zorbatron: I don't make decisions.

MRR: So how did the decision to start your own record label come about? Does one person technically own and run it, or is it group-owned?

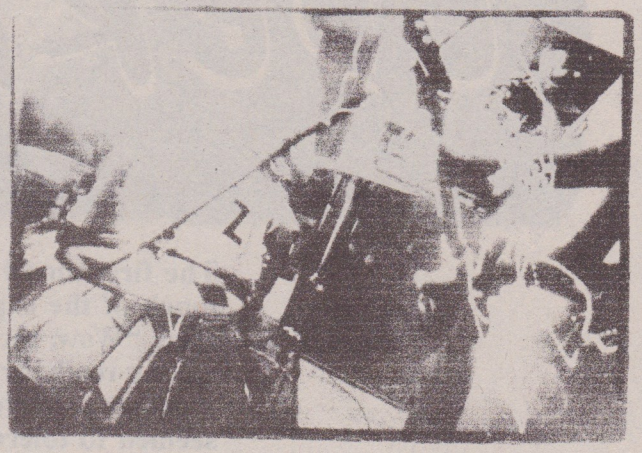
Dirty: We created Molasses Manifesto Records to put out our own records, so we didn't have to get stressed out wondering if somebody else was going to put out our records. So that we could keep doing stuff like touring. Molasses is owned by bands who are on it.

MRR: Does the record label exist for bands strictly from Bellingham, or would you ever release a record by a band not from your scene?

Booza: Right now the bands who are at least loosely affiliated with the label don't really fall into much of a category except for that we share similar ethics. We're doing a few comps this spring.

MRR: Last question, what bands from Bellingham should we be on the look out for?

Dirty: The Reeks and Wrecks have added more members since their last tour and they're way louder and crazy now. See them. Old Rawler is a seriously good contender for the Swedish metal invasion. The Narrows are a good band and we're touring with them this summer across the States. They're supporting their 12-inch which will be released in May on Molasses Manifesto. There's a lot of great bands playing shows together up here: Goodtimes and the Virgins, the Dive Kissers, the Seizures, the Cheeps, Megabrats... The Problems unfortunately broke up. There's so much more too...



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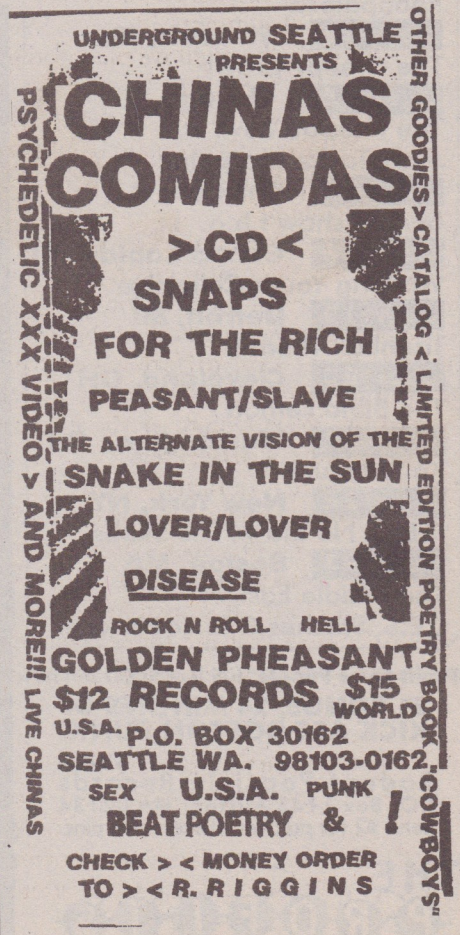
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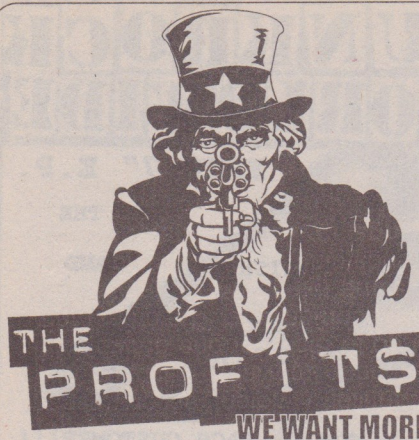

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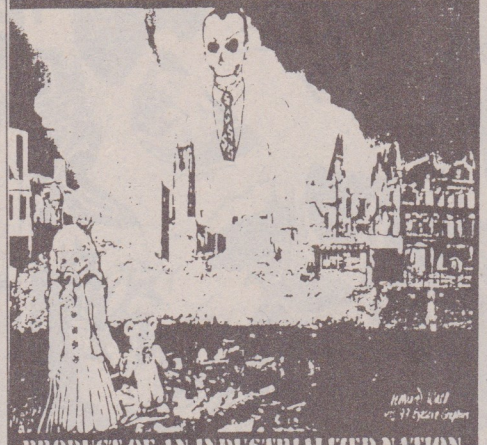

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Photos by Dan Halligan, Interview by: Mike Desert

valentine killers

MRR: So, Beth Loudmouth interviewed you guys while I was passed out at home...

COLOFF: That was cool. You should have used it. We said lots of bad things, it would have been more interesting. Then again, maybe not...

STU: Yeah, well I don't think in the mayhem of budweiser and Jagermister that interview wouldn't be too good, a lot of shut-ups and drunken talk and some wierd drunk guy who talked a lot. It was a crazy party over there.

JILL: I hope to shit you didn't try to transcribe that. For some reason I sounded a lot like Zane (From "Romeo's Dead" who happened to be there during the interview). Everybody would think I was a glam rocker who "got all the pussy".

MRR: How did you like your trip to California?

STU: Fucking great! We played with awesome bands! The Snakecharmers, Hellbenders, The Lazy Cowgirls, Countdowns, Jack Saints, The Loudmouths and 3 Years Down! Ate a lot of Mexican food and drank a lot! Unfortunatly the van did break down in Long Beach costing us $500.

JED: But even that got fixed quickly so we didn't miss any shows.

JILL: California fuckin' ruled, but it made it devastating to go back to (hell) work. I had a blast with everybody. It's sometimes hard to hangout with everybody in bands that come up to play here because I live in Tacoma, have a dog and I'm always going home after the shows. That was fun about California because I could stay, shoot the shit and party.

COLOFF: I can't wait to go back next year. Maybe it won't be so smoggy in LA . We still have to do the stupid tourist stuff. The rest of the band has yet to really see some funney Hollywood Glitz and Glam. HA!

LaManna: It was a lot of fun. I'd never been there before. We played with so many great bands and playing at Al's bar with the Lazy Cowgirls was a personal thrill. Frisco was a blast, Amoeba records is AMAZING!! Thanks to everyone who put us up, and ut up with us!!

MRR: How was your first S.F. Burritto?

STU:Great, It was the first thing I ate the day after our SF show. After the show we drank Jager and Budweiser until 5:30 in the morning. Got up and ate a Burrito. I don't think my GI tract was ready for that....

LaManna: It was pretty kick-ass, although the person who made the burritto seemed pretty freaked out that I only wanted steak, rice and cheese in it.

MRR: Who COULDN'T you drink under the table?

JED: Anyone.

STU: Hmmmm, In The VK's I'd hafta say me and Jill can battle it out to the end. Maybe the guys in Lopez?

JILL: There are a lot of people who couldn't drink me under the table. I'm a stout maid. Stu is pretty much the "Champion", though. We have been known (on Stu's slow nights) to go neck and neck.

LaManna: Back in the glory days of '96-'98 I could keep a pace with the best of 'em. Since moving to Seattle my tolerance has dropped...Although it must be improving because I can't remember the last two shows we did.

COLOFF: I weigh 120 pounds so, I'm fucked.

MRR: What's your most embarassing drunk story?

STU: Oh man, which one? Ok, One night while still living in Olympia Brian LaManna and I drove to Seattle for a show. We got into town early and hit Shorty's to have some $1 Lucky Lagers and play some pinball. I drank about 8 of those and we headed to the show. I brought some budweisers with us and downed a few in the car. We got to the club in time for Happy Hour.....$2 drinks in 16oz plastic cups. I drank an amazing amount of Gin and Tonics. I ran out of money but they had an ATM, got more money out. By time the show had started I was completely bombed outta my mind. That night I was a huge asshole, Dave Crider and I almost got into a fight for some reason. I remember leaving early and throwing up in front of the club. Bob Kondrak, local scenester / photographer /troublemaker drove us to his place to sleep, no way in hell I could have made it to Oly. I passed out on his floor, in the middle of the night I couldn't get up to puke so I just threw up all over his floor, and almost bought it Bon Scott style. The next morning he kicked us out and I was throwing up while walking to the car . It was a bad scene.

LAMANNA: Well, there was this time when I chased some Vicoden with 14 whiskey sours (The inspiration for our song "On the Floor"), but I think the best was when Stu and I went to go see the Motards at Gibson's. I drank 9 double screwdrivers that were more likely triples...so you do the math! Stu picked me up and I kicked John Motard in the head. It was an accident - sorry John. Later I asked Suzanne Motard for a button and she wouldn't give me one, so I flipped her off. As I walked away she gave me a wedgie! After the show I really had to piss, but they wouldn't let me back inside so Stu pointed towards the Motards van. I was gonna use the open van door to shield me from the crowd leaving the show. I whip it out and am just about to relieve myself when John Motard says, "If you piss on our van I will KILL you!". Meanwhile, Suzanne is taking pictures.

JED: I got in a fist fight with my best friend over a bowl of top ramen. I felt bad cause i kicked that bitches ass!

COLOFF: Beeing caught on video by my friends getting kicked out of the Boardwalk in Santa Cruz. I was riding the water log thing. At the top of the ride overlooking the whole boardwalk was this cop. I couldn't resist .As the log ride went by him in the water I toataly soaked the cop by splashing him. I was yelling and screaming and laughing so hard I almost tipped us over. And as soon as we got to the bottom of the log drop. They yanked me out of the thing and escorted me out to the street. I As soon as we got across the street into the parking lot of our motel I started puking. That's when I realized my friends were still rolling tape!

> "Actually, I think the readers of MRR don't wanna hear about my on-going war with the bathrooms of America..."

JILL: I think my most embarrassing (but still exhilirating) drunk story was the night I met the Notorious Brodies (The pre- VK's band -Mike). I sort of remember punching Stu because I thought he was so amazing. And, their current drummer kept talking about the jazz he listened to. But later, I clamped a battery clamp to my breast and paraded around the bar. The guys tell me that was one of the reasons they thought I was destined to be a "Brody". The next day at work was a memorable hangover experience. For me, I think the question should be phrased the most embarassing hangover story. I've got several

MRR: So, what's with the rotation of the bass players? Is Jed the last in line?

STU: Hopefully. It seems were always teaching bass players old songs.

JED: until a bigger band with sexier band members asks me to play with them.

MRR: (Jill) So, are you're parents musical at all? I know you've got a semi famous brother....?

JILL: My dad was a virtuoso and my brother is a god...what does that make me (pretty fucking pathetic). Anyway, yes my parents are/were musical. My dad and my aunt were quite good at the ukelele. My mom didn't really do much, but she supplied an ample record collection that festered in my brain as a youth.

MRR: So, since you guys are from the North West, any good Bigfoot or TAD sightings?

STU: I've never seen Bigfoot, I have seen Tad.

JED: One time I was on the bus with this big fat guy and I thought it was tad but it was actually just a randum fat guy. He got off the bus and went to the comic book store.

COLOFF: Mr.Doyle lives right by my shop. He is rocking hard in HOG MOLLEY. It has been awhile since I have gone over to his apartment. He likes to watch UFC and wrestling shit , but hey- who doesn't?

MRR: When did the VK's start? I heard Stu chased all the Riot Grrls outta Olympia!

STU: The Valentine Killers started in August of 1998. We used to be The Notorious Brodies for about a year and a half before that. Brian Coloff left the band for awile and we always kinda hated our name, we came up with it while drunk. Brian came back and we moved up to Seattle (Except for Jill who lives in Tacoma, WA). So technically, the riot grrls chased me out of Olympia!

MRR: So, how did the Brodies/Notorious Brodies become the Valentine Killers?

STU: We got the name from Brian's roomate Laura. We were racking our brains trying to come up with a new name. She suggested "The Valentine Treatment". It was an old medical treatment in WW2 where they treated troops that had VD with this special glass tube. They would insert it into your cock and pull out all the infection and puss. We thought it was kinda gross to explain it all the time and the name sounded Emo. So we called it "The Valentine Killers" partialy in tribute to The Heartbreakers and their "St. Valentine's Day Massarce" photo.

MRR: What's the scene like in Seattle? The aftermath of the "grunge years"?

STU: Pretty cool, lots of great Punk and RocknRoll bands! Kick ass bands from Seattle.....The Spits, RC5, The Cuckoos, ZEKE, The Supersuckers, The Reckless Bastards, The Briefs, The Vaccines, Hai Karate and The Trots.

JILL: Dude, I don't live in Seattle; I live in Tacoma. There's a big difference. Tacoma's a little more trashy (to put it mildly) and there is absolutely no scene here, but I like it that way.

LA MANNA: The "Punk Rock 'N' Roll" scene in Seattle is great. Bands seem to break up frequently, but there's always a good amount of rockin' bands. Grunge was a media concoction used to sell Gap flannels and shitty bands like the Stone Temple Pilots.

MRR: Did y'all go see "Singles" when it came out?

COLOFF: Oh man, I'm in that movie, but I can't tell you where. I got paid $50.00.

STU: I didn't, But I'm IN the movie Kurt and Courtney, look for the big drunk guy giving the horned hands while ZEKE is playing!

JED: We usually drink a lot of coffee wait for our hair to grow long and shoot heroin.

MRR: Were you guys liked by the Olympia crowd?

STU: Hmmm, not really. It seems like our fans in Oly are 16 year old kids from Tumwater. Olympia has some cool bands like The Juvenille Deliquints who are teenage garage-punk band, and Inspector 23 is an amazing power pop band! Also, The Tight Bros are pretty fucking awesome!

"The next morning he kicked us out and I was throwing up while walking to the car. It was a bad scene."

JED: the Tight Bros can get away with it cause they have scenester cred. The thing that sucks is a lot of dumb emo kids think of the Tight Bros as almost like a joke band which they are totally not.

LA MANNA: Strange thing I noticed though: Kill Rock Stars just released a Drags' 7".

MRR: What's up with the 7" you guys got out now?

STU: Our single on Mortville records is almost sold out, but Toby is gonna re-press it.

MRR: Any new stuff on it's way?

STU: We have a new 7" split with The Loudmouths out on eMpTy records. Our debut LP/CD is finally out on Yeah, It's Rock Records. Were also on one of The Fist Full of RocknRoll comps put together by Sal from EF, and were gonna cover "Catholic Boy" for a Dead Boys Tribute comp put out by Reptilain Records in Baltimore.

MRR: Tell us about Mt. Rainier...is it truly a "mountain" of beer?

STU: Mt. Rainier is a huge fucking mountain that you can see all over Western Washington...If it's not raining. Its not made of beer, that is a myth...Miller Beer shutdown the Rainier Brewery in Seattle and moved it to Tumwater.

JED: I went on a field trip to Mt. Rainier in 6th grade. It sucked. It's hard to smoke when you're that high up.

MRR: How did you get hooked up with the Zeke tour? Any good stories?

STU: Donny Paycheck is a friend of Brian Coloff's. He saw us and liked us a lot. They wanted a band from Seattle to go out and play support across The U.S. They had RC5 go out for the first week and us the last three weeks. I'd have to say Missoula Rock City is the best place to play in the U.S.A, other cities that rocked were Baltimore, Champiagn IL, Madison, NYC, and Boston. Also The Zebra lounge in Butte, MT is a good place to have a drink at.

LAMANNA: We went to MT. Rushmore which was very disappointing...The Iowa City in-store show was so much fun and so damned hot!!!!...The Detriot show got cancelled as documented in the new song "Motor City Shutdown"...My family saw us in NYC, where my Dad gave us the highest compliment when he said, "I thought it was gonna suck, but it didn't...We crashed at Dave and Wendy 440's house in Philly. It was an old funeral parlor - swank joint! We met Stiv Bators' cousin in Youngstown, OH (actually he was passed out at the time, but everyone said it was S t iv's cousin)... Jim from The New Bomb Turks saw us in Columbus...We played a skate park in Minot, ND (where Blind Marky introduced the song "Let's Get Drugs" by telling the all ages crowd, "You don't need drugs to have a good time". It was very touching)...We partied til dawn in Missoula Rock City....Our old Oly drinking bud, Tim (ex-Benedictions) came to see us in Spokane.

COLOFF: (quotes a van conversation)"Hey you guys should see the capitol". No we have to go the opposite way. 20 minutes later, "hey isn't that the capitol?" SHIT!

MRR: How did you end up losing Meredith? (previous bass player who left right after the tour)?

JILL: The story of losing Meredith sucks. I wish she could've toured more, she was a blast to drive with. The boys would sit in the back and call us Beavis and Butthead as we tore down the highway singing Lita Ford karaoke style. She had a lot of fans and

really great stage presence. I really enjoyed being in a rhythm section with her. As far as tour goes, I personally had a great time in New York - it was probably the luckiest I got on tour because I got a kiss. (Yippy!) We had a pretty cool, drunken bonfire with sparklers in the rain in Iowa out in the middle of bumfuck and we slept in a chicken coop (remodeled, of course, but still very barn-like). Coney Island was awesome. Coloff, Meredith and I waded fully-clothed in the ocean. I pretty much stood there and giggled. We got a picture of some guy's package wrapped up in a little speedo with his gut hanging over the top. Quite exceptional...The other blessed thing about tour was getting to eat at Taco John's. I think Taco John kicks Taco Bell's ass in a barbed-wire ladder match. (Unfortunately, the rest of the band thinks I'm insane, thus, I eat alone.)

MRR: why has Stu been dubbed "Captain Blackout" ?

STU: uhh- hhh....I forget.

COLOFF: Start buying him Jim Beam and budweiser and you'll find out!

JILL: Stu's nickname, I believe formed itself early in Olympia, Washington where the gin and tonics are cheap and strong and the bars are plenty. He also made a name for himself with several of the Seattle scenesters because of arguments over whose finger was in whose drink and falling down in Taverns. Stu is a sight to behold when he is lit because he's no cheap date. It takes a lot to get him to the threshold.

MRR: I noticed when you guys were at my house BB-Qing, La Manna made some long "pit stops" in our bathroom during the night... so what's the deal with his ass?

STU: A steady diet of meat and cheese probaly helps that. You notice he ate 6 hot dogs?

JILL: As you are now aware, LaManna eats consistently meat and cheese; no mayonnaise, pickles, vegetables, etc. The only thing going in and out is meat and cheese (and the occasional whiskey sour). Stu was impressed on tour because we all got LaManna to eat at Subway (which Stu had been trying to do for about 3 years). I think maybe LaManna's logic was that everything in Subway is just a little too close to the green peppers or the lettuce and he didn't want to chance potential contamination.

LA MANNA: Actually, I think the readers of MRR don't wanna hear about my on-going war with the bathrooms of America because it involves the consumption of meat products and that would upset their vegan agenda.

JED: you know i was thinking that maybe there was something really wrong with his gastrolintestinal system but then one night in long beach while we were alone he confessed to me that he's just a chronic masturbator and the diarhea thing is like his cover-up.

MRR: How did the California tour go? I know a few of you had never been here, what did you think?

JED: S.F was a lot of fun the show was great but I thought LA was fucked with all the smog and the weird people. In California we saw 2 Budweiser breweries. That's 2 more than I've seen in Washington so I guess California ain't all bad.

LA MANNA: I will add that you (Mike) have an excellent video collection...I've never seen a room clear out as fast as it did when you played that shit-eating vid!

MRR: What the most amazing thing you're ever seen in your ENTIRE life?

STU: While driving thru Northern California we saw a huge fire at night! Looked like a small town was on fire o r that we were passing by HELL. That was kinda cool. New York City was also pretty amazing!

JED: That chick who plays the alien in that Bruce Willis movie the 5th element. I think it's the same girl in the joan of arc movie but I like her better with orange hair. That fifth element movie sux and so does sci-fi in general but I've seen that fucker about 10 times.

JILL: I used to work in a vet clinic and this guy brought in a box with a newborn mutant kitten in it. It had no fur and a huge lump on its head. Its claws and feet were malformed and you could see through its skin to all of its functioning organs. I feel like I'm gonna go to hell, but we had to put it to sleep and I asked to keep it. I had it in a jar in my living room for a while, but it bummed me out so I gave it to my roommate for his collections. It really was a pretty incredible thing to see.

LAMANNA: I broke my leg when I was 7. I was in the emergencey room and these nurses were holding me down. One of them went to get a better grip and I bolted upright and watched a doctor put a pin through my leg using a hand drill.

COLOFF: The sun keeps coming up every day ---- bringing on the nite.

MRR: You think you guys will be around for the long haul?

JED: No.

STU: I hope we'll be around for awile.

LAMANNA: I'd like to follow The Lazy Cowgirls lead and put ut great records for a long time.

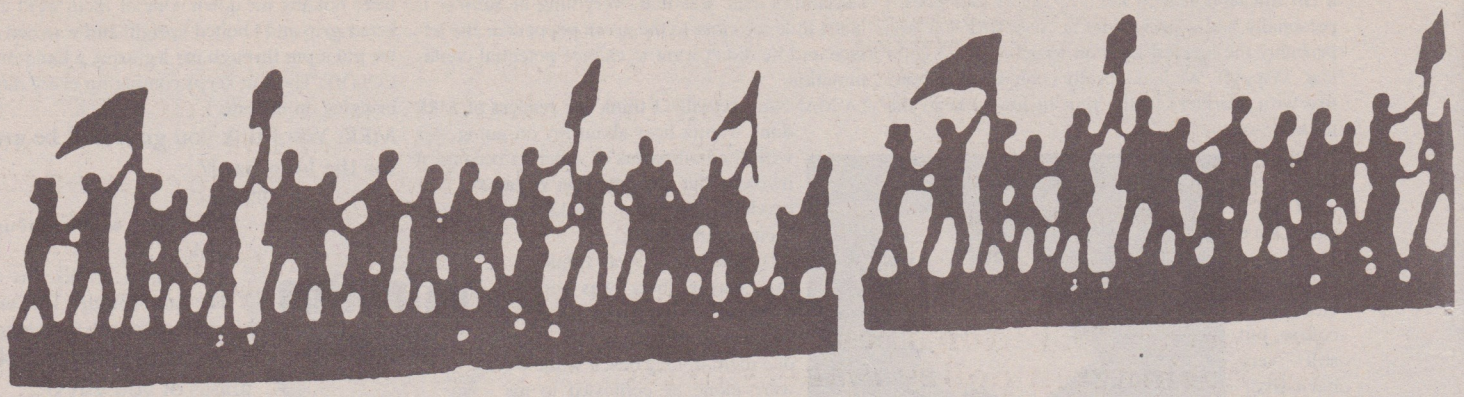
MRR: how can people get ahold of you guys?

The Valentine Killers
PMB 1373
1122 E. Pike St.
Seattle, WA 98122
http://members.aol.com/losbrodies

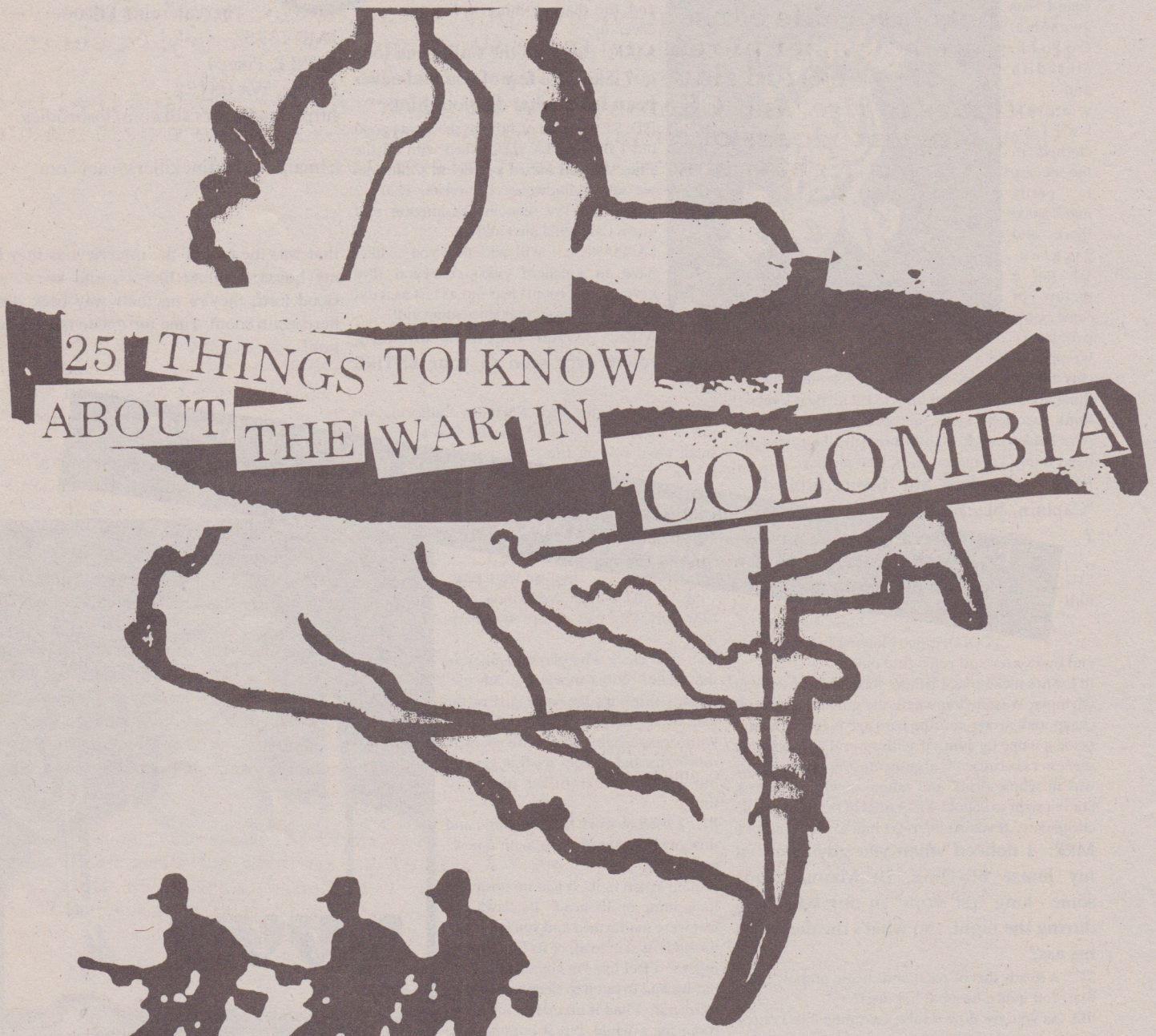
e-mail= valentinekillers@aol.com

that was the end of the interview as they left my house smelling like ass and beer... and Good lord, they're on their way back down here again soon! Time for me to take a vacation!

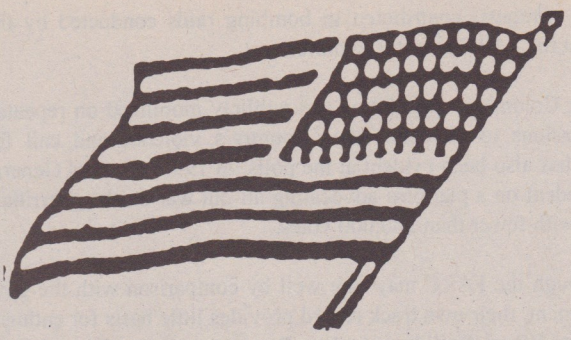
"Its claws and feet were malformed and you could see through its skin to all of its functioning organs."



25 THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT THE WAR IN COLOMBIA



By Lane Van Ham



On January 11, 2000, President Clinton announced a proposal in which the United States would provide Colombia with $1.3 billion dollars in aid over the next two years. Clinton suggested the package would "assist Colombia in vital counter-drug efforts aimed at keeping illegal drugs off our shores" and "help Colombia promote peace and prosperity and deepen its democracy." Clinton's remarks are consistent with the general practice for Washington policy makers to reduce Colombia to a simple morality play that provides a rationale for US involvement ("fighting drugs") and predicts favorable consequences ("peace and democracy"). However, there are a number of reasons to be skeptical of this story. In short, as US aid flows, the body count in Colombia continues to rise, and Clinton's new initiative only promises that new, more efficient means of lethality will be provided to the worst human rights abusers in the Western hemisphere.

1. Torn between government armed forces, guerrilla armies, and paramilitaries, the level of violence in Colombia is staggering. Political killings in the country run from 3,000-4,000 annually. (The total for 1998 was 3,832. As Alexander Cockburn notes, "this is about twice the death toll in Kosovo that prompted charges of Serbian genocide.") Of these, 70% are committed by right-wing paramilitaries and the armed forces. The Colombian government's human rights ombudsman office also monitors deaths from "massacres" defined as incidents in which three or more people are killed. This number has risen with the increase in US aid in recent years: in 1997 the death toll from massacres was 1,042, in 1998 the massacre total was 1,336, and in 1999 it was 1,863. The government ombudsman attributed the massacres in 1999 as follows: Paramilitaries 38%, Guerrilla organizations 17%, government security forces 2%, unidentified groups 9%, others 37%.

2. US officials stress that military aid is intended for the war on drugs. However, there are precedents for such aid being applied to other ends. The organization Human Rights Watch found that in 1992-3, the US provided aid to armed forces units responsible for some of the nation's worst human rights violations, and that a good amount of the assistance went to units operating outside of the regions most relevant to drug trafficking. In 1994, Amnesty International identified 14 battalions as having engaged in human rights abuses; of these, 13 had received either weapons or training from the United States.

3. For a revealing picture of the relationships at work, consider two areas in which Colombia is the hemispheric leader: its human rights record is arguably the worst, and (since 1989) it receives the greatest amount of US security aid. (Worldwide, Colombia is the third-largest recipient of US aid, trailing only strategic Middle East bulwarks Egypt and Israel.)

4. There are two primary guerrilla armies operating in Colombia: the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) and National Liberation Army (ELN). All combined, guerrillas control approximately 40% of the country, meaning that in those areas, the guerrillas are the political authority—taxing commerce, repairing roads, and punishing lawbreakers. In 1997, a report by members of then-President Samper's cabinet assessed that the rebels were winning the war and that the only hope of bringing it to an end would be through negotiations.

5. The US has attempted to blur the line between the drug trade and Colombia's civil war by painting the leading guerilla armies (particularly the FARC) as drug traffickers. While the FARC does in fact control large areas of the country used for coca cultivation, defends farmers who grow the crop, and collect a tax on its sale, even the US Drug Enforcement Agency has conceded that the group is not involved in international trafficking.

6. Since Colombia has no army units devoted exclusively to fighting drugs, US "anti-narcotics" training is easily transferred to other ends—and the US knows it. Training includes basic skills such as marksmanship and jungle maneuvers, and Defense Department sources say that "graduation" from such courses often consists of an attack on guerrillas planned by trainers and carried out by students.

7. It should come as no surprise that Clinton's drug czar, Barry McCaffrey, is among the most ardent proponents of throwing fuel on the fire through US military aid. McCaffrey is a former General and before becoming drug czar served as head of the Southern Command, which directs US army activities in the Western hemisphere south of Mexico.

8. By now, one hopes it is possible to dismiss outright the insincerity of suggestions from US officials that their concern over the FARC and ELN has to do with the drugs. The rebels are demonized alternately as "narcoguerrillas" or "narcoterrorists," but the US has demonstrated time and again that it has no qualms about aiding drug lords and drug dependent armies all

over the world when it suits their purposes. This was true of anti-Communist armies in Southeast Asia in the 1960s and 70s, the mujahedin in Afghanistan, the Contras in Nicaragua in the 1980s, and most recently the Kosovo Liberation Army in the former Yugoslavia.

9. Cynical manipulation of drug enforcement issues has a long history, though in the case of Colombia it may be sufficient to start in the 1980s, when Pentagon officials were dismayed to find stiff public resistance to the vicious foreign policy of the Reagan Administration. Confronted by domestic opposition to brutality-as-usual, planners were forced to devise new, innovate strategies to perpetuate US dominance. As

Public statements by FARC officials suggest they have no inherent stake in coca cultivation and defend growers simply because the crop is a realistic way for peasants to earn a livelihood.

Special Forces Colonel John Waghelstein wrote in 1987, "the United States is faced with one aspect of insurgency in Latin America that offers the greatest threat but one which may yet provide the US with a weapon with which to regain the moral high ground we have appeared to have lost. There is an alliance between some drug traffickers and some insurgents...A melding in the American public's mind and in Congress of this connection would lead to the necessary support to counter the guerrilla/narcotics terrorists in this hemisphere...Those church and academic groups that have slavishly supported insurgency in Latin America would find themselves on the wrong side of the moral issue."

10. Even if the FARC were the cocaine kingpins of Pentagon pipe dreams, it is patently absurd to think that their elimination would do anything to halt the traffic of drugs into the United States. In the 1980s, drug enforcement operations in Colombia focused on Medellin and Cali cartels, whose operations were centralized and expansive. But the end of the big cartels only opened up the market to smaller-scale entrepreneurs, whose activities are even more difficult to monitor because they are so numerous .

11. Public statements by FARC officials suggest they have no inherent stake in coca cultivation and defend growers simply because the crop is a realistic way for peasants to earn a livelihood. (Indeed, as Noam Chomsky has pointed out, by growing coca, Colombian farmers are merely obeying the "comparative advantage" rhetoric of free market economic "rationalism," in which each nation produces for export what it is uniquely qualified to do.) The FARC have indicated that they are willing to help reduce rural dependence on the crop, provided the government can develop a credible crop-substitution program. Some such programs are already underway, even in guerrilla territory, and United Nations officials report that the FARC has been very cooperative with those plans sponsored by the UN.

12. US involvement in Colombia is extensive and on the rise. The US has a continuous military presence in the country: official embassy figures say the number of those passing through the country is anywhere from 130 to 250 on a given day. Others are stationed in the country permanently, conducting training for security forces and operating US radars. In March, 1999, the US expanded its collaboration with Colombian military intelligence; this assistance (which includes satellite images and wiretaps) contributed to bombing raids conducted by the army against the FARC over the summer.

13. The Colombian population has publicly mobilized on repeated occasions to denounce their country's violence and call for peace. This has also been evident at the polls: in 1998, a retired General ran for President on a platform advocating all-out war on the guerrillas; he finished with fewer than 200,000 votes.

14. Though the FARC may fare well by comparison with the government, their own track record provides little basis for enthusiastic support. When President Andres Pastrana unilaterally withdrew government forces from a contested territory for the purposes of holding peace talks, the FARC took the opportunity to launch their own campaign of kidnappings and forced recruitment.

15. Whether a result of combat or unilateral assaults by any armed party, the violence is taking a toll on the general population. A 1998 report from Human Rights Watch notes "War is not fought primarily between armed and uniformed combatants on battlefields, but against the civilian population in their homes, farms and towns." Estimates of the number of internal refugees in the country approach two million. While such large scale displacement reflects a people subject to violence from all sides, it tends to work out well for rural landowners, who move in to buy abandoned plots at discount rates.

16. While some public attention has been drawn to Colombia's "official" war (against the guerrillas)' this has obscured the reality of the more secretive war carried out against civilians. Just as in El Salvador and elsewhere, these waves of terror are conducted with an appreciable level of assistance from the United States and boast a liberal definition of "subversives" to be targeted (human rights workers, journalists, labor leaders, etc.). Consider, for instance, the fate of The Patriotic Union, a left-opposition political party formed in the 1980s that was decimated by death squad activity that killed over 4,000 of its members. The high profile of some victims appears not to be a significant deterrent: in April of 1998, death squads killed one of the country's most famous human rights lawyers in his office (among his clients were leaders of the national oil workers' union).

17. McCaffrey condemns the guerrillas as "narco-corrupted cadres." Southern Command General Charles Wilhelm expresses his fear of a "narco-guerrilla state." What generally goes ignored in such rhetoric is that the paramilitaries assigned to do the Colombian army's dirty work are also persistently associated with drug money, arguably more so than the rebels themselves. Even Time admits that "much of the north is...ruled by right-wing paramilitary groups that are notorious drug traffickers." In fact, the emergence of the paramilitaries as a force in Colombian society is strongly correlated to the country's drug economy: cocaine profits in the 1980s created a ''narco-bourgoisie, " which then invested in rural landholdings. Originally created as private armies to defend cattle ranches, the paramilitaries became the arm of shared interests among drug lords, wealthy elites, and the military. While the military is unable to control the paramilitaries, they continue to use them based on shared political interests. Paramilitary leader Carlos Castano is blunt in his explanation of strategy: "It is very difficult for the (paramilitaries) to distinguish a guerrilla member from one who is not. This is why massacres of suspects is an efficient way to admonish the population to sever its ties of support to the guerrilla."

18. For an example of how the Colombian armed forces use the paramilitaries, consider the 1997 massacre in the small town of Mapiripan. From July 15 to 20, the paramilitary troops from the United Self-Defense Units of Colombia occupied the town, making use of a community airfield guarded by security forces whose barracks also provide housing for US advisors and pilots who participate in drug fumiga-

tion. In the course of the occupation, the paramilitaries tortured and killed approximately 30 town residents. Witnesses who fled the area reported scenes of staggering brutality: body parts were cut off of live victims and chainsaws were used in decapitations. From the time of the paramilitaries' arrival, Mapiripan's municipal Judge made repeated requests for the government to send help. None arrived until the 20th.

19. The Mapiripan story was replicated on a smaller scale later that year, when paramilitaries occupied Miraflores from October 18 to 20. Though Miraflores boasts a significant military and police presence, nothing was done to stop the paramilitary action, which included killing six residents accused of being guerrilla supporters. The killers were reported to have spent the morning of their arrival on a joint military/police base; a private airplane summoned by the army facilitated their departure.

20. Think the 1997 incidents at Mapiripan and Miraflores isolated? Or that preventative measures were taken by authorities? Think again. In May of the following year, paramilitary troops arrived in the town of Barranca, where they killed 10 and kidnapped 25. The city is surrounded by military checkpoints, though these seemed to have no effect on the paramilitaries, who arrived and left in a caravan of trucks. On June 4, the paramilitaries involved in the action announced that they had conducted a mock trial of the 25 kidnapped civilians and found them guilty of sympathizing with the guerrillas. They were summarily executed and their bodies burned.

21. Human Rights Watch associate Robin Kirk comments that military participation in such killings "is not the case of rogue officers out of control. It's a practice that, at the very least, is tolerated at the highest levels." On February 23, 2000, Human Rights Watch issued a new report on Colombia that documented extensive links between the armed forces and paramilitary death squads. According to the report, investigators within the Colombian government itself have found "compelling evidence that army officers set up a 'paramilitary' group using active-duty, retired and reserve-duty military officers along with hired paramilitaries who effectively operated alongside army soldiers and in collaboration with them. "

22. Though formally a democracy, Colombia's actual political power is tilted in favor of a military that operates with near impunity and ignores Presidential directives to disarm the paramilitaries. As was the case in E1 Salvador during the '80s, Colombia occasionally witnesses the high-profile trial of somebody accused of committing human rights violations. But such shows are far from the norm; according to the Colombia Support Network, 97% of politically-motivated murders in the country go unpunished. It is easy to see why guerrilla organizations would be skeptical of President Pastrana's authority to negotiate a peace.

23. Matters are not eased by the Colombian economy, which is in a recession worse than anything the country has seen since the 1930s. In 1999, urban unemployment ran at about 20% (nationwide the figure is likely much higher) and gross domestic product, originally predicted to hold steady, actually declined. Debt to foreign creditors is $17 billion, and last year, for the first time ever, Colombia accepted a loan from the International Monetary Fund (IMF). The loan, worth $3 billion, is conditional on implementation of "neoliberal" policies similar to those imposed in other Latin American countries: reduction of government spending on social programs and the adoption of increasingly regressive tax system—all of which, to be sure, works against the viability of alternative crop development.

24. A US Special Forces captain involved in training the Colombian military told the British press last fall that Colombian soldiers "have the stomach for this war. My question is: will we in the United States and you folks in Europe give them the wherewithall to fight it? You know in the States we always have been given that 'no-lose' mentality. That's what these soldiers have to have. We want them to be itching to go to war—and to advance with maximum violence, that's the US warrior's code."

25. Like prison construction in the war on drugs at home, Colombia has turned into a bidding war between Democrats and Republicans as each side attempts to outdo the other in its support for hard-line solutions. For instance, the most massive aid hike to Colombia happened in 1998 when Congressional Republicans took the aid package for that year ($88.6 million) and more than tripled it (to $289 million). The Clinton plan of this year, in turn, went beyond a competing proposal from the GOP, which spaced out $1.635 billion over three years. When Clinton's proposal reached the Republican-controlled House of Representatives, the House approved the bill, but not before tacking on an additional $4 billion in military aid, making a total of $1.7 billion. Amnesty International representative Carlos Salinas denounced the aid package upon Clinton's original announcement, saying, "As long as Colombian paramilitary groups allied with the Colombian Army continue to commit massacres and other serious human rights violations, US military aid to Colombia is tantamount to underwriting the Colombian 'dirty war.'"

War is not fought between armed and uniformed combatants on battlefields, but against the civilian population in their homes, farms and towns. Estimates of the number of internal refugees in the country approach two million.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

1. There are new developments in Colombia's war and the involvement of the United States on an almost daily basis. Probably the best source for current information here, as well as other parts of the hemisphere, is the Weekly News Update on the Americas, which will send a 4-issue trial subscription upon request: Weekly News Update on the Americas / 339 Lafayette St / New York, NY 10012, e-mail: <wnu@igc.org>.

2. For less frequent, but more in-depth information, contact the Colombia Bulletin / PO Box 577875 / Chicago, IL 60657, e-mail: <chrc@juno.com>.

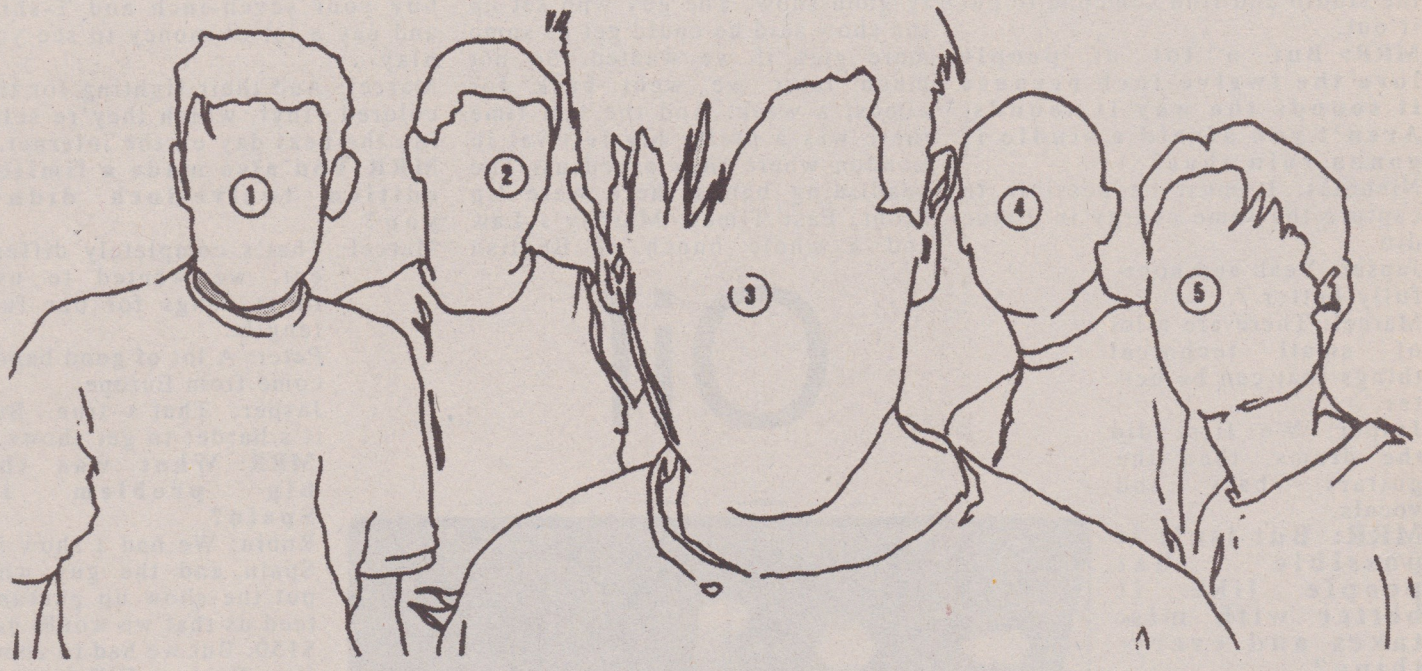
3. Colombia: The Genocidal Democracy, by Javier Giraldo, S.J. (Common Courage Press) is a short and highly readable background on the country's recent history and political landscape.

4. Finally, the group doing the best educational and activist work on Colombia is the Colombia Support Network / PO Box 1505 / Madison, WI 53701-1505, e-mail <csn@igc.org>. Check out their website at <www.igc.org/csn>

5. References for this article are available upon request from <lanev @ u. arizona. edu>.

You started out as a dumb straight edge band didn't you?

Oil



***MRR:* Why is straight-edge the punk of the new millennium?**
All: Hahaha!
MRR: Don't you want to talk about it?
Marcel: Oh yeah, but we have to think about it.
Jasper: Hmmm?
Marcel: Can somebody come up with a good story to get away with this?
Nicholas: Robin...
Robin: I made Oil shirts: 'More straight-edge than all you whiny babies together.'
Jasper: So that's the reason: Robin made a straight edge T-shirt. No seriously, it's the punk of the new millennium because... nobody is straight edge anymore.
Robin: That's something only nerds would come up with. (laughter)
Jasper: Why are you asking this stupid question?
MRR: You started out as a dumb straight edge band didn't you?
Robin: Hey not me!
Marcel: Me neither!
Nicholas: We never were a straight edge band. Our drummer drank a lot.
Jasper: He didn't smoke.
MRR: The song 'Smoke and choke' gave you a lot of publicity didn't it?
Marcel: What do you think of the song about people who collect colored vinyl?. And most important a song about people who listen to metal.
MRR: Do you still come up with those kind of lyrics?
Jasper: Let me answer this question. He can still write those lyrics... that's very easy. (laughter) But it doesn't interest us that much now.
Marcel: We grew up you know.
MRR: Why did you start a band in the first place?
Nicholas: It's so long ago.
Jasper: Our old drummer Pieter called me and asked me if I could play guitar.
Nicholas: Do you want to know the real story?
Jasper: Yeah Nicholas, tell the REAL story for a change.
Nicholas: Back than I had a small label. And I told Pieter I wanted to release a youth crew band. (laughter) I saw a hole in the market. I thought: "That's something I can make some money with." He said: "No problem. Do you want to sing?" I told him 'no'.
MRR: But he was the only one who wasn't straight, right?
Nicholas: That was the whole idea. He got Jasper to play guitar, Peter to play bass and I ended up singing. That's when the misery started.
MRR: But the first seven-inch came out on Commitment Records and they only release straight-edge bands don't they?
Nicholas: He made an exception for us.
Jasper: We were his first band and we were immediately an exception. (laugter) Then the drummer left to study in England. So Marcel came.
Robin: After that I came.
Marcel: Just because I didn't have to be in the train to practice on my own.
Jasper: We were playing a lot and started writing new songs.
Marcel: We played a whole lot. At least once a week.
Jasper: We wanted to bring out another record, but before that we made a tape in our practice space with

Oil

four of our songs. And then Little People Records wanted to release that tape. We didn't really want to put it out, because we wanted to use those songs for an album. So we decided to make threehundred one sided twelve-inches with nice full color artwork.

Nicholas: We are ready to record an album. We only have to book the studio and find someone to put it out.

MRR: But a lot of people love the twelve-inch because it sounds the way it sounds. Aren't you afraid a studio is gonna ruin that?

Nicholas: It must be possible to capture the same energy in a studio.

Japser: Yeah and hopefully better.

Marcel: There are a lot of small technical things that can be better.

Jasper: We first did the drums, then the guitars, bass and vocals.

MRR: But isn't it possible that people like it better with mistakes and everything?

Nicholas: Yeah but you can have a good production and still sound raw.

Marcel: What we want from the production is that it 'riekt-narbier' (old-dutch for: 'smells-like-beer').

MRR: Was it easy to get shows in the beginning?

Nicholas: When somebody called and said: "Do you want to play?" We said: "Yes."

Marcel: That whole youth crew thing got super big around that time.

Nicholas: There weren't so many bands around who did the same kind of thing.

Marcel: At least we were one of the first to put out something. That was our advantage.

Nicholas: We were there at the perfect moment.

MRR: How many seven inches did you sell?

Nicholas: About 1500.

MRR: How were you doing outside Holland?

Robin: We've been to England three times.

Marcel: We had these big plans to tour Europe for weeks in the summer holidays. But that didn't work out.

Nicholas: Everything got cancelled two weeks before we wanted to leave. One by one.

Marcel: We ended up having two shows. One in Germany and one in London. So we went to London for a couple of days. And we had a pretty good show. The guy who set up the show said he could get us some more gigs if we wanted. So not much later we went back for almost a week. And the last time there was a pretty big festival in London where they asked us. The headlining bands there were Up Front, Fast Times, Murphy's Law and a whole bunch of English bands. We still wanted to go through Europe but we're all still in school or have jobs. So we played as many country's as possible in one week.

Peter: We drove 8000 kilometers in eight days.

Marcel: We drove 8000 kilometers for six shows. Austria, Italy, Spain, France. We were surprised that a lot of people knew the seven-inch. And everywhere we played with the local youth crew bands.

MRR: Do you think it's harder for a European band to tour Europe than for an American band?

Nicholas: Yes, definitely. You can play everywhere if you're from the US. Europe is America horny.

Robin: Take a band as Good Clean Fun; they played more covers than they had songs of their own.

Nicholas: It's cool for them, but on the other hand it's ridiculous.

Jasper: America is the magic word. Those youth crew bands laugh their asses off. They start a band and suddenly there are all these German people who want to buy your seven-inch and T-shirt and pay a lot of money to see you play.

Marcel: And their fighting for the colored vinyl, which they're selling the next day on the internet.

MRR:You also made a limited edition twelve-inch didn't you?

Marcel: That's completely different, we wanted to use those songs for our full length.

Peter: A lot of good bands come from Europe.

Jasper: That's true. But it's harder to get shows.

MRR: What was the big problem in Spain?

Robin: We had a show in Spain and the guy who put the show up guaranteed us that we would get $150. But we had to come from Rome to Bilbao to do that show.

Marcel: You forget to tell something. We made this whole calculation so that we didn't lose too much money. The fuel and toll is very expensive in Europe. So we tried to get some kind of a guarantee.

Robin: So the guy promised us that amount of money. And that was the reason we drove from Rome to Bilbao. That was a two-day drive. So we never would have done it if the guy told us he couldn't pay us. It was just too far away from everything and we would have lost too much money. We came there, the guy who booked the show didn't come, and some other guy showed up. There were no flyers, he didn't use our posters. In the end there were fifteen paying visitors.

Nicholas: The funny thing was that our roadie asked for a Coke and the guy behind the bar shook his head and said "just say no" and walked of to get cocaine. So our friend was like: "No, no, I don't think you understand."

Marcel: Anyway we had to sleep in the club. And the guy wanted to

give us $40. And we said 'no way', we're not leaving here before we got some more money. In the end he had to go to the tellermachine. He got us $50 more and he was almost crying. We felt really sorry, he was with is girlfriend and his friends. So of course that's difficult. In the end we gave him a T-shirt and everything. But now there are people here in Holland who heard half the story and give us shit for that.
Robin: If you tried everything to make it work. OK. But he didn't do anything! So don't book shows if you can't.
Marcel: The girl who booked the show in Austria for instance she told us that she wanted to do it but that there wasn't much money. OK, we knew what to expect and it turned out fine.
Robin: Now everybody is giving us shit for asking money.
Marcel: The gossip is that we play shows for no less than $300.
Jasper: And the people who talk all that bullshit are the same people who wear a T-shirts for a band like Floorpunch. Do you know what they get for a show in Europe? More than $1000. I don't blame them but those kids have no problem with that. And than there is a band from your own country, they can't ask for money.
Marcel: Once we had $300 for a show and that was when we were opening up for Skarhead. And they we're really nice by the way. Well, they were nice to us. The next day they beat the shit out of guy. (laughter)
Robin: That was also our fault wasn't it? (laughter)
Marcel: But all those other times it cost us money to play, because people were so enthusiastic. We did that so many fucking times. I get really angry when people are giving us shit for asking too much money. We're not assholes.
Robin: And we always want to play.
Marcel: The big problem is. That there are still a lot of people who don't know what it costs to play in a band. Nobody in this band ever made money with music. Not even off the seven-inch. There is a change I'm gonna make a little bit with my project band The Oath.

What's that?

Marcel: It's a project with Jeroen from Mainstrike, Nate from Monster X, Marc from Charles Bronson and me. Nate and Marc were here for a holiday and we recorded a seven-inch, which will be out soon on Coalition Records.

MRR: Do you consider yourself a youth crew band?

Marcel: That's difficult, a lot of people ask us that question.
Nicholas: A lot of people think we are, but we really aren't.

MRR: Why not?

Nicholas: We happen to be straight but we don't really care about it.
Peter: I must say on stage we wanted to be THE youth crew band of Holland. Especially in the beginning. We had masks on and wore the X's.
Robin: That was kind of a joke wasn't it?
Peter: Of course we only did it to exaggerate.
Marcel: And to provoke.
Nicholas: Especially the lyrics were one big joke. You can't take a song like 'Choke or Smoke' too serious.

MRR: What happened with all that?

Marcel: I think we developed as a band. Our musical taste changed, you get more control over your instruments... we wanted to do something different.
Jasper: We just didn't feel like it anymore. When we started there weren't really that many bands that did what we did.
Peter: That's bullshit there were a lot of bands that did it
Robin: No way man, we discovered it. (laughter)
Peter: Yeah sure. And why did we get all the shows? Just because we drove everywhere and never asked for anything.

MRR: Isn't that what every band does?

Peter: I think so. But there must be the opportunity.
Nicholas: We did it because we had the equipment and Peter has is own van.
Marcel: Let's get back the subject. Why did we change?
Nicholas: You can't play the same thing for years.
Peter: We think more about how we write a song.
Nicholas: And another thing is we were really supposed to break up after that seven inch. Because Pieter quit.

MRR: How would you describe your music now?

Marcel: I think you can still hear the hardcore background, it's not a complete different band.
Nicholas: A lot of people think that we became soft.
Robin: Yeah, people came up to me and said: "I heard you sound like the Get Up Kids now."
Nicholas: People in this scene think that you're emo if you're not youth crew.
Jasper: Someone told me literally that somebody said to his friend; "Here's the Dutch Promise Ring." That must have been a big shock for him.
Robin: It's still hardcore.
Jasper: It's not spacerock or something.
Marcel: No glamrock, no stonerrock.
Jasper: No that's what it's gonna become. (laughter)
Robin: What are we talking about. It's loud! It's not metal, but it's still loud.
Marcel: It also has soul. I mean Guns 'n Roses makes loud music.
Jasper: Hmmm, noooo (laughter)
Robin: We're going for the soul. At least I am. Or we're gonna be like all those old Boston bands and become metal.

MRR: Were you wearing the black shirts since day one?

Nicholas: No that came much later.
Marcel: Wait, wait.... Let's give the pc answer that we don't want a barrier between the band and the audience.
Robin: Like The Make-Up we're doing it for the people. (Laughter)
Nicholas: We don't stand there as five people but as one band who make the music.

MRR: Are you serious now?

Nicholas: Yeah, completely.
Marcel: And besides that it looks cool. We are cute guys and we're not ashamed of it. Or shall we make up a story about the Hitlerjugend? (laughter)
Jasper: The show aspect is a little underrated in punk.
Robin: The people are paying to see you, so you have to give them something. (laughter)
Marcel: And that's why we need the money for the shows; what do you think it costs to bring our shirts to the dry cleaner after every time we played.

Do you have anything to ad Peter?

Peter: No.
Interview: Niels P

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MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Fear of a Black Marker • Keith Knight
128 pages • $11.95
Manic D Press • P.O. Box 410804 • San Francisco, CA • 94141

There are certain books that I don't even have to read in order to write a decent review. In most cases, the whole point of the review itself falls into the category of "cheap scam that allows me to avoid coughing up my own hard-earned money for books I want to own." Keith Knight's latest collection of cartoons, *Fear of a Black Marker*, falls into just such a category. I've been reading Knight's comic strip *The K Chronicles* for years, and have yet to see its quality flag; Knight has always managed to keep his humor above a minimum watermark, and even at his weakest he's well worth reading.

One of the greatest virtues of *The K Chronicles* is that it actually manages to do something worthwhile and original within the format of the autobiographical comic. Ever since the work of people like Harvey Pekar and Art Spiegelman started getting real attention in the eighties, autobiography has been the favorite refuge of anyone with a pencil and a story to tell. The genre has disintegrated to such an extent that it's mainly comprised of angst-ridden sensitive artist types who feel that the rest of the world needs to hear about their masturbation habits.

Knight's work, on the other hand, is based on an absurdist kind of gallows humor. Knight's strips range from the silly (as when he tells the story of his stoner friend Gunther waking up in a bathtub of ice with both butt cheeks removed) to social commentary. One of the latter type shows nationwide police brutality as "The Broadway Smash!!! GRAVESTONES & NIGHTSTICKS".

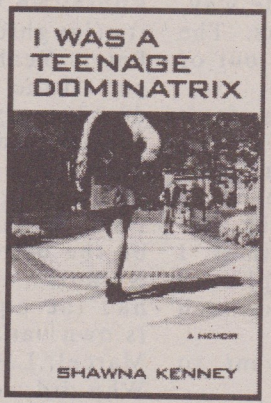
According to Knight, "GRAVESTONES & NIGHTSTICKS" is one of those events that are very popular with many white Americans and few others... Kinda like slavery and a John Tesh concert." Like the best humor, it combines comedy and tragedy in a way that makes the issue more real. Dealing with the realities of racism in an intelligent manner has always been one of Knight's great strengths as a cartoonist, and it's remarkable that he can use such limited space to take issues like these beyond the bumper-sticker politics that make up so much political discourse.

Most of Knight's strips, though, fall between the two extremes mentioned above, dealing with the everyday absurdity of living in San Francisco, trying to make it in two artistic careers at once (Knight is also a member of the San Francisco rap group The Marginal Prophets). Most of the comic exaggerations are easy to spot, as when he finds a head in Gunther's toilet, but sometimes exaggeration just isn't needed to come up with a weird strip, especially in San Francisco. I doubt that Gunther really exists as an actual person—most people wouldn't put up with their friends drawing them as such lame-ass, useless beings—but I've known enough stoned slackers like Gunther that he seems credible to me. I can easily imagine that Gunther as a composite that Knight uses to reveal his friends' greatest stupidities.

It's been said that "Writing about art is like dancing about architecture," and that's really the difficult part of reviewing *Fear of a Black Marker*. Knight's art is incredibly funny, because he portrays the basic hysteria of himself and the other characters so well. Flipping through the book, I kept breaking into helpless giggles that got louder with every page (especially embarassing when you consider that I read a good two-thirds of it standing in various bookstores in San Francisco). But a lot of the humor just doesn't translate well without the art. People in *The K Chronicles* never display emotion in a half-assed manner; eyes explode into wide, saucer-like things, shoving the eyebrows into orbit at the very least provocation. The bodies look like they were modeled on Stretch Armstrong or one of those other rubber action figures you twisted into impossible shapes as a kid. What makes all this anatomical extremity so effective is that it contrasts so sharply with the matter-of-fact voice that Knight uses to narrate his comics. Knight is a master of verbal understatement and visual overstatement, and the constant trips from one extreme to the other are at the heart of the strips' success.

In short, back off buying whatever *Sandman* spin-off or pornographic manga collection has caught your fancy lately and spend your bucks on *Fear of a Black Marker*. While you're at it, pick up Knight's first collection, *Dances With Sheep*, as well.
—Chris Hall

I Was a Teenage Dominatrix • Shawna Kenney
120 pages • $14.95
Retro Systems • PO Box 69491 • Los Angeles, CA • 90069



If you're kinky, you won't be able to resist this book. And if you're not, you'll be tempted to read it anyway, for the same reason Jerry Springer tempts you into watching his show every day. Even if you're not in the slightest bit kinky, you'll be tempted. How could you not? Put a picture of jailbait in a miniskirt with handcuffs attached to her backpack on the cover of a book titled *I Was a Teenage Dominatrix*, and you've got a great li'l package that begs to be picked up, taken home and devoured in one sitting. And it will be. It's a fast read, quick-paced and quick-witted, with just enough detail to make some smile and others wince. But like the proverbial afternoon quickie, it's a little bit too brief, a little bit too shallow, and leaves you feeling a little bit unsatisfied.

I Was a Teenage Dominatrix is a "tell-all"-style memoir of Shawna Kenney, college student by day—professional dominatrix by night. It's fun to read, but presents only a superficial picture of BDSM. Missing is any description or sense of the important psychological, emotional, and/or erotic factors underlying BDSM, for both doms and subs. It's basically the tale of a young opportunist who got into domination-for-hire as a pragmatic means to make money to get through college. Completely ignorant to the world of BDSM, Kenney had no training, no connection to the SM community,

no empathy for her clients, and really, no desire to do the work at all. She was in it just for the bucks.

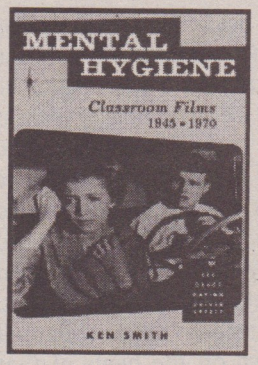
Kenney spares no detail in relating her adventures as Mistress Alexis—apparently she assumes that the reader is familiar, or at least semi-comfortable, with sex work and the idea of consensual domination and submission. At the same time, you never get the impression that Kenney herself is comfortable with the idea. She distances herself from other sex workers, stating that the work she does is about power, education, ritual—therapy even—almost anything but sex. While she does not have what she considers to be "sex" with her clients, there's no doubt that most of her clients saw their sessions as erotic experiences. But having sex would make her a prostitute, and unlike professional domination, prostitution is bad. "I never touched any of them. Never allowed them to kiss my ass or be smothered by my breasts for body worship. Never even spanked them bare-handed. I wore surgical gloves for every session. I just couldn't stand the thought of a stranger, someone I didn't love, touching me, but Miranda approved because she knew we couldn't get her busted for prostitution."

Kenney also makes it quite clear that she chose sex work not by choice, but out of necessity. "School costs money, and freedom has its price. I decided I had to create my own 'financial aid', and one day, while flipping through the sleazy ads in the weekly city paper, I wondered if I could ever—gulp—be an exotic dancer." Even choosing to become a dominatrix (as opposed to—gulp—an exotic dancer) wasn't a conscious choice, but an idea she accidentally stumbled upon while playing dress-up for Halloween. "I hadn't decided what to wear for the Halloween party we were all going to that night, so I thought maybe I'd dress as a dominatrix. It sounded so sexy and mysterious. I was a hit! For the first time in my life I was not a tomboy or somebody's buddy or worrying about my weight or bills or anything. I was drunk on power and sex appeal. I started thinking that maybe girls were not wimps. And maybe all men didn't like them that way. I started thinking maybe I could do this."

Regardless of how she may have felt about working in the sex industry, she does acknowledge that she emerged not only emotionally sound, but richer both financially and through experience gained. She gained self-confidence, self-respect and the knowledge that she has what it takes to make it in this world. "Now I know the power of being a woman... I'm lucky because I got to experience what I've always felt every woman deserves - love, adoration, worship, confidence, respect."

But *I Was a Teenage Dominatrix* should not be seen as a definitive guide inside the world of BDSM. Professional dominants are only one aspect of the scene. For those unacquainted with world of BDSM and/or sex work, take this as simply one woman's personal exploration into the world of professional domination. It's not quite the norm, but it's not atypical either. And it does supply all the sensational aspects and titillating tidbits that tend to get missed in the more theoretical or "how-to" books on BDSM/kink. Kenney did a reasonable job of describing the types of scenes many professional dominants do, the range of clients she saw, and their many fetishes, while never letting us forget that although there are many different reasons women choose to become professional dominatrices, the main motivation for this particular one was purely monetary.
—Catherine Cook

Mental Hygiene: Classroom Films 1945 - 1970 • Ken Smith
240 pages • $24.95
Blast Books • PO Box 51 • Cooper Station • New York, NY • 10276-0051



Ken Smith's got problems. The idea of doing an article overviewing the history of those cheesy films your parents had to watch in school about sex, safe driving and personal hygiene is ironic and worth a laugh. The idea of writing a two hundred page book on them that includes reviews of over three hundred of these films is borderline scary. I imagine Ken sitting in the darkened screening room of a Midwestern university, sniggering to himself about finally finding a copy of that long lost treasure of teenage education films, *Why Punctuate*, and I feel, well, disturbed.

If you are at all interested in the history of propaganda in recent American education, this book will quell your thirst. It is not, as I originally feared, a dismissive, ironic, oh-look-aren't-we-so-hip early-twentyfirst-century laugh fest. It is an often quite serious examination of the role these films played in the education of generations of American students. The book discusses in unbelievable detail not only the various genres ("Bloody Highway", "Cautionary Tales", and "Girls Only" are some of the titles of these sections) but also looks at the directors, actors and producers of these films, as well as the corporate sponsors whose motives (surprise surprise) don't seem to be altogether altruistic.

To be honest, it was all a little too much for me. I'll admit a certain interest in films of indoctrination (which these titles most certainly were) and there's no doubt that my knowledge of them now borders on the useless. I had no idea, for example, how long the trend had gone on (well into the seventies, it turns out), nor did I realize the amazing quantity of films that were produced. Whole studios were developed to create these films, and the people who made them were not the right wing conservatives I had previously thought. These were some of the most liberal minds in education, trying to reach out to the kids of America through a medium they understood—film. It seems to have worked, at least at first, with the original run of these movies being wildly popular with kids and distrusted by adults who though this whole film-in-the-classroom thing was in poor taste. Of course, I can't imagine the teenagers of the early seventies being excited about films like *More Dates For Kay*, but that cynicism in America's children was fought with increasing the violence in these films. The legendary ultra-violent driver's ed film, like 1972's gore classic *Last Prom*, come to mind as examples of educators attempting to keep up with the shifting esthetics of youth culture.

In the end, this is more than a history of these films; it is, like all pop culture, a barometer of the changing face of American society. After a hundred pages of research and criticism of these films, though, it took all the courage I had to skim through the hundred pages of reviews. I assume the high cover price is intended to offset the printing cost for a book with so many illustrations (I'm betting sales will be based largely on these; they definitely have the wink-wink, nudge-nudge irony that the text avoids), and to gouge money out of the college film departments that will be the major source of income for a book like this. Smith should rest assured that he has written the definitive book on teen education films, for whatever consolation that brings. —Sean Sullivan

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

Insomnia Induced Sleep Patterns • Jerme Spew
$7.00
Synthetic Productions • PO Box 2714 • Berkeley, CA • 94702

Jerme Spew has been a part of the Bay Area underground writing scene since the early nineties, and after a short hiatus he has reemerged in the last couple of years as an active writer, spoken word artist, and publisher. Earlier this year, I had a chance to review a book of short stories entitled *What A Sap I've Been*, by the late David McCord, probably the most accomplished writer that Synthetic Productions publishes. This book of short stories by Jerme himself comes very much on the heels of that release.

Insomnia Induced Sleep Patterns follows the exploits of a character called Cameron, and later in the book, Dante. Cameron finds—or places— himself in dangerous, life-threatening situations that require a good dose of testosterone, street smarts, and often dumb luck in order to escape (along with Dante) with physical and mental health still intact. On the back cover, Jerme writes that this is his first attempt at working with the short story format, and that *he's* not even sure if he pulled it off. He also writes that regardless of how successful this book, and format, is for him, he hopes that the reader will at least find these stories interesting. Jerme may be a lot of things, but uninteresting will never be one of them.

I found *Insomnia Induced Sleep Patterns* most successful during the moments that seemed to be thinly disguised anecdotes taken from Jerme's real life, as opposed to the cinematic twists and turns most of the stories inevitably took before I could fully identify with the book's main characters. There were times when it almost happened for me, like the relationship between mother and son (Dante) in the story "It's a Long Ride to Nowhere."

> *"Dante almost forgot how much his mom freaked out about his smoking, so he ditched his cigarette as he turned the corner before his house. His mom was out front watering her attempt at a flower garden. As much as they didn't get along, and he made her life a living hell, Dante really admired his mom. She had raised him and was raising two other children single handedly. Plus she kept a full time job where every once in a while she was attacked by criminally insane patients. He just didn't know how he could ever convey how he felt without sounding like he was trying to get one over on her."*

The humor was also more effective in those parts of the story that I sensed were taken from reality, like the description of a character named Pete eating a bowl of vegan yogurt. Part of me wonders if there wasn't a better book trapped somewhere between all the Sam Peckinpah-like moments of mano y mano violence, and heart pounding escapes from danger. For most people, there needs to be a bit more to connect with emotionally in order to pull them along on such an adventure, rather than an overabundance of sensationalism, in terms of characters and plot turns. I've watched Jerme make this connection as well as anybody during his spoken word performances, and I just wish there had been more of it here.

The last few pages of *Insomnia Induced Sleep Patterns* veer away from the adventures of its cinematically styled main characters, and they clearly prove that Jerme is capable of bringing the intimate nature of his spoken words to the written page. Although the most poignant entry, "A Farewell to Someone So Deserving," is not in the short story format, it is by far the most powerful piece of writing in the entire book. You can feel the guilt, anger, sadness, and pain in every line—multiply those emotions by at least two if you are already familiar with the story of Dave and Jerme's relationship. There is also a first hand retelling of the "dead baby" story, which over the last ten years has been one of the most told and retold stories in the East Bay punk scene. Jerme has contributed considerably to the diy—and especially the Gilman St.—scene over the last decade, and his enthusiasm as a writer, a publisher, and a punk is in the end unquestionable. Check this out. —Jay Dead

Red Wine Moan • Jeri Cain Rossi
138 pages • $11.95
Manic D Press • Box 410804 • San Francisco, CA 94141

Red Wine Moan is a collection of short stories and the title novella. Most of the simple, poetic, and well written pieces are about love gone sour. The slim volume looks like old-fashioned pulp fiction, but the stories inside are much more insightful and humanist than old detective tales.

The first story is about a man trapped in a dead end job and a dead end marriage, who visits the lake where Susan Smith drowned her children to see the plaque his sister-in-law's church helped pay for. The second is about an artist who feels stagnant in New Orleans, which was supposed to inspire his muse. Next is a story about a man who loses his job and wants to leave his girlfriend, who finds himself dancing with an old, washed-up, once-beautiful stripper in a dive bar. Then an outcast little girl writes love letters to a death row inmate. Three twentysomethings and an old wino hole up in New Orleans during a hurricane. A pregnant woman is dumped by her selfish writer boyfriend on the weekend they celebrate his first published novel. A successful writer is haunted by a young man in England who reminds her of her first love and muse. The final story, a novella, is the story of the same woman writer, but from her point of view, of a whirlwind romance with her muse.

All the stories have different characters (with the exception of the last two) in different lives, but all the protagonists struggle to find true love and meaning in a seemingly dead end life. The suffering young Werthers are searching for the one thing that will give their lives meaning, usually the right woman or man. It is not as depressing, or philosophical, as the work of authors who seem to inspire Rossi—like Dostoevsky, Goethe, or Bukowski—but its simplicity, and the Everyman personas of the characters, makes it more powerful than those daunting and difficult classics. *Red Wine Moan* includes romances for people who hate romance novels, and readability for people who don't like to read. It is simple and moving, like good red wine should be. —Brianna Chesser

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

A MUSICIAN GETS HOOKED ON DRUGS

I would like to dedicate this month's column to Dr. Dante. The man was so impressed that I reviewed *Yellow Submarine* a few months back, he was introducing me to people: "This is Carolyn. She reviewed *Yellow Submarine in Maximum Rock and Roll.*" I hope he'll enjoy this one as well. Either way it will be fun to write about jazz in *MRR* anyway.

Don't worry, I'm not some jazzbo hiding in the body of a punk rocker. I know some stuff, like who did what, what they played, and what happened to them, but I'd rather listen to the Oblivians than Coltrane any day. I really like the stories about jazz musicians though. In these ways, jazz has a lot in common with punk. A musician comes from nowhere, has enormous talent, gets screwed by the record companies and club owners, gets hooked on drugs, dies, then people start making money off his/her music. It the same old story, yet each individual one always fascinates me.

One of San Francisco's rep movies theaters, The Roxie had, a retrospective of films by Don McGlynn. McGlynn has made a bunch of documentaries about jazz musicians. I saw a couple, starting with the one about Charles Mingus. *Charles Mingus: Triumph of the Underdog* is a document of Mingus's performances, rather than a documentary of his life. In fact, my biggest problem with all of McGlynn's films is that there is too much performance footage. I just don't like to watch it, no matter what type of music it is. There are scattered interviews with various people from Mingus's life from which you can kind of piece together his story. You get the basics. I was very interested in the lack of drug use, but there isn't much focus on that. Instead you have a portrait of a very determined and focused man, centering on the piece that was most important to him. he only attempted to play it once in his lifetime and he stopped that performance because it wasn't going the way he wanted. The climax of the film is when the Charles Mingus Players perform the piece. While that's a nice thing and all, it obviously lacks Charles Mingus's presence.

Charles Mingus: Triumph of the Underdog has some great scenes. Don McGlynn's films are good in that they compile a lot of footage. There are some great scenes, like Mingus yelling to a soundman, "Turn on the fucking microphone" and a very funny, kind of angry rendition of "Shortening Bread." There are a few clips from other documentaries on Mingus that look more interesting—those clips make me wish we had seen those documentaries instead.

The other two films, *Dexter Gordon: More Than You Know and Art Pepper: Notes From A Jazz Survivor*, just bored me. Each was less than an hour, but, unfortunately, they were shown together. A person would need to be obsessed with jazz to have enjoyed these, the crowd attending the screenings, except for the two drunks sitting behind me, obviously were.

From what I gather about these two musicians, they were session players. They didn't compose any pieces the way Charles Mingus did. Both became hooked on drugs. Dexter Gordon lived in Paris to avoid parole, then came to the US to star in *Round Midnight*, for which he didn't get any money. Art Pepper had a wife who restarted his career for him, even though he cheated on her constantly. All this really uninteresting information was interspersed with long shots, always from the same angle and distance, of the musicians performing. It was dull and I didn't come away with any new knowledge on these guys. Even Clint Eastwood can make an interesting jazz film biography. You can't beat Forest Whitaker as Bird.

The latest film from Jim Jarmusch, *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai*, starring Forest Whitaker, is incredible. It's arty and pretentious, but not in a bad way, with some great jokes and some violence. Perfect for any type of movie-goer. My favorite joke (please stop reading if you haven't seen the movie yet) is when the Italian mob is discussing Ghost Dog's name. One asks if he is Indian. The other replies that he's African American. The first says his name sounds Indian because they have names like "Running Bear," "Dances With Wolves," etc. The other says that African Americans have names like "Ol Dirty Bastard," "Flavor Flav," etc. They have a laugh, shaking their heads in disbelief. Then the boss says, "Alright, get Jake The Snake, Tony The Tiger, and Little Angie, we're going to see this Ghost Dog." Of course, I don't remember the exact names, but you get the idea. Subtle, yet so funny. I still laugh about it.

The story of Ghost Dog is that a gangster named Louie chased off some guys that were beating up Ghost Dog. Ghost Dog felt he was in debt to Louie and began to do jobs for him. He was quiet, obscure, and untraceable, so things were working out well, until a he was hired for a hit on Handsome Frank. Handsome Frank is the nephew of one of the guys in the gang, but he has been having an affair with the boss's daughter. Louie hires Ghost Dog to kill him, but the girl is there and sees him. Still, it is pretty muddled as to why the gang has to save face by killing Ghost Dog, when they hired him. It doesn't matter because there are so many good things, that you can just overlook that stuff.

I enjoy seeing a different take on the New York Italian-American/African American relationship than what Spike Lee has been giving us lately. Everybody comes off seeming kind of silly, but in a likable way, not just as caricatures. Jarmusch even subverts the whole power hierarchy of the two groups by setting up two girls to be the next in line for the Ghost Dog and Mafia boss positions. Another very subtle and brilliant touch. When has Spike Lee or any other Mafia or gangster film suggested something like that?

The last film for the month is *My Best Fiend: Klaus Kinski*, an amusing documentary of actor Klaus Kinski made by director Werner Herzog. It is a very personal look into the personality of one crazy actor as told by one crazy director. Herzog has been the only director to work on multiple films with Kinski. After seeing this film, you can tell why. Herzog reminisces about Kinski by going to the locations where his films were shot and telling stories about what happened during the filming. It comes off in a very casual, grandfather telling you about his childhood kind of way.

Kinski talks a great deal of shit about Herzog in his autobiography *Kinski Uncut*, a book that is hard to come across cos Kinski lets loose on everybody in the film industry in general, but well worth reading if you can find a copy. It seems like Herzog just wants to tell his side of the story, even trying to set the record straight about Kinski's accusations that Herzog tried to kill him on the set, though Herzog does admit to his own insanity. When one of the extras on the set of *Fitzcarraldo* has an accident and almost dies, Kinski tries to revert the attention to himself by throwing a fit about the food available. Herzog lets him go off for an hour and a half, then casually goes to his tent, pulls out a piece of chocolate (that he had been saving for months and hiding from Kinski) and eats the chocolate right in front of Kinski. This act shut Kinski up immediately and shows without a doubt the level these two characters are working on.

My Best Fiend: Klaus Kinski isn't all badmouthing though. Herzog shows his respect for Kinski and his performances. He interviews leading ladies who have nice things to say about Kinski. Herzog protected Kinski when a tribe of Peruvian extras offered to kill him. Herzog even compares the same scene from *Fitzcarraldo* shot with the original actor, who had to stop shooting after he got ill, and Kinski. Seeing the two together like that emphasizes Kinski talent and balances out the egomaniacal antics. It is very entertaining film even if you have never seen any of Kinski's work. My coworker said he wished there was more focus on the really terrible films Kinski did. He was known to have no discrimination and would act in anything. I guess we'll have to wait for another director to step forward with his stories of Kinski.

–Carolyn Keddy

EVEN GOD GETS THE BLUES

The Cup may be the first film ever directed by a bonafide saint. Or at least that's the opinion of some, who feel that first-time director Khyentse Norbu (a Lama in his own right) is the reincarnation of Jamyang Khyentse Wangpo (1820-1892), the great reformer who was instrumental in reviving Tibetan Buddhism. All this was first realized when he was the age of seven. The fact that he's sitting on a director's chair these days instead of hanging around a monastery isn't so much a refutation of the facts as evidence that times have changed... and change is what *The Cup* is all about. Living out of trunks in the hope he will some day be allowed to return to his home monastery, Tibetan abbot (Godu Lama) is an aging expatriate, a representative of the old school. But life goes on, and even religions that bear witness to eternal truth are swept by change. The best example of this is pint-sized tyke Orygen (Jamyang Lodro), whose interest in sutras has been replaced by a fanatic love of World Cup soccer. He idly dreams of playing on a Tibetan soccer team someday, even though rocks are the closest things he has to a ball. Until that dream comes true, he's solidly behind France; they're the only country who has declared their support of Tibetan independence. (It also doesn't hurt that they have a good team this year.) It's only natural that this apostle for soccer will convert most of his little monk pals to avid fandom. Orygen is a living radio station for the latest standings, and as the finals draw near, he will do anything short of incurring major karma to see the World Cup Finals on TV. There's a problem or two. The monastery doesn't have a satellite dish, much less a television, or frankly even much in the way of reliable electricity. It's unlikely his superiors will take to sports the same way he has. If this miracle takes place, it's up to him. But monasteries are a nice place for miracles to happen, and the assistant abbot (Orygen Tobgyal) takes the boy's request seriously, even posing it to the abbot. Amazingly, the idea is approved — but the monastery being relatively poor, the boys have to raise their own money for the TV. For most films, "based on a true story" means a story is flat-out fiction. But the mere suggestion that events like these could have happened is so strange that the rest of the story isn't even a problem. It's helpful that *The Cup* boasts a naturalism that borders on neo-realism; there's no sappy music and still less sentimentality. Their world is nothing but toil, sweat, and dust, with spiritual realities continually hampered by the outside world — a world that happens to include soccer. So, Orygen tries everything — begging, borrowing, blackmailing, stealing — to rent the one decrepit, holey satellite dish in the province. If he's lucky, he'll be able to point the dish in just the right direction (no doubt in the direction where discarnate Buddhist saints watch from heaven) and achieve a miracle. *The Cup* is a movie almost as entertaining as it is inconsequential, delivering most of its humor without your necessarily laughing out loud. To be blunt, its concept is more interesting than its delivery. Whether France pulls off its own miracle by beating Brazil is something you'll have to find out on your own. If Buddhism is too strict for your tastes, the grim rituals of fundamentalist Judaism will pack a jolt, at least as rendered by Amos Gitai, maybe Israel's best director. Not that Jewish films have much of an international reputation, but there are some remarkable things about *Kadosh*, a tender, brutal film that would be unbelievable if it weren't so meticulously researched. Boiled down to its essentials, we have two couples. Meir and Rivka (Yoram Hattab, Yael Abecassis) have been married for ten years, are still deeply in love, but are faced with the grim prospect of divorce. The idea of a rabbi without lots of children, and especially a son, is unthinkable, and Meir's spiritual superior uses this logic to seize and void the couple's marriage contract. As their logic goes, a diligent man like Meir who follows Hasidic rules can't possibly be sterile; since women are fundamentally impure, with estrus a monthly reality, it's obviously her fault. Meanwhile, Rivka's younger sister Malka (Meital Barda), still a virgin and unspoken for, can't easily keep refusing all the prospects that come along. Her mother has set up a marriage with Yossef (Uri Ran-Klauzner), a zealot of the worst kind. Yossef weaves through the streets, his car mounted with a loudspeaker, almost in rapture while trying to win potential converts to gather at the yeshiva. Traffic jams are opportunities to jump out of his car and pass out copies of the Torah. Malka has no interest in marriage, but seems to have no choice in the matter. At least as portrayed here, women occupy an underclass in Hasidic Judaism. Among Meir's ritual morning prayers, his thanks to God include "not being a woman," and of course, serious study of the Torah is almost unheard of for a female. Her place is in the home, supporting her husband, always the subordinate. But *Kadosh* makes a brilliant argument as it goes through its paces (and the paces are sometimes slow): if women lack the status and rights of men in Hasidic society, what would happen to that society if somehow women decided to leave the picture? Well, you'd have a dead religion. Of course, there's little chance of this happening in real life, but as a kind of social protest, *Kadosh* is eye-opening and even courageous.

If you seek out any of the movies here, give the nod to *Uzumaki*, the most obscure and effective of the batch. Based on a popular Japanese manga (comic), his horror piece revolves around cursed antiquities, pagan superstition, a long-dead cult of serpent-worshippers, and an escalating cycle of psychosis and death focused on a small Japanese town. Kirie (Eriko Hatsune) is the first and last person we see — specifically, a tight close-up of her eye, followed by the blood-stained face of a student at the high school she attends. The camera spirals up and away through a spiral staircase, and we begin to suspect something very strange is going on. Kirie's boyfriend Shoichi (Phi Fan) picks her up after school every day, but recently he's been preoccupied by his father's behavior, which has degenerated to collecting (or stealing) anything with a spiral — even the hypnotic sign for the local beauty salon. He's enthralled by the work of Kirie's dad, a potter of note, whose rustic works define the spiral in clay. And he can spend hours videotaping snails with their spiral shells as they climb up the side of nearby buildings. The suicide of Shoichi's father is the turning point for their town. When the body is cremated, the smoke rises up in an ugly death spiral, driving everything into darkness as ropes of ash drive into the town's lake. Nicely realized special effects make the scene a chiller. The town's troubles, it seems, stems from the unearthing of several ancient mirrors, buried in the clay of their lake, artifacts from a long-dead religious sect. The Shinto religion has numerous deities, or "kami"), relating to nearly every aspect of daily life. But this serpent sect and its ritual mirrors (prized artifacts sometimes found in these temples) clearly have a darker history than any of the cast knows. *Uzumaki* (Japanese for "spiral") revels in its circle motif, and most viewers probably won't catch all of he gimmicks director Higonchinsky uses to drive the motif home. There are spiral wipes, hallucinogenic spirals in darkness, and camera shots that drop back — not straight, but in an arc. The lake in town's center is a perfect, blue circle, itself as still as a mirror, with only a few circular ripples at its center. When people open umbrellas, they unfurl in perfect circles in front of our eyes, and (in the movie's most clever and most obscure reference) a number of key scenes are played out in the formalist style of Yazujiro Ozu, Japan's most revered director, creating, yes, Ozumaki. Without even knowing it, the town is trapped by a fate it can't see, but only sense — until it's too late. Kirie's father now spends his hours looking through a circular hole in his pottery furnace, his newest creations colorful, twisted clay spirals. The reporter, having just discovered the root of the mystery, crashes his car to avoid a pedestrian, his head making a long spiral crack in the windshield. Even Shoichi falls pray to the curse; as Kirie watches, her boyfriend's body twists into excruciating snake spirals, bones cracking with each revolution. The final scenes — where the real terror is played out — are a series of climactic set pieces, final elaborations on a theme told in static shots. It isn't the bloodsoaked violence of Japanese slashers like *Evil Dead Trap* nor is it punctuated by orchestral stingers as in most domestic horror movies. In *Uzumaki*, the effects are almost psychotronic, and more than once awesome in their simplicity. When can something as innocuous as a girl's hairdo be the creepiest moment in a horror movie? See, and believe.

–Steve Spinali (spinali@postmark.net)

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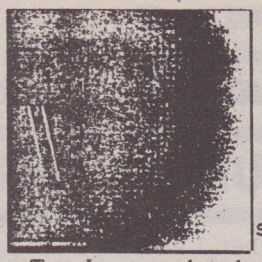

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U-MEN by Eric DeArment

ANOTHER SUBCULTURE GOING

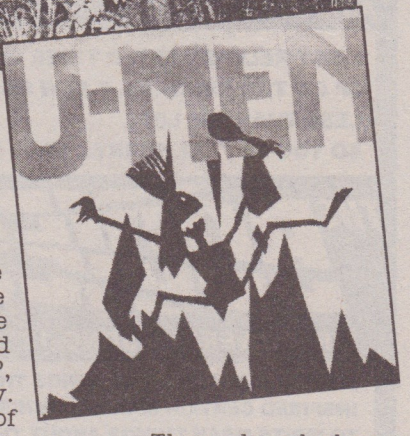
I remember once, when I lived in Seattle, seeing what seemed like hundreds of city busses headed in a big huge line towards Magnuson Park on the shores of Lake Washington. Alongside all of these busses, there were hordes upon hordes of people headed towards the park in the same direction. Were these people headed to some huge political rally to protest some law put in place by the Seattle's legislature? Had America been taken over by some tyrannical dictator (oh wait, that already happened), and these people were being herded to a new concentration camp, to be executed for thinking for themselves? No. These people were all going to a great event. A momentous occasion. A rally that could be paralleled by no other. They were going to a Pearl Jam concert (yawn...).

That was in 1992. I was only ten. I didn't exactly give a flying rat's ass about pop culture then—and I wish I was still naive enough not to—but unless you're a hermit in the woods, you're bound to be aware of at least the presence of pop culture if you live in the United Shithole of Amerika or any other country with the sad misfortune of coming into contact with the U$A.

But anyway, 1991-1992 was the godforsaken era of what MTV and all of the stupid hipster magazines called "grunge." Nirvana's hit song, "Smells Like Teen Spirit," as great a song as it was, became a hit among young people not just because it was a good song about teen-angst, but because MTV made it the fad of the hour.

Today, "grunge" is certifiably dead. However, what a lot of people these days fail to consider or even realize is that what became known as "grunge" in the early '90s was, in fact, the native punk rock of northern Washington. Nirvana, the Melvins, and many others actually started out as punk bands. There is one particular band which I feel deserves some attention: the U-Men.

The U-Men were formed in Seattle in 1981 by guitarist Tom Price and drummer Charlie Ryan (a.k.a. Circus Charlie). Bassist Robin Buchan and vocalist John Bigley joined the band soon thereafter. Buchan quit the band shortly after its formation and was replaced by Jim Tillman, who left after the release of the *Solid Action* single and was replaced by Tom Hazelmeyer, who himself was replaced by Tone Deaf (a.k.a. Tony Ransom).



Unlike many of their contemporaries, the U-Men didn't have that "traditional" punk sound, but they didn't seem to fit into that "art-punk" category either. Rather, their sound and lyrics were almost the epitome of "grunge": deliberately ugly and dissonant music combined with lyrics that range from absurd to nonsensical. The song "2 x 4" is a good example: "I could have killed her / She let the dogs loose/ Benedict Arnold / Day-glo caboose / Tom up poinsettas [sic] / Saint Bernard's jaw juice / End of the planet / Saint through a goose." These lyrics, when sung in John Bigley's slurring guttural voice and combined with the U-Men's noisy anti-melodies, make it feel like you're listening to the thoughts of a deranged psychopath. It's almost like Nirvana on their *Bleach* LP, but faster, more frenetic and discordant, and not as heavy.

The U-Men acquired a sizable following—thirteen of their shows had to be canceled because of violent crowds. They played shows with bands like the Butthole Surfers, the Melvins, and Hüsker Dü. Unfortunately, they broke up shortly after the release of their debut LP in 1988.

After the band's break-up, Tom Price joined Cat Butt and the Kings of Rock, and later formed Gas Huffer. Circus Charlie and Bigley both joined the Crows, and Charlie also played in Bottle of Smoke.

If you're tired of punk rock that all sounds the same, and/or if you have that true sense of absurdity which so many people lack, I would recommend the U-Men (bands like Pere Ubu and even Frank Zappa deserve to be heard too if that's the case). However, if your idea of punk doesn't go further than the Sex Pistols (who were a manufactured band just like New Kids on the Block, in case you didn't know), the Exploited and the Circle Jerks (both of whom suck ass), then I encourage you to e-mail me (dearment~hotmail.com) telling me what a pretentious poseur I am for writing about a "stoner metal" band (I think I heard some punk rocker refer to grunge that way once).

Most of the historical information in this article was gained from a web page called *The Further Exploitations of the Northwest*, containing information on several different Seattle bands. The URL for that page is www. angelfire.com/sk/seattlebands/index. html.

DISCOGRAPHY

- ***The U-Men*** 7" (84, Bombshell Records)
- *Stop Spinning*: 7" (85, Homestead Records)
- ***V/A–Deep Six*** compilation LP (86, C/Z Records)
- ***Solid Action*** 7" (87, Black Label Records)
- ***Freezebomb*** 7"(88, AmRep Records)
- ***Step On a Bug: The Red Toad Speaks*** LP (88, Black Label Records)
- ***V/A–Solid Action*** CD compilation (99?, Chuckie-Boy Records)

MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, ((NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

ADAM WEST - "Sizleen/Supernaut" 45

Goddamn, I just wanna grab my crotch when I hear such macho hard rock slop. It reeks of sweaty guys, crammed in a van, drinking and joking/bragging about women, like some moldy locker room on wheels. Take the best and worst of '70s giants like TED NUGENT or MOUNTAIN, throw in a weak BLACK SABBATH cover, and you get the idea. These folks have been around a while, and this kind of release just goes to show what happened to some of the DC punk alumni who didn't go on to form FUGAZI or LUNGFISH. Oh yeah, for what it's worth, "Sizleen" actually kinda works, in a blustering cartoon rock parody sort of way. (BG)
(Glazed, PO Box 82006, Columbus, OH 43202)

A GLOBAL THREAT - "Until We Die" CD

Fourteen songs in the *Massacre*-era EXPLOITED vein done pretty well. Strong anti-racist lyrics too. (NF)
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

A POOR EXCUSE – "Memories" EP

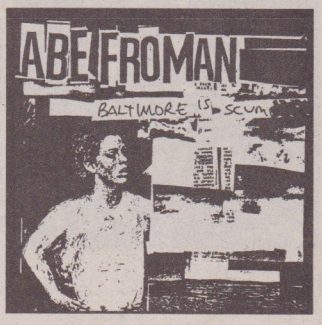
Wow, nine songs—it's just like the good old days. This is hardcore punk (with the emphasis on "punk"). Old Boston revisited; it's fast, angry, and tough. Songs about the metal scene, drugs, skinheads, and Columbine High. Kick-ass stuff. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 335, Newton Center, MA 02459)

A.P.P.L.E. - "All Punks Please Leave Earth" LP

Well, here's a live recording from a slower-paced anarcho punk band with female vocals. I love the cover of "Where Have All the Flowers Gone." This band is long gone so it's too bad that the recording from this 1987 show is so awful. (SR)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA, 94146, www.brokenrekids.com)

A.V.O - "Fuck Positive Hardcore" EP

Great title for a record. Really, people use word "positive" like some new age mantra. Pissed and bitter hardcore with a well-executed early '80s hate-core influence (AGNOSTIC FRONT, NEGATIVE APPROACH) and the slightest (but crazy effective) oi tweak. Lyrics about boxing, stealing cars, and boots in the face. No friendship anthems at all! In your face, posi-creeps! (TH)
(Short Fuse, 34 Atchison Road, Macquire Fields, 2564 NSW AUSTRALIA)



ABE FROMAN - "Baltimore is Scum" EP

I wouldn't have thought there was such a thing as a CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE influence, but there is: it's here, and this is better, I think. Best of all, this sentimental, organic punk was recorded in the band's living room (hence the slight muffled sound) and produced by them as well. (Strangely enough, it was also pressed in the Czech Republic.) Erin plays guitar and is responsible for "vocal onslaught" in the Michigan three-piece, and drummer Matt sings faint back-ups. There's a lot of talent and heart in this record, and you can feel an intimacy between the band members (no, not *that* kind of intimacy). The ABE FROMAN sound is very fresh and vulnerable; I'm surprised no label has snapped them up, or perhaps they prefer total independence. In any case, I'll look forward to their next release. (AC)
(PO Box 6393, East Lansing, MI 48826)

AMULET - "The Burning Sphere" LP

AMULET's EP fucking stunned me, and this LP is only the prelude to that original experience. Thick fucking guitars, catchy melodic youth crew, speed, and originality are all pluses for AMULET. No frills, no fluff, just really, really well-written catchy hardcore (sometimes reminding me of BATTERY). Awesome to say the least. What the hell did you expect from..... (MW)
(Bridge, Box 1903, SE-581 18 Linköping, SWEDEN)

ANTI-HEROES - "1000 Nights Of Chaos" CD

Packaged in the raised fists of many short-haired white boys, this looks a lot like it sounds: ugly and raucous street punk played up hard and aggressive akin to forefathers 4 SKINS and ANGELIC UPSTARTS. This was recorded live at Atlanta's Masquerade Beer Olympics and has good loud production, where The ANTI-HEROES are able to demonstrate their penchant for commanding a crowd with lots anti-establishment/society jabs. This is one of those hardcore bands that has stood the test of time and are good at what they do, but lord help me, I can't get off on it. (DL)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

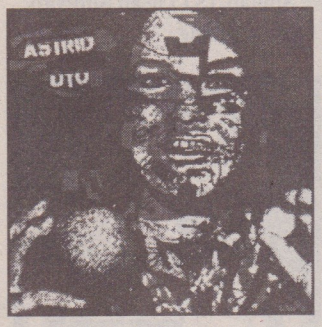
ARGUE DAMNATION - "Direct Action Now" LP

Buy this LP now! Fuzzed-out bass sound with a running guitar sound, all of it measured out perfectly by the tight drumming. Way up-tempo in speed that charges into great chorus shouts. No slow downs, but parts where the sound cleans up and a spooky AMEBIX or CONTROPOTERE sound creeps through. Then it pounds back into the politically charged (and very slightly melodic) mix up of crust and peace-punk. Significant power increase over their EP appearances. (TH)
(MCR c/o Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ASTREAM - "Good Times/Bad Times" CD

ASTREAM deliver a melodic punk hardcore that is flawlessly preformed in the TEN FOOT POLE vein. These guys have deep, sensitive lyrics that are sung in a very American way for a Swedish band. The highlight is "At the Movies," where they combine some awesome movie sound bytes to an ASTREAM tune. (HM)
(Bad Taste, St. Södergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, SWEDEN, astream@badtasterecords.se)



ASTRID OTO - "Can't Farm in the Rain" EP

This is an Aaron Cometbus project, so you know what to expect; good punchy, poppy, yet unrefined punk. Lyrically this takes a mix of the personal and political and how they relate. What really stands out is the melodic, yet still screamed, vocals of Cindy (from *Doris* zine fame). All in all a winner. (JF)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402)

ATTACCABRIGHE - "Dai Sobborghi" CD

This is a pretty good release, with a sound similar to fellow Italian skinheads BILLY BOY E LA SUA BANDA. Recommended. (NF)
(KOB, Via N. Mazza 65/B, 37129 Verona, ITALY)

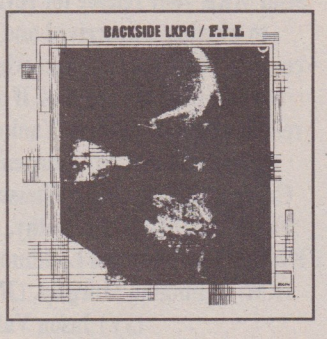
AUTOMATICS/MOTIVS - split EP

Italy is the place for great RAMONES-influenced pop punk. They do it better than anywhere else on the planet! They appreciate four chords and leather jackets in a way I wish everyone would. The MOTIVS have that influence and that appreciation and they even throw in some garage just for flavor. The AUTOMATICS are Yanks but they know what's up. They can do no wrong in my book. Sloppy, three-chord sing-alongs. Goofy, fun, energetic, how they ended up bloody last time they visited SF, I have not a clue. Why can't everyone just love them? (BM)
($5: Ballroom Blitz, Via Catullo 44, 80122, Napoli, ITALY)

BACKHAND - "Making the Dream" CD

Despite the over-ambitious opening track, and an unnecessary Kerouac sample, this Florida band delivers an urgent and unpretentious sounding release. It's got that "been hurt, but my defenses are still down, dammit" vibe to it. Feels young, wide-eyed, and introspective. If you must hear other band names to get a bead on this, then I think that HOT WATER MUSIC, CAP N JAZZ, and KNAPSACK would fit the bill just fine. This chugs along at a good head-bobbing pace, and the vocalist deals in raw-throated anthems. He's got a great voice for it, but every once in a while he'll stray into pastures beyond his range. Not enough to cripple your listening experience—just a little. I enjoyed the well-placed guitar work, too. This is a release I feel fine about recommending. (BG)
(Flatbroke, PO Box 1048, Goldenrod, FL 32733)

BACKSIDE LPKG/F.I.L - split EP



BACKSIDE LPKG do nothing for me with their version of the tough guy Victory/Century Media style hardcore. Just too much metal, boys. Though the spaghetti western theme music intro is a nice touch. F.I.L. on the other hand give us some good punchy hardcore with a youth crew vibe. I must admit it's also great to see an anti-tagging song. (JF)
(Bridge, Box 1903, SE-581 18, Linkoping, SWEDEN)

BANGS - "Sweet Revenge" LP

This all-girl band from Olympia shows elements of the WIPERS with their thick style of power chord punk, though the vocals recall early, club-period GO-GOs. (oh yeah, that's a compliment.) The songwriting is another thing, but their delivery is so upbeat and fun that you're almost willing to forgive the oversight. A shade above average. (SS)
(Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State St. #418, Olympia ,WA 98501)

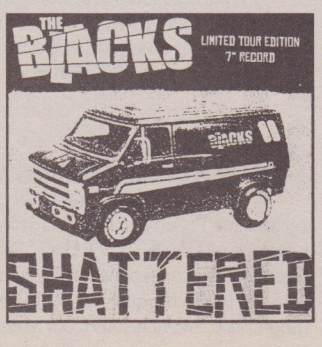
BANTAM ROOSTER - "Big Mess" EP

Dude, who spiked the BANTAM with the psychedelics? Three irreverent renditions of "Big Mess" By DEVO, "Private Affair" by the SAINTS, "Dirt Preacher" by the GIBSON BROTHERS with insane synth and wah wah up the waazoo. This may just be a lesson in futility, but I can dig. Everyone has got to lose their minds once in awhile. (DL)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

BELEVEDERE - "Angels Live In My Town" CD

Oh boy, I could tell by the packaging alone that I was in for a ride. A ride I didn't really want to go on. The kind that leaves you nauseous and needing a beer. This ride can be found in the same amusement park as the Fat cookie-cutter roller-coaster and the Epitaph kiddie-punk log ride. I'm just surprised that BELEVEDERE aren't actually from the demonic town of LA. This park's not even worth the entrance fee, so I'd suggest skipping it and going to your local woods, park, beach or mountains, preferably with a close friend or two and a picnic lunch. All those flashing lights and hydraulic rides can occasionally whip one into a consumer frenzy, but ultimately leave you emptier than before you bought the hype. (BG)
(Jump Start, PO Box 10296, State College, PA 16805)

THE BLACKS - "Shattered" EP



Three stripped-down, hook-filled rockers that will have you shaking in a matter of seconds. No bass, no loss. Two guitars and drum kit is plenty to fill up a low fi enthusiast's heart with the raw energy they dream of. Yet another smashing Big Neck Record, keep an eye on them; they know what it takes. (TJ)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, bigneckrecords @usa.net)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BIERPATRIOTEN - "Geh Mit Gott" CD

These guys sound kind of like VENOM, SLAYER and ANTHRAX, but with a tough-sounding GERMAN guy singing. Ten songs. (RM)
(Bad Dog, PO Box 61 06 41, 10937 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE BODIES - "Fire-Power Is Our Business!" LP

Here's those hitmakin' Sonoma kids with their second LP blasting out their infectious red, white, and blue proud street-stylee punk. Reminds me a lot of local yokels TRUST FUND BABIES and early YOUTH BRIGADE. THE BODIES got non-stop high energy filled with hooks and sing-alongs galore that stick with you like a good piece of bubble gum. Yeah, lots of pure good clean fun here, even though I personally like it mucho dirtier. Good job chicos. (DL)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 40104, Albuquerque, NM 87196)

BODIES - "Fire-Power Is Our Business"12"

It's funny how a band can tread that line between everything I love about the whole street punk genre, and everything I hate about it. The BODIES' first LP was full of right-on sentiments that made me proud. On their new 12", with songs like "Fly the Flag" and "Justice," the BODIES seem to have gone out of their way to write anthems for the John Rocker Cheering Society. Sorry, I just don't see the YOUTH BRIGADE comparison. (JF)
(Vulture Rock)

BODY BAG - "Skadillac" CD

For a few glorious moments I thought I had been fooled by the album's title, because this thing fucking blows out of the gates with double bass metal and pissed vocals from the very bowels of the singer—just the kind of Eurometal I absolutely love. And then came the horns. And then came the "pick it up"s. Damn! I can honestly say this is a fucking great record; when it rocks it fucking rages, and the ska parts are played flawlessly. I'm just completely baffled as to why the two are on the same record. (WN)
(Hannibal, 95 Rte. de Florissant, 1206 Geneva, CH, SWITZERLAND)

THE BOOKED - "Feel the Pride" CD

This CD has the most hilarious intro I've ever heard. It's like a bunch of dudes singing their alma mater acappella or something. Fuckin funny shit, and how about that title? I feel it man, especially after that inspiring little boys' choir sing-along. Good God, is this what the street punk scene is all about these days? A bunch of cheerleaders with shaved heads? Fuck me. As for the music, it's pretty bad. Super heavy metal guitars playing slightly melodic punk. It sounds like a bad, latter-day DAG NASTY record (only the singer has a gruffer voice) and that band sucked to begin with. (RM)
(Radical, 77 Bleecker St. #C2-21, New York, NY 10012)

BORN UNDER SATURN/SHORA - split EP

CT HC! It's nice to see something coming from my home state besides HATEBREED clones. BORN UNDER SATURN, from the great nutmeg state of Connecticut, are unbelievably good. Metal intricacies, hardcore tempos all over the place from blast beats to breakdowns and screamy emo singing make this one a winner. Think TIME IN MALTA. SHORA are more straight-up hardcore, but no less appealing. These kids are heartfelt and pissed off. Think RORSCHACH. In the years to come, people will talk of this record in awe. Get it now so you don't have pay big bucks for it later. (ST)
(Snuff, PO Box 5117, 1211 Geneva 11, SWITZERLAND, snuff@deckpoint.ch)

BUDGET GIRLS - "Miso Hornie" EP

The cover art has a couple of chicks with almost nothing on taking a bath in miso soup; the title song is a slow, sexy tune Paula PANDORA might sing on Quaaludes. The twangy guitar is put to better use in the faster flip, "Nothing' to Do." The latter tune is snappy '60s fun, but the remainder of the songs here don't quite have the punch. If you like this, check out the LP supporting this 45. (SS)
(Damaged Goods, Box 671, London E17 6NF, UK

BUSHMEN - "Watching Neighbours" CD

France's entry for the emo pop punk scene here. In the STARMARKET/GAMEFACE vein, this is a good release with its mixture of bass heaviness and tuneful melodies. It's all here with the octaves, tempo changes and harmonies. A good full-length. (RL)
($14 ppd: Lollipop, 35 Chemin de la Nerthe, 13016 Marseille, FRANCE, lollipop.records@wanadoo.fr)

CANAL TERROR - "Zu Spat" LP

Are punk recording studios getting worse and worse? This record is a reissue from 1982 (I think it's legit) and it just sounds fantastic. Great European punk and hardcore with gruff vocals and no metal overtures. In some ways, it's like SLIME or TOXOPLASMA. I mean, this is a relatively obscure band and the sound is just great. Hardcore bands just don't sound like this anymore. (LH)
(Suppenkazper's Noize Imperium, Endie Neumann, Postfach 41 11 54, 55068 Mainz, GERMANY)

CANNONBALLS/CARBONAS - split CD

Two bands of rough 'n' tumble Spaniards match wits on this one, each contributing four tracks to a skimpy little EP-length compact disc. The CANNONBALLS clock in with a cover of "Jumpin' Jack Flash," whilst the CARBONAS trundle their way through Lou Reed's "Rock 'n' Roll." It's basic punk 'n' roll that doesn't tax the intellect too heavily, but is, in its own way, enjoyable. Thrills galore. (JH)
(Punch, Apdo. 60167 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, punch@ctv.es)

CATTLE DECAPITATION - "Homovore" LP

Ah, the inexplicable allure of violence. Beautiful packaging (I wonder what all those LOCUST fans think of the use of animals in such a degrading way?), lyrics that are so full of hatred as to be laughable, and sounds that are exactly like CARCASS or early NAPALM DEATH. Exactly. This is a grindcore record. Ever feel that nowadays the only way to express love for a style of music is to make fun of it and filter your enthusiasm through sarcasm and irony (see WHN, GOOD CLEAN FUN, et al.)? Well, this that sort of love played out in full color. Disgusting. Wonderful. Rocking. (ST)
(31G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE CARAVELLES - "Lovin' Just My Style" EP

.....oh shit, a Dionysus release.... good god.... actually, it's just reissue shit from an old '66 Phoenix garage band... not bad, not great..... I prefer the flip "Self Service" to the A side..... real heavy organ, nice.... the whole EP ends with an instro of "Lovin' Just My Style" that's pretty ho-hum....all in all, so so.... a dust collector for sure.... (SW)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

CHAOSZ - "Abmarsch" EP

This is a bootleg of this band's one and only single that came out in 1981, if I'm not mistaken. The packaging is identical, except for the fact that the song titles are listed on the back picture sleeve as opposed to the labels on the original. There are five songs, all of which I would call fairly generic pogo punk, similar to many a band that appeared on Riot City Records. (RM)
(no address)

CIGARETTEMAN - "Girl" EP

Here are three songs from one of Japan's best pop punk bands. Mid-tempo songs coming from the J CHURCH school of pop, with mostly female vocals. Amazingly catchy songwriting that is much more complex than most bands' attempts at doing the same thing. If you are familiar with their work, these songs are much in the same vein as their last couple of releases. (PA)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201, Daita, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155-0033, JAPAN)

CITIZENS ON PAROLE - "I'm Gonna Take..." EP

Fast, noisy and pissed-off demo quality punk rock with songs like "Still Pissed At Reagan" and "Hall and Oates Must Die." I think you can quickly get the picture here. (RC)
(Disobey, no address)

CLASS ACTION - "Wasteland" EP

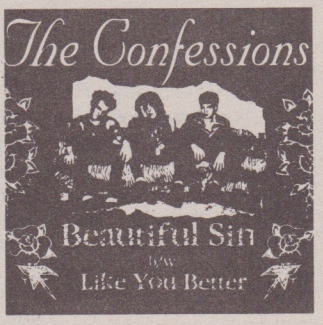
Raw Massachusetts punk-thrash that would have been better as a demo than a debut vinyl EP. It's good crusty-thrash, but there's a lot of room for these guys to grow. I'll be interested to hear their next effort. (MW)
(R.P., PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

CODE 13 - "Discography 94-2000" CD

Fifty tracks from Felix and company, documenting the entire existence of CODE 13. They produced the CD to bring/distribute on their whirlwind 2000 tour, which means easier listening for the rest of us (a lot easier than listening to comps and EPs, that's for sure). This has everything they did, plus one unreleased song. (MW)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE COME ONS - "Whatcha Got?/ Needle In a Haystack"

.....Detroit '60s style band with a heavy organ sound and chick vocals and way good production..... good fucking beat as well.... sexy..... music to fuck to.... not a bad little record at all..... as a matter-o-fact this really rocks.... tight as hell.... I like, I like..... I think Mr. Eddy G. Budds is gonna be all over this like a dog in heat.... I smell pussy, where's that pussy at?????.... aw shit!!!.... Mr. Budds beat me to it again.... (SW)
(Sympathy, www.sympathyrecords.com)



THE CONFESSIONS - "Beautiful Sin/ Like You Better"

I played this on 45 and it was rockin'. Then the chipmunk vocals kicked in and I realized that it was on the wrong speed. At 33 it still rocks however. Really raw and driving, mid-tempo punk in a SEX PISTOLS kind of way, but with some junkie guy from the U.S. singing. Kind of like the JONESES too. Fuck this is great! Way better than those pussy bands like the TOILET BOYS and TURPENTINE or LIBERTY or whoever is on the fuckin cover of *Hit List* this month. (RM)
(Craptacular, 1105 Cache La Poudre St, Colorado Springs, CO 80903)

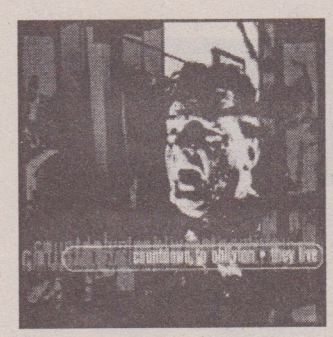
CONFINE - "The Beginning of the End" CD

They're straightedge, they love metal crunch and chug, and they're not going to take it anymore! Not quite as all out and ready to cut your throat as the SWARM, but CONFINE can keep at a guitar build up with determination until the time is right for opening it up for vocal wear and tear and metal-core mayhem. Fans of bands on Escape Artist should check this out. (TH)
(One Day Savior, PO Box 372, Williston Park, NY 11596)

CORTEGE – "Pleurer Les Anges" LP

More 12" mini LP than full-length. This is weird. It says "street punk" everywhere but it doesn't really sound like street punk to me—it has Betty Page (not an oi icon as far as I know) on the cover, it's French (which is weird in itself), it has drawings of skinheads on it and a song called "Moonstomp," but I can't hear any ska here... I don't know—it's mid-paced generic (punk) rock with some fancy guitar parts. I wonder, is "cortege" French for crap? (AD)
(Cored Age, 1 Cite Chaptal, 75009 Paris, FRANCE)

MUSIC REVIEWS



COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION/ THEY LIVE - split EP

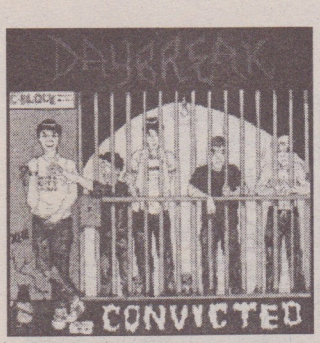
Well, C.T.O will be your new favorite band without a doubt. They play extremely well written black death-metal-styled hardcore with screamed hardcore vocals. Watch out for these guys—they will crush you. On the flipside: the long-awaited sophomore effort from Buffalo's THEY LIVE. While their newer stuff departs from the more straight forward fastcore (and INFEST-influenced) approach, the new style is still pretty damn good. The third track, "Scapegoat," is fucking awesome. Check it out, poser. (MW)
(Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St. West, Suite 100 Box 477, Toronto, ON, M4W 3E2 CANADA)

THE COYOTE MEN - "Mullet Man" EP

Still here, still a fine example of decent '60s-derived garage-surf-grind with creamy go-go filling. Though it's probably been five years since I've seen a COYOTE MEN record, and the same for reviewing one, my weary ear has rejected many a sub-par Purple Onion Tuesday night lineup over the years. It's still nice to know that somewhere, someone is gonna be doing it right, whether I'm moved to seek them out or not. In this case, it's Norway's COYOTEs. Don't go changin'. (RY)
(Dull City, Marmorveien 14 A 9800 VADSO, NORWAY)

CRUCIFIX/ZYKLOME A – split LP

Strange. This is a bootleg (?) album which includes a live CRUCIFIX performance from England 1984 on one side, and on the other a reprint of the ZYKLOME A *Made In Belgium* album from way back. I used to have a tape of this CRUCIFIX show many years ago, and would give my right arm to have been there. It's the Brighton Academy show; I think the DEAD KENNEDYS and MDC were on the bill that night also, but I could be wrong. The sound quality is OK, but of course the material is amazing (the track-list is a bit screwed up, leaving out "Steel Case Enclosure"). This is a nice slice of history. CRUCIFIX were one of the coolest bands ever. If you've never heard them, though, I recommend the *Exhibit A* collection or their awesome (and still in print) *Dehumanization* album. ZYKLOME A came from Belgium in the '80s and played very, very fast political punk. Influenced by anarcho-punk and American hardcore, then adding more speed and fury (not unlike BGK), this is just about as good as it gets. My only gripe is: if you're going to go to all the trouble to repress a classic record, why not include the lyrics? Outta somewhere in Finland—good luck finding this record. (AD)
(no address)



DAYBREAK/THE ULTIMATE WARRIORS - split EP

The SPAZZic and oh-so-nicely dressed ULTIMATE WARRIORS are back with more tempo changes then ever before, almost losing their power violence standing. But just when you think they got slow, they blast it out. Their songs don't seem quite as humorous, but they're trying. DAYBREAK's old-school speedcore is less nostalgic and more reminiscent of a newfound obsession. You remember the first time you heard music so fast and aggressive and it changed your life. An admirable split of speed. (TJ)
($3: Robodog, 12001 Aintree Ln, Reston, VA 20191, r7andy@home.com)

THE DAYLIGHT LOVERS - "One Man Gang" EP

The other side of the garage band sound. Other than a touch of the '60s mindset, nothing remotely in common with Purple (Onion) People. Michigan likes it more dirgey, more rough, sloppy and badly produced. More to sink your teeth into. Garage punk rock that's not psych, surf or pop. Fuzzy toxic swill, gets a thumbs up. (RY)
(High School Refuse, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS, ktvs@yahoo.com)

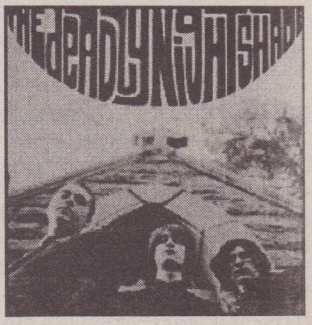
D.D.I/STALKER - split CD

After deciphering which band was which, I sat back and was amazed by Italy's D.D.I. Ten songs of pure anthemic chaos that left my mouth ajar. Imagine CRUDOS mating with emo-violence bands like IN/HUMANITY. Awesome male/female vocals, and a two bass attack (one of whom is from CRUDOS). Sung in Italian with English translations, this is all over the place, and it destroys everywhere it goes. Germany's STALKER come next, with ten songs of their own. More mayhem, this time more along the lines of what the kids these days call "power violence." Blast beat mania and strained screams, plus an awesome cartoon/poster/lyric sheet. An excellent release; make the effort to track it down—it will be well worth your while. (WN)
(Answer, Hase Bld. No. 2 B1, 5-49, Osu Naka-ku, Nagoya City, Aichi 460, JAPAN, c.amore@operamail.com)

DEAD BOYS - "War Zone/It's All Right"

Unlike most stuff that gets put out long after a band is no longer a band, this actually has a couple of decent cuts. "War Zone," as the story goes, was supposed to be the title track for a Susan Sarandon movie—yeah, right. Anyway, it's a decent song, in a watered-down DEAD BOYS kinda way. The "It's All Right" cover is *not* watered down, and truly rocks. I'm not sure that these are essential DEAD BOYS songs, but they are certainly good DEAD BOYS cuts. Here's a plus: they're not live recordings. That's neato. (KK)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

DEADLY NIGHTSHADE - "Beyond the Door" EP



Two-sider of pleasant organ-strumental dittie-do that would sound fine coming out of jukebox on a dusty back country road with a biker giving you the evil eye over his flapjacks and chewin'...real...slow. (RW)
(Zodiac, 88 Cooledge Dr, Brewster, NJ 10509)

MUSIC REVIEWS

DEATHREAT - "Severing of the Last Barred Window" LP

Much anticipated, this was everything I hoped it would be. First class package—thick full color gatefold cover delivers the payload—a 45 rpm blast of hardcore much the same as their previous releases (also excellent). A return to the old school—it's fast and abrupt, but without the extraneous trimmings that seem to catch so many bands lately. They will grab you with their forcefulness—and you will remember it. The lyrics are from the DISCHARGE school of thought—if one sentence expresses it all, just use one sentence. Excellent stuff all around—this is still the most primal, basic and effective style of hardcore around. (TM)
(Partners in Crime, 4507 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217)

THE DEFEX - "Beyond Machine Gun Love" LP

Ten live songs and one pretty good garage recording by Colorado's DEFEX (of "Machine Gun Love" {*KBD* #18} fame). A worthy document, but how many plays one will get out of a record where only four songs aren't marred by the weak "board tape" sound is another matter. Why isn't the studio version of "Machine Gun Love" (and, for that matter, its a-side, "Psycho Surfer") tossed on here to sweeten the deal? C'est la fucking vie. (DD)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY, Raveup@tiscalinet.it)

DEFIANCE - "Nothing Lasts Forever" LP

More straight-up fast and tearing punk rock from these metal-covered Portland boys. Although their sound doesn't diverge too much from their earlier stuff, its a bit faster and much more developed with the added second guitarist. I detect more guitar slides in this one too. I think it's great. (SR)
(Mind Control, 1012 Brodie St., Austin, TX 78704, punkcontrol@hotmail.com)

DEGARNE - "The Last Dance" EP

Zealous unrelenting hardcore that destroys souls with its hysteria. Moody intensity forms a perfect confluence with frantic tumult-filled explosions. The vocals exquisitely screeched in German dictate and amplify the frenzy. (TJ)
(Markus Haas, fehrfeld 26, 28203 Bremen, GERMANY)

DEMENTED ARE GO - "Kicked Out of Hell" LP

I'm sure glad I didn't get their other album to review. This one, fortunately, doesn't have any pictures of the band. Those haircuts! Geesh. The music is psychobilly with a singer who sings very low. I guess that's the spooky element. I would probably like that vocal styling if this was a garage punk band or something like that. Then, out of nowhere, buried on side two, is a song called "Vietnam" which sounds country, has someone singing in a regular voice, and sounds great. How about some more like that? I also like the half-metallic silver, half-metallic gold vinyl. (CK)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

DEMENTED ARE GO - "In Sickness and In Health" LP

This is a fucking great reissue of DEMENTED ARE GO's first LP from back in the '80s. This band could easily be cited as the most influential and the most wildly popular psychobilly band of all time. This LP has a great cover of "Be Bop A Lula" plus classic DEMENTED ARE GO hits like: "Pervy in the Park," "Holy Hack Jack," "Frenzied Beat," "Crazy Horses," "Rubber Buccaneer," "Vibrate," "Rubber Love," "PVC Chair," and the infamous "Don't Go in the Woods." Mark Phillips' vocals are unlike any other—he is truly fucked up—quite out of his head. He is—undeniably—demented! (BR)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527, Dinslaken, GERMANY)

DEMON SYSTEM 13/CODE 13 - split EP

If you haven't yet heard the blazing hardcore of Umea, Sweden's DS 13, then a) you've been living under a rock, or b) there's no time like the present to get on the bandwagon. Fast, raw, and still catchy, they still do not disappoint, with seven songs about skating, oppression, and everything in between. Song title of the year goes to "It's Time Some Kids Started Living Up To Their Patches." Far from being overshadowed, CODE 13 continue to deliver the goods with seven songs of their own—more of the distorted thrash they are famous for, including an NOTA cover. Rumor has it this might be the last will and testament from CODE 13, so snag it soon. And do not miss DS 13 on their US tour this July! (WN)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

DESPITE - "The Destroyers Will Be Destroyed" LP

From the opening chords, this record urgently flies by. Classic sounding crust in the vein of early '90s bands like DEFORMED CONSCIENCE and DISRUPT, this is unrelenting from the first song to the fourteenth. The guitars are distorted sometimes to the point of an undiscernible growl, joining forces with vocals that sound as if they are being wrenched from the very bowels of these kids from Pleasant Prairie, Wisconsin. The record only makes me more excited to see them on their upcoming US tour. (WN)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94913)

DICKY B. HARDY - "I Whistle You Dance" EP

Hey, it looks like we got some swingin' guys from Yugoslavia getting their balls good and sweaty in the hot-veined tradition of the ONYAS with a little cowpoke thrown in for your straddling pleasure. Yeah, this is straight up prick-preoccupied garage punk that oozes with healthy doses of shake, rattle and roll... fun and sleazy stuff. (DL)
(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

DIE ALLIERTEN - "Ruhm Und Ehre" LP

This is a reissue of the very powerful early-'80s German skinhead/punk band DIE ALLIERTEN. What you can expect here is extremely rough punk rock with deep vocals, pounding drums and bass, and menacing guitar work. Very good! This strong music has withstood an almost twenty-year test of time. (BR)
(Shock & Drama, no address)

DISBEER - "The Frost" EP

Loud and noisy crust core full of enough venom and vomit to kill a small army of yuppies. This is a fucking ripper except for that "Born to Loose" cover, geez! Probably should point out that this is a picture disc that is limited to 500 copies. Well fuck it, cinch up the bullet belt ma, I am heading into the pit. (RC)
(Murder, Olivier Lacoste, BP 11 33023 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE DOGS - "Teen Slime" 12"

This vintage slice contains seven songs from this '77 outfit, whose first and only single was a cool dose of dense punk. This release has many of the characteristics of unspoiled Midwest punk rock, with elements of the GIZMOS in its rockish spirit, but covers a wide palate from undisciplined (but very well-recorded) punk to psyched-out rock. Those without preconceptions might find interest in this release, though a couple of tunes take some patience. (SS)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccolli 13. 00176 Roma, ITALY)

DORY TOURETTE & THE SKIRTHEADS - "Rock Immortal" CD

I initially described this as a potty-mouthed, perverted JONATHAN RICHMAN-type thing, but it's so much more. They are definitely influenced by the SF Mission District drug scene, which gives them hints of HICKEY and 50 MILLION, but DORY is so perverted and nasty. Take for instance my favorite title: "I'm Too Young To Be A Petafile." Amazing for a bunch of kids! Check it out! (HM)
(S.P.A.M., PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA 94820)

DROPKICK MURPHYS/THE BUSINESS- "Mob Mentality" split CD

Two tough and powerful oi/punk bands at it together on one album. Both bands are playing their own songs, each other's songs, and a couple covers. The BUSINESS cover songs by the FACES and SLAPSHOT, while the DROPKICK MURPHYS redo a WHO song as well as one by the OUTLETS. Johnny Riox (ex-BUSINESS) plays bass again for them on this album. My favorite has got to be the cover of "The Kids Are Alright." This is highly recommended! Apparently, this was meant to be just a 7", but the extra time and energy put into this one was well worth it! (SR)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109, orders@taang.com)

8ROOF/SCREAMINGFATRAT - split EP

SCREAMINGFATRAT does its rocking emo thing. Is there a WATER CLOSET connection here? 8ROOF is kinda similar. WATER CLOSET, BLEW... I guess there's a Japanese emo sound thing going on. (RL)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daida, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033 JAPAN)

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS - "Life on the Line" CD

Finally a reissue of this great punk/pub rock release. Mostly known for the 1977 hit "Do Anything You Want to Do," this release also includes bonus single tracks. Although their first LP, *Teenage Depression,* was reissued on CD a couple of years ago and reissued yet again by Captain Oi this year, this was a "never out on CD" release. How about that second DEAD BOYS LP already? Somewhere in between power pop like the RECORDS and the VIBRATORS musically, this is a no-brainer for old school punkers who don't have the vinyl. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

ELEVENTH SYMPHONY - "Stimulate, Destroy, Restore" EP

There is a hand-written note warning that this may be too arty for us. I dunno, maybe too fucking spastic for *anyone*, but arty... don't sweat it. This is a near-hardcore garage band with lots of imagination and I suspect too many cooks in the song's kitchen to really nail a distinctive sound on this EP, but I'll bet they make me drop my beer halfway through their set if they ever play the Bay Area. A band to look for. I'll do it too. (RW)
(Cobalt Room, 5884 Juvene Wy, Cincinnati, OH 45233)

THE ENDING AGAIN - "Distracted & Contained" EP

Well, this a mixed bag. Sound-wise they straddle an invisible line between old-school HC and energy-driven spazz bands like JOHN HENRY WEST. I like the aggressive, yet ragged, feel of it. They seem like the kind of band who would jump around at practice just as much as at shows. Two of the songs have great lyrics questioning the easy liberal consumer life and the insular world of punk politics. Right on. The only clunker lyrically is "Remember the Alamo," which is so much emo, unfocused stream-of-consciousness fluff masquerading as poetry. Still, the other songs make this a worthwhile purchase. Good solid punk. (BG)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

EXECRADORES - "This is for Nothing" EP

Brazilian politico-crust that isn't well recorded, but is coming from the right place. For a reference, ABUSO SONORO would be a good one to start with. Seven songs in all; nothing earth-shattering musically, but the fold-out information sheet and political commentary is awesome. This was recorded in 1998, so I'm hoping to hear some newer stuff from 'em. (MW)
(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

LOS FASTIDOS - "Radio Boots" EP

Catchy 'n' melodic street punk with Italian vocals, stadium choruses, and really solid production. Pretty good. (NF)
(KOB, Via N. Mazza 65/B, 37129 Verona, ITALY)

FEATURES - "Floozie of the Neighborhood" LP

Great overview of one of those classic super-catchy power-pop-punk bands from the late '70s that couldn't quite compete with the GENERATION Xs and BLONDIEs of the day for attention. This LP gives you the FEATURES' most famous title cut, their previous band's (the FINGERS) insanely rare promo-only EP tracks, and a full live set of really well recorded/executed punk of the type that send collector scum home to Jehovah. One of the best of the recent *Killed By Death* excavation projects. (RW)
(Rave Up, via Montecuccoli 13, 00176, Rome, ITALY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE FITTS - "I Can't Break Away" EP

This Memphis trio plays aggressive power chord girl-punk, the lyrics dealing with love, Mom, Dad, and other stuff that might make you abuse your vocal chords like the lead vocalist here. "I Can't Break Away" is easily the best of the bunch, a high-speed screeching rant that has all the good characteristics of a home recording, which this is (thanks to a REATARD behind the board). Their debut solo release—and the fast tunes sound surprisingly good at 33 rpm! (SS)
(Contaminated, PO Box 41953, Memphis, TN 38174)

FOR THE LIVING - "Bridges Burned" CD

Let's face it Washington DC is making a comeback for hardcore, especially where Youth Crew is concerned. FOR THE LIVING is proof of this claim. Energetic, thrashy at times, just enough melody for a sing-along, never slipping into an emo ballad. Fun, catchy and uplifting hardcore that compliments the almost impeccable Good Life catalog. (TJ)
(Good Life, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM, fortheliving@hotmail.com)

FORCED REALITY - "Give 'Em the Brass!" EP

These guys are definitely going for that whole DROPKICK MURPHY'S sound/image, and they actually pull it off better than the majority of the jokers out there trying to cash in. Anyhow, a pretty good record. (NF)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

FREE STOCKING - "Bring the Spirit" CD

Stop the presses!! What we have here is a really good punk ska release. I know, punk-ska and good is almost always an oxymoron, but Spain's FREE STOCKING pull it off. This release is just way more frantic, and combined with some fine song-crafting that at times has a MANO NEGRA feel, this CD just smokes. Score one for the Spanish. (JF)
(Tralla, Ap. Co. 37.119, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, tr@trallarecords.com)

FUEL - "Monuments to Excess" CD

This is the same CD that Allied put out some years ago and since their demise, it is once again available. Here are all the songs that the band ever released on one little disc. If you for some reason have had your head up somebody's ass for the last ten years and have never heard FUEL, this is basically where the now-faltering Bay Area emo scene started—along the lines of FUGAZI and exactly where HOT WATER MUSIC is trying to be but just can't get to. (PA)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402)

GLEN & THE PEANUTBUTTER MEN - "Night of the Living Drunk" CD

Bonus points for the name for sure. Fourteen songs of tough sounding pogo punk with one of the weirdest sounding singers I've ever heard. Imagine Jello Biafra doing helium and that about hits the mark. (RM)
(Noise Pollution, PO Box 5093, East Cheltenham, 3192, AUSTRALIA)

G.O.H. - "In G.O.H. We Trust" CD

Quick-paced and driving but banal oi from the Netherlands. There are four songs, including one that is anti-European Union and one that's an ode to oi as a scene. It's boring and average. (SR)
(Skanky 'Lil, PO Box 57159, 1040 BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

GOOD CLEAN FUN - "On the Streets" CD

Hands down these guys are one of my favorite bands of the moment. This is great posi/hardcore with awesome tongue-in-cheek commentary on the current state of straightedge, hardcore and punk rock. With great songs like "In Defense of All Life" (a poke at "vegan power") or "LoserDotCom" (an obvious jab at all you obsessive computer folks), I think that they are a great kick in the ass to the current state of straightedge hardcore. Could they be remembered as the CRUCIAL YOUTH or GRUDGE of the coming years? Hard to say, but if they come to your town go see them, because they rock it live as well. As a side note the LP version of this full-length came out with four completely different covers, which have to be seen to be believed! (RC)
(Phyte, PO Box 90363, Washington, DC 20090)

THE GREAT DECEIVER - "Cave In" 10"

Noisy throbbing hardcore that treads on the edge of emo. It never really takes off or slows down. It just kind of plods along in one big screechy mess of guitar effects and throat-twisting vocals. Not sure if I liked it or not, but maybe you will. (RC)
(Bridge, Box 1903, SE-581 18 Linkoping, SWEDEN, bridge_rec@hotmail.com)

GROTTO - "Get A Hustle" CD

Hey, it's DRIVE LIKE JUNIOR! A bit like Gravity. A bit like KRS. Sort of like when the emo children of the late '80s and early '90s became old enough to go to bars. It's not a bad record. It's not evil or satanic. But maybe that's the problem. (LH)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

GUITAR GANGSTERS - "Lord of the Dance" CDEP

Sort of like oi. Sort of like pop punk. Sort of like '80s glam metal without all the solos. I guess "Lord of the Dance" is some sort of folk song in the UK. I mentioned it to Allan and Andy and they started singing like they were in the old country. The one song of original material could even pass for something on *Your Arsenal* which is good by me. Includes a cover of "The Great Escape"... (LH)
(Rampant, PO Box 3806, Southgate London, N14 6NB UK, gangsters@dial.pipex.com)

GUTRENCH - "Never Forgive, Never Forgive" CD

Fun as it was to see a roomful of hardcore kids cringe and squirm from this CD, I can't say it is the hardcore party record of 2000. What's awesome about GUTRENCH is the song titles paying homage to other hardcore bands, "Broken," "Boiling Point," "Mean Season," "Blood for Blood," you get the point. I wish they were love songs exposing the special feelings they have for each and every one of these bands, but alas they are not. They are just regular lyrics of personal struggle. They do thank BLOOD FOR BLOOD, though, if you where wondering. (TJ)
(Gutrench, 334 Bascom Ave. #302, Pittsburgh, PA 15214, gutrench1@aol.com)

THE HELLBENDERS - "Pop Rock Suicide" LP

Wow. Extremely catchy (but in absolutely no way wimpy), straightforward punk 'n' roll. Mid-tempo to faster-paced, these cats rock in a DEAD BOYS kind of way, which many have tried, but few actually pull off. Really put together well, this thing rocks from start to finish. One minor complaint—a little too much lead guitar at times. If you like rock 'n' roll and punk rock, go out and find this. (KK)
(Deadbeat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078, bimalbender@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE HISSYFITS - "Wish" CD

A CD that collects their two singles and a comp track. I've liked everything from this band so far with its CHUBBIES-meets-SHOP ASSISTANTS sound. This gal group has been consistently strong too. I saw them live recently and dug 'em that way too. A must for pop and gal group fans. (RL)
(Orchard, no address, hissyfits@hotmail.com)

HOMEBOYS - "The Same Sunday..." EP

French hardcore a la AVAIL... their English is OK for the most part and lyrics kinda self-loathing...what else can I say? It's not my thing, but I guess they are OK at it...(BM)
($5: Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse, Cedex 5, FRANCE, infos@panx.net)

HOPELIFTER - "The Anthem" CD

Huge production on this CD. Clean and LOUD! Hardcore with an impressive melodic drive. The drums increasingly rat-a-tat ups the speed during the verses which blast into shouted choruses or break into a guitar-churn slowdown. Vocals are a weird hybrid of Dave Smalley DAG NASTY and Ian you-know-who during EMBRACE. Sounds great, it just needs a hook or two more so the songs stick around a bit longer. (TH)
(No Theory, PO Box 5040, Sonora, CA 95370)

HYBRID MUTANTS - "That's OK" EP

Awesome embossed cover art is the first thing that sticks out. "That's OK" and "Girlfriend's Dead" have a new DWARVES feel with catchy sing-song lyrics like "Hey La My Girlfriend's Dead!" The second side includes GBH's "Drugs Party in 526" and the SIMPLETONES' "I Like Drugs." The originals are better than the covers, but it's a good package overall. (HM)
($3 ppd: Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr, Clarkston, MI 48346, hothgang1@aol.com)

I DECLINE - "Spy On Your Neighbors" CD

....They can decline and I will declare that I just didn't like this. I'm not even sure why I didn't like this. It's peppy, it's poppy, it's youthfully energetic.... but I still don't like it. It's all fluff and no filler. Everything from the bass lines to the lyrics, it just never really takes off or grabs me and says "Hey... this is good... like it". It's not unpleasant or anything, I just thought it was kinda boring. Musically, the best way I can describe them is a poppy RANCID with a fifteen year-old penning the lyrics. (BM)
(Paradigm, no address, ideclineMail@yahoo.com)

INSULT TO INJURY - LP

Compared to the snappy production and focus of this LP, INSULT TO INJURY's 1998 EP seems like an in utero effort. Grown up, the South Carolina boys in the band lean heavily on RITES OF SPRING at times, but take initiative too: they never let you drop your guard. The fast-slow, fast-slow dance is adeptly performed—the band keeps you engaged during all slow and pretty parts with nice work on guitar and drums. The lyrics are intent, and like a lot of "screamo" bands they attack the implicit injustices of our patterns of thought. Despite sharing some characteristics of the mold, this isn't self-indulgent, lazy, or droopy-eyed. (AC)
(Belladonna, PO Box 13673, Gainesville, FL 32604)

IRON CROSS - "Skinhead Glory" LP

This appears to be a bootleg of the IRON CROSS' *Skinhead Glory* EP, plus four demo tracks and a live set. Hell, what can I say that hasn't been said before. The influence of this early Washington DC area band (and the scene surrounding them) on punk rock from yesterday, today, and tomorrow is immeasurable. It felt really good to hear these tracks again, especially "Crucified For Your Sins". This song has been completely overplayed by hardcore bands on the live circuit, and I have yet to hear one person credit the song to IRON CROSS (they always credit it to AGNOSTIC FRONT). It is good to note that while the quality of the demo tracks are quite good, the live stuff is a tad muffled. And with way to much treble in the mix, it makes for a tough listen. Nevertheless, this reads like a fine history book and belongs in your collection. (RC)
(no address)

IRON CROSS - "Skinhead Glory" LP

This has got to be the most overrated skinhead bands of all time. These guys put out some of the most boring and limp dick tunes I've ever heard period. And what's worse is that this band probably set the stage for many a shitty, we can't write a catchy tune to save our Docs and play heavy metal sounding guitar oi bands to follow. (RM)

THE JAZZ INTRUSION - "Lost and Found 1987-1991" EP

So the story goes: these are "lost tracks" from Jamaican grind "legends" from 1987 or whatever. Max and I both don't buy it. Call me a skeptic, but it just doesn't fly. Not that the record's bad—it's above average, spastic grind—no relief on the speed. The whole thing just didn't fit together well—a good record to have and puzzle your friends with—y'know, the whole "Jamaican Grind" scene from the late '80s and all. (TM)
(Fish Fur, 121 E. 63rd St, Savannah, GA 31405)

JEALOUSY FACTION - CD

This group reminds me of some of the local bands my group would play with in small towns all over the US. So close to being interesting that it's frustrating. If they were from LA, or even Texas, they'd most likely be by-the-numbers pop punk, but they pepper their poppy aspects with strong hard rock and new wave riffs. At their best they remind me of the DOUGHBOYS when they were still had soul and dangerous hooks as well as drive. A little frustrating, but they are worth keeping up with. (BG)
(no address)

JELLY GUN JACK - "Goomba/Fingers Like Bananas"

A new UK band that has an emo punk sound mixed with LEATHERFACE guitar riffs—a bit of DILLINGER FOUR too. This promo was right on the mark, for once. Actually a two song one-sided single. A good single even though this UK pop punk style is becoming a little over done. (RL)
($5 ppd: Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

JUGGLING JUGULARS - "Skeletons in the Closet" EP

A repressing of this 7" from a Finnish band that has been around for quite a while. Punk that is fast, pretty crazy, and all over the place at times. I find it a little faster than their older stuff. My favorite song is "Aliens," about gender roles. (SR)
(Juggling Jugulars, PL 1, 65201, Vaasa, FINLAND, jantsa@yahoo.com)

KAIVOSURMA - "Saatanan Lampaat" EP

Here's the breakdown: no side exceeds 2:30 in length, it's two guys, and it's minimalist thrash recorded on a four track. Now, in some people's book, that's bad. In mine, it's good. Raw as fuck Finnish hardcore that looks to the classics for inspiration. If you dig raw, Scando-thrash, you will like this. (MW)
($5 ppd: Slode c/o M. Mälkki, Ilmarink, 36 D 37, 33500 Tampere, FINLAND)

KANGRENA – "Terrorismo Sonoro" EP

Another reissue from the '80s out of Spain. This is just crazy. A background of jangly, muffled, fuzzy guitars under an unrelenting barrage of barking in Spanish from the (obviously insane) singer. There's little info in the packaging, just a picture of them looking like the SEX PISTOLS. Chaotic as hell, this is pretty cool in a nuts kinda way. (AD)
(Tralla, AP.CO 37119, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, tr@llareecords.com)

KEVIN K BAND - "Oriental Nights" CD

Live CD by this long-running New Yawk HEARTBREAKERS/NY DOLLS-esque troupe. They make it clear that they really like touring around in Japan for a few obvious reasons... the seafood! Twenty songs are plenty enough for me... (RW)
(Elmer, PMB #108, 9061 US 19 North, Pinellas Park, FL 33782, trashbrats@webtv.com)

KID CHAOS/10% EFFORT - split EP

KID CHAOS plays dance-craze melodic hardcore with strong schooling in pop. Vocal and guitar led songs that demand your feet move around. Restrained and effective use of horns! 10% EFFORT has a similar sound but in a much sloppier and looser way. The vocals are a bit flat and don't mix in that well with the rest of the sound. Not too shabby of a CURE cover. (TH)
($4: 4216 Evans Ave, Ft. Worth, TX 76115)

THE KICK JONESES - "Who Put the Voodoo in Punk Rock?" CD

I've got a sinking feeling that these guys would be huge if the were from the US, and I don't mean just in the punk scene—nor do I mean any disrespect. This group of ex-SPERM BIRDS have that same elusive combination of hooks and power (though more hooks than power) that propelled the small group of bands that vaulted from the punk scene to the big numbers scene. These uncommonly catchy choruses burrow into your brain and lay eggs there. The songs are simple yet immaculately constructed. It basically sounds like old new wave married indie rock, who had some distant relatives like '50s rock 'n' roll, early punk, and soul over for a beer. Out of the fourteen songs there are only three I would skip over—that's a pretty good average, right? Still, why one band member finds it necessary (funny?) to put the word "womanizer" after his name by his photo is beyond me. Does it mean something different in German? Anyhow, the horns and organ add some color, and the overall effect of this release is one of well-crafted pop (as in what good pop meant before the advent of, gasp—pop punk). Look for this. (BG)
(no address)

THE KOWALSKIS - "All Hopped Up on Goofballs" CD

A fun power pop release with gal vocals. Falling somewhere in between BLONDIE and the GOOPS, this is pretty solid. It's also feature a good cover of DEVO's "Uncontrollable Urge." In fact, I think everyone should stop covering BILLY BRAGG's "New England" and start covering "Uncontrollable Urge" for the next few years or so. Hey if the DOUGHBOYS did it ten years ago, it has to be cool, right? Anyways, this is a good full length. (RL)
(Engine, PO Box 1575, New York, NY 10009)

KRAKATOA - "Channel Static Blackout" CD

Second Nature has put out some great releases. This is not one of them. This band is very confused. Imagine with me for a moment the screeching vocals of MILHOUSE over a SCORPIONS ballad with chug hardcore parts. Not too tempting. Maybe that's why KRAKATOA is "a studio project," not a band. For those of you versed the ways of KRAKATOA from their 7" and you still wanted more… you are a sick group of people… but here it is—eat it up. (TJ)
(Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138, www.secondnaturerecordings.com)

KRIMINELLA GITARRER - "Complete Studio Recordings & Demos" LP

Here's a meaty document well worth the no-doubt inflated price it will fetch at your local record emporium (if it ever makes it there). You've heard these pioneers of Svenskpunk on *Bloodstains Across Sweden* and other comps, so you know if you their spazzisms rub you the right way (and I should hope so). While things bog down a bit at times, I'd rather have too much on an item like this than not enough. Couldn't find the promised "full band history" insert, though. (DD)
(Klippan, no address)

LADGET/DADDY LONGLEG - split EP

LADGET play what most people like to call melodic hardcore, yet it falls much more into the hardcore area than all those Fat Records bands. Three songs that are fast paced for the most part with some metal style or youth crew style breakdowns. DADDY LONGLEG play uptempo power pop punk in the vein of the DESCENDENTS or early REPLACEMENTS. Somewhat generic, yet played well enough to get by. (PA)
(Twisted Chords, Postfach 666, 76327 Pfinztal, GERMANY, info@twisted-chords.de)

MUSIC REVIEWS

LAGER LADS - "The Good and the Bad" CD

A compilation of lifeless oi songs from this Canadian band. These guys have such small dicks that they need to compensate by sexually degrading women in their lyrics. Degrading phrases such as "cum in her face," "I need you to relieve my prick," "take it on your knees, take it on your back," and "will pull out you'll swallow what's true" are included in their dumb songs. What ever happened to singing about being working class citizens? (SR)
(Blind Beggar)

LARRY - "Do You Wanna Hate Me" EP

Wow! A loose, spirited, one man band! LARRY has that early Canadian SUBHUMANS sound—melodic upbeat punk. I had the pleasure of catching the TROTS, LARRY's other band, and he's got what it takes. He's aging, and on it! Totally worth checking out! (HM)
(Puke, PO Box 1835, Seattle, WA 98111)

LAUNDERETTES - "Rebel Love" EP

"Cool chicks," says Carolyn, "but I wish the girls were playing guitar instead of this dude Rick-o-Rama." The LAUNDERETTES are a mostly-female quartet hailing from frozen Scandinavia, all ironed bangs, heavy poses, and reform-school chic. Kinda of by-the-numbers, kinda '60s bad-girl-gone-worse. A guilty pleasure, perhaps. "Rebel Love" clocks in at too long its own good, but "Girlfriend" and "4 O'Clock Pussy" on the flip live up to the record's promise. Maybe they could arrange a gang rumble with the femmed-out, new-look TROUBLEMAKERS? (JH)
(Sneakers, Almgrensv. 9 Am 162 Gressnik, NORWAY)

LEATHERFACE – "Horsebox" CD

Any LEATHERFACE is better than no LEATHERFACE, so I welcome the return of Frankie and Company. The question is "is it the fan favorite *Mush* or the beginning-of-the-end *Minx*?" This is actually right in between. This is tighter and stronger than the recent BYO split disc too. This is mostly-up-tempo rockers than hold up pretty damn well with that much-patented muted guitar sound and sandpaper vocals. As far as the usual offbeat cover songs go, the cover of NICK CAVE's "Ships" pretty much bombs and I can hang with the Nickster. But the cover of the CYNDI LAUPER hit "True Colours" is actually kinda neat. LEATHERFACE raised the bar on the quality scale and this holds up just fine. (RL)
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

LEFTOVER CRACK - "Rock the 40 Oz." EP

Lots of amusing, tasteless Columbine jokes riddle this EP. LC went hog-wild on the sound bytes between their energetic tunes that vary from JAWBREAKER to AAA to thrash to metal. These jokesters sure seem to be enjoying themselves. Fun mix of tunes and packaging. I hope they send it to our buddies in Columbine. (HM)
(Bankshot, PO Box 742, Hanover, NH 03755)

LE SHOK - "She Prefer Whips/Queen Bee Vs. Killer Bee"

All I can think is, if DEVO went garage? Yeah, that's LE SHOK in a nutshell. Rootsy sounding new wave hell that ends before you can even figure out what's going on. Lyrically devoid of romance, just totally rad stuff. Buy it, dickheads. (DL)
(Tiger Suit, PO Box 15482, Long Beach, CA 90815)

LE SHOK - "We Are Electrocution" LP

Fractured, uneasy listening that runs out of grooves at just about the right moment. Art-school delinquents dressed in itchy and uncomfortable '77 punk trappings, flailing and kicking madly. This 12" runs at 45 revolutions per minute, raising the bands' singing voices a couple octaves and upping the urgency by a notch or two. Punk rock with a real sense of immediacy and style, even. Fuzzy organ, lyrical threats and sexual innuendo abound. "White tie, you die," they state on the lyric sheet. "Kill all music journalists now and sort out the remains later," sez I. (JH)
(Gold Standard Laboratories)

THE LINCOLNS - "The Things You Say" CD

I'm not a big fan of taking a "used" band name. Of course they don't call themselves "PINK" but I'm a fan of the Florida band so it gets my goat a bit. As for the music, it's pretty damn annoying as well. Vocals like CANDY SNATCHERS pre-puberty, or just not really a guy who should be singing. A mix of hardcore and moshin' street punk fare. Fancy production and lamo-effects (eg. sampling *The Shining*) give it a faux-slick sheen, but to me this kind of punk has zero sex appeal. But neither does Santa Rosa. (RY)
(Reach Around, PO Box 1119 Santa Rosa, CA 95402 thereacharound@aol.com)

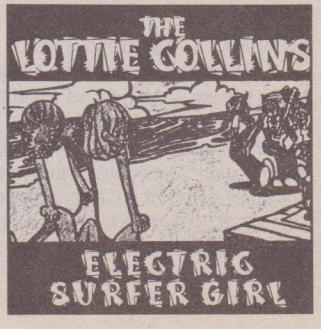
LOAD LEVELERS - "Flatbed Truck" CD

Some kick-ass country rock-n-roll here that's a mix of NINE POUND HAMMER and ZEKE! Live they even sound better! Check out the latest trend before they all marry their sisters and wind up in jail. Excellent. (HM)
(Ain't That A Rat's Ass, PO Box 25453, Seattle, WA 98125, theloadlevelers@yahoo.com)

LOMBEGO SURFERS - "Let It Rip" CD

This is garage meets punk with something wrong. It has the most horrible drum mix I have heard in a long time, like they used a piece of wood for a snare drum. The songwriting is good, the guitar has just the right amount of distortion and crunch, I even like the trash can lid of a crash cymbal, but that snare drum is a deal breaker. (DP)
(Flight 13, Nordstrasse 2, D-79104 Freiberg, GERMANY, mailorder@flight13.de)

THE LOTTIE COLLINS - "Electric Surfer Girl" EP



This is garage-y pop-punk in the RAMONES vein. I like the scratchy sound of the guitars, but these three songs are just so happy sounding, I can't stand it! I need angst! The band is from Japan, and they all share the last name of Collins. (AM)
(Skippy, 5-24-11-202 Miyame, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 168-0081, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

LURKERS - "The BBC Punk Sessions" CD

I like the LURKERS. Never one of the leading lights of the early British punk explosion, they still turned out a couple fun 'n' catchy sides (the best-known of them being "Shadow," covered by the RIP OFFS and many others) and never took themselves more seriously than they ought. A Cockney RAMONES, often speedy, sometimes plodding, occasionally retarded. *The BBC Punk Sessions* consists of rough, live-in-the-studio tracks recorded for broadcast on John Peel's radio show, dating from late 1977 to '79. Features alternate takes of "Total War," "I Don't Have to Tell Her," "God's Lonely Men," "I'm on Heat," and so on and so forth. Merrily sing "tra la la" whilst skipping down the garden path, carefully avoiding broken bottles and dogshit. Strange to see an alliance between Captain Oi Records and the British Broadcasting Corporation, but I guess that's the "new economy" for you. (JH)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

MALEFACTION - "A Defining Moment" EP

I'm not sure if this predates their debut CD of last year (which is awesome) but this is a little rawer and looser than the full-length. If you dig non-stop black metal-influenced grindcore with good lyrics, you'll love this. And on a side note, it's always a safe bet to get a release from Denied A Custom Records since he really knows how to pick the good, yet unknown hardcore thrash bands. This is no exception.(MW)
(Denied A Custom c/o Yoshiyuki Takahashi, 3-5-12-106 Hasigadai, Narita-Shi, Chiba 286-0037, JAPAN)

MAN IN THE SHADOWS - "Pax Americana" EP

This band from Slovenia kind of reminds me of any number of friends' band's demos from the late '80s. Mostly mid-tempo, home-produced, and boring hardcore, with brief flashes of spirit and inspiration—usually in the form of an unexpected hook or a guitar riff that really digs in the gut. Unfortunately, these moments are few and far between, and the singer sounds like he's in the midst of dental surgery. Having said all that, I'll give them credit for having a politically revolutionary agenda. There is some interesting writing in the booklet that accompanies this, but does anyone really buy records simply for the text? (BG)
(Miran Rusjan, Pot Na Breg 8, 5250 Solkan, SLOVENIA)

MENACE - "Live in Bermondsey" LP

This fuckin' sucks. A really crappy live recording of a once-great band. (RM)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Building, IF, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

METEORS - "Wreckin Crew" LP

I read somewhere that the singer had been in jail in 1976-'77, and missed the early London punk scene.This is a re-release, so don't get too excited; actually do get excited, because this is the real shit—original psychobilly, classic stuff like the CRAMPS. (EC)
(Knock Out, Postfach 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

MINIWATT - "Metropolis" EP

Wow, this is going to be a tough one—I mean that in a good way, because I like challenges. All right, let's start with how they describe themselves: "Three-piece indie wave." Now here I go: They take full advantage of tweaked-out unconventional rhythms but still usually hold your foot tapping, amazingly enough. The title song "Metropolis" is thinner sounding while the other three songs have the big crunchy BIG BLACK style distorted vocals and guitar. In fact, if you are into BIG BLACK, RAPEMAN and friends, you will most certainly like this record, not just because of the similarity, but because MINIWATT does it with their own style that adds a bit more class. (KM)
(Miniwatt, 616 Willett Ave., East Providence, RI 02915, mail@miniwatt.com)

MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE - "24 Song Seven Inch" EP

If ELMER was influenced by the whole late-'80s funk metal scene instead of country music, they'd probably be MR. CALIFORNIA & the STATE POLICE. On second thought, this band may just be a SCHLONG ripoff. Interesting, and not as bad as the previous sentences make it out to be. (JF)
(Terry Ryan, 218 Echo Ave. #1, Campbell, CA 95008)

MORTICIA'S LOVERS - "My Baby MMMMHH/ Rockabilly Drugstore"

Imagine wandering into a dark Italian pub after a long day of sight-seeing, and there are MORTICIA'S LOVERS exploding in the back with some down-home rockabilly. Ahhhh...you're in heaven. This 7" has two hot songs, the title track along with "Rockabilly Drugstore" (an old CRIME song). The recording has everything a rockabilly lover would ever want, plenty of scratchy distortion and vocal reverb, and tons of energy. I don't know how they captured it, but just by listening I can envision these guys smiling at each other and giving each other shit as they play their guts out. They have some more recordings coming out soon, so pick this one up and get ready for more. (KM)
($4: GoodBye Boozy, Via Villa Pompetti 147, 64020 S. Nicolo, Teramo, ITALY, loverz@tin.it)

MY HERO DIED TODAY - "The City Will Pay for This" CD

Now this is the shit! It's been a year since I picked up their EP on Join The Team Player, and I've been wanting more. Awesome European metal-core, but unlike bands like ACME or SYSTRAL, MHDT also take influences from East Coast metal bands like CONVERGE. This is powerful as all hell, and the packaging from Schematics is great as always. It's metal, and I fucking love it. (WN)
($6.50 ppd: Schematics, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, kidsinthepit@compuserve.com)

NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD - "Weapons & Equipment of Counter-Terrorism" EP

Tricky mix up of sounds going on here, with great success. At times (almost) gruff vocals with a rough hardcore of more recent Boston bands (CLASS ACTION, AUGUST SPIES) then a melodic hardcore approach with cleaner, tuneful vocals. Fantastic catchiness throughout. No lyric sheet, but I'm pretty sure they sing something about making "hardcore punk again." Hope this band sticks around for some more singles. (TH)
($3: Discos Muy Guapo, PO Box 536631, Orlando, FL 32853-6631)

MUSIC REVIEWS

NABAT - "Campane a Stormo" LP

I like a railer-sounding record like the next guy, but most of this is practically unlistenable. Anyhow, what we have here is almost an hour of early demos, live tracks and some previously released songs from this old-school Italian skinhead band. A pretty good band, but this record is not worth your time to try and track down. (NF)
(Potere)

NEWTOWN GRUNTS/AMPHETAMEANIES - split 45

A two-song split here with a very Scottish sound. The GRUNTS do a catchy number with sing-along vocals and tempo changes that's almost like (punk) MEKONS. The flip is a ska-ish song, "Whiskey," by the AMPHETAMEANIES. OK, but nothing more. (RL)
(F & J, no address)

NEW YORK DOLLS - "Actress: Birth of the New York Dolls" LP

This is actually a lineup of three original DOLLS (Thunders, Kane, Murcia) before teaming up with Sylvain and Johansen to form the NEW YORK DOLLS. With Johnny Thunders on vocals, this has way more of a HEARTBREAKERS sound to it. I couldn't find anything by this band in the extensive *MRR* archive, so I don't know if any of this stuff has been released before. It's a must for fans of the mid-seventies New York raw bluesy rock defined by Thunders. (DP)
(Get Back, Via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenze) ITALY, abraexp@tin.it)

NIP DRIVERS - "Destroy Whitey/Oh Blessed Freak Show" CD

This is a reissue of Two LPs originally released in the early and mid-'80s, plus a bonus cover of SWEET's "Fox On The Run." They were a southern California band with a sound sort of like a mix of CIRCLE JERKS and GERMS with a sense of style like the DWARVES. (DP)
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109, nipdrivers@taang.com)

THE NO WTO COMBO - "Live from the Battle Of Seattle" LP

Nowhere near as bad as I thought it was going to be. Jello Biafra and a bunch of people who used to be in grunge bands play a show amidst the tear gas and rioting in Seattle last year. Decent recording, better than average live showing of some old DEAD KENNEDYS material and unoffending new material about free trade, plus an informative booklet. Musically uninteresting, politically right on, and for the completest only. (ST)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

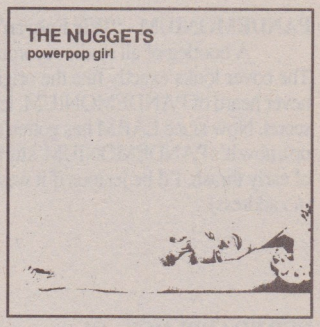
NOBODY CARES/CHACHI ON ACID - "And I Will Have 2 Fillings" split CD

NOBODY CARES play generic fast-paced punk. You know, when every song starts with a short intro and then "go!" or "1,2,3,4" or when it gets really good: "1,2,3, go". This has basic four-chord riffs, snotty vocals and a couple of "woooh's" in the back. CHACHI ON ACID play dumb punk, but nowhere near as well as SCHLONG or the HORNY MORMONS have done it. Dull guitar, snotty vocals—I wanted the songs to be funny, but they just weren't. (PA)
(Napalm Ape, PO Box 2510, Pt. Charlotte, FL 33949)

NOSTROMO - "Argue" CD

Super-metallic hardcore from Switzerland that's recorded super clean. Would have loved this in '93, but this stuff doesn't do it for me nowadays. Don't get me wrong though, if you love super-crunch guitars, double bass, and strained vocals, you love it. Packaging is pretty awesome as well. (MW)
(Snuff, PO Box 5117, CH-1211, Geneva 11, SWITZERLAND)

THE NUGGETS - "Power Pop Girl" EP



Power pop, yes indeed. Listening to this record is like chewing bubble gum—it loses its flavor—however, I am impressed with the crispy clear production. The lyrics are boy-loves-girl-dumps-boy '60 style. (EC)
(Sneakers, Almgrensv 9A, 1621 Gressvik, NORWAY)

OITERS - "Hier Sind die Oiters" LP

This band mixes a kinda wild combination of DEVIL DOGS-style rock 'n' roll, a harder oi sound, pissed-off German lyrics and stadium choruses—and it didn't do a damn thing for me. (NF)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

OUTO - LP

This is a reissue (bootleg, from what I understand) of this well known and widely respected Japanese hardcore band. Their reputation is well-founded, and deserved, as this LP demonstrates. As much as it upsets many people that releases like this are becoming the norm—it's refreshing to see hardcore this great available again. You get 21 tracks of brutal, sweeping mid-'80s Japanese hardcore that still sounds better than most current releases. They employ the frenzied galloping guitar/bass sound—everything is short and to the point, but with such pinpoint structure that songs are immediately memorable. The artwork is great, the sound quality is top notch, and here's to hoping that this will be available at a reasonable price. Excellent stuff—if only more of the "reissue" bootlegs were this good. (TM)
(no address)

OPEN CLOSE MY EYES - "El Nuevo Milenio" EP

At first appraisal, OCME's vocals seemed to be that of a pre-pubescent rabbit, but on second listen the passion of this '88-style Swiss hardcore outfit with high screamy vocals came across past the metal mix of all vocals and drums, when the bass is audible during breakdowns and solos—it sounds great. After the third listen a warm hardcore camaraderie formed between listener and band. (TJ)
(Prawda, Scholastikastr. 24, CH-9400, Rorschach, SWITZERLAND, openclosemyeyes@ticino.com)

OUT COLD - "Two Broken Hearts are Better yhan One" CD

Middle-of-the-road hardcore punk rock with wacky song titles like: "Energy Vampire," "Skinned Alive," and "Nailgun Murder." Maybe a harder version of the QUINCY PUNKS, for comparison. (NF)
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826)

OUTFACE - "TV Generation" EP

Fast '80s-style hardcore with powerful upfront guitars, just snotty enough vocals, and the occasional sing-a-long. But don't get me wrong... this ain't no pop punk. It rocks enough even to almost forgive the thankfully short, almost-reggae breakdown on side two. The songs are mostly in English, and there are eight of them on this 45 rpm slab. Hopefully there is a full-length in their future. (WN)
(Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse Cedex, FRANCE, www.panx.net)

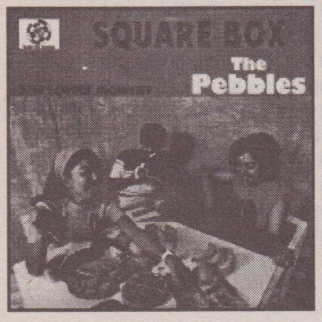
MUSIC REVIEWS

PANDEMONIUM - "Wir Fahren" LP

A bootleg of all studio recordings that PANDEMONIUM has ever done. The cover looks exactly like the original *Wir Fahren...* LP. For those who have never heard of PANDEMONIUM, let's just say that they are Holland's best kept secret. Now since LÄRM has gotten there due respect (ten years after they broke up), now it's PANDEMONIUM's turn. Man, those German kids sure bootleg a ton of early thrash. I'd be jealous if it was a legitimate release though. (MW)
(no address)

PCP ROADBLOCK - "Aaarrrggghhh!!!" CD

Tuned way, way down low. The bass strings are nearly dragging on the ground. The guitar work is just peculiar enough to bring to mind SCRATCH ACID and some BUTTHOLE SURFERS. Recurrent blasts of noise and thrash and vocals that sound like any of your favorite doped-up Southern California punk heroes. (TH)
(Wet Tail, PO Box 4916, Richmond, VA 23220)



PEBBLES - "Square Box/Lovely Moment"

Totally great '60s pop from this classic garage band from Japan. The a-side kind of reminds me of music from *Our Man Flinstone*. The b-side could pass for something on Sarah or K. Totally refreshing. (LH)
(Majestic Sound, Horie-Daikyo Bldg. B1, 1-2-25, Kita-Horie, Nishi-Ku Osaka, 550-0014 JAPAN, ms-rec@mti.biglobe.ne.jp)

PERISCOPES - "Beaver Shot/Happy to Be"

Hard to believe that the PERISCOPES were churning out this kinda corn-fed frat rock as late as 1965, but I guess the Greeks of UCLA still required background music for their toga parties and somebody had to provide it to 'em. "Beaver Shot" is a sleazy and cheesy instro that brings the CHAMPS' "Tequila" to mind, with the addition of its "risque" title and chorus. "Happy to Be" is "Louie Louie" with different lyrics, nothing more. Guess you had to be there, but if you had been, you'd be in your late fifties by now. (JH)
(Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1875, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysus.com)

PETTYFORDS - "Aloha Means Goodbye" CD

My Gawd, these kids sound like they're on helium! High speed pop punk with tunes and hooks not unlike SICKO or NAR. If you follow Hawaii punk at all (am I one of the only ones?) this isn't unlike all of the islands' most recent output. Dumb lyrics... no harm, no foul. (LH)
(Whoa On, 52 Mcloughlin St, Glen Love, NY 11542, whoaoh@aol.com)

POLKACIDE - "2/4 Hardcore" CD

The masters of polka punk are back with a second full length comparable to their first release over ten years ago! A great, fun, live band that transfers quite well to CD. If you like polka you'll love POLKACIDE, and if you don't, you're missing the party boat. Awesome. (HM)
(Dog Patch, PO Box 882944, San Francisco, CA 94188-2944)

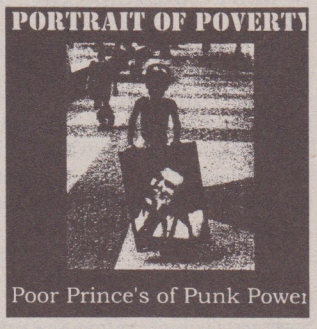
PINHEAD GUNPOWDER - "Buffalo" EP

Let's just say: this EP is like one more page of an obscure-yet-popular novel that you've probably read at least some excerpts of. There is a cast of characters that you feel you know even if you don't know them, which is a little creepy but a testament to good writing. There's also a particular style to it which people by turns admire, emulate, scorn or dismiss. If you're following this story, you'll want to pick up this latest chapter. If not, well. I get the sense that there's just a storehouse of material sitting around somewhere that PINHEAD GUNPOWDER is leaking to their listeners little by little. My favorite one on here is "New Blood" written by a character named Wilhelm Fink, just because it has that signature punchy nostalgia to it. In "Buffalo", did Aaron Cometbus steal the "goodbye girl" lament from SQUEEZE? You decide. (AC)
(THD, PO Box 18661, Minneapolis, MN 55418)

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER/ DILLINGER FOUR - split EP

For some reason this split just seems fitting. Two bitter-sweet pop punk bands, who are too dark and edgy to be called pop punk in a lot of people's books, together... disillusioned and jaded and telling the world about it. D4 never really got me going but their two offerings here impressed me. I can't really compare to them to anyone at the moment but they have a definite Cometbus feel (go figure). PHGP are a band that have always been hit or miss. Billie's vocals are Billie's vocals; you either hate them or you love them. Aaron's lyrics and song structure and often lack of a rhyme scheme annoys me. "At Your Funeral" has not real rhyme scheme and relies on Billie's voice and pronunciation to make it work. Three tunes here, one short and harsh, one mid tempo, and one sweet and slow. The slow one steals the show here. A great introduction to both bands. (BM)
(Adeline, 5337, College Ave #318, Oakland, CA 94618)

PORTRAIT OF POVERTY - "Poor Princes of Punk Power" EP

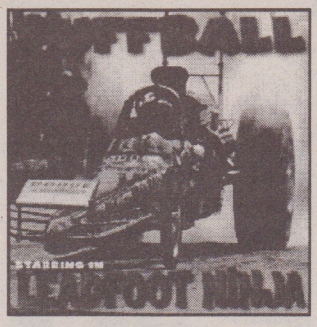


Tacoma Washington's P.O.P. have been bashing shit out for years, and here they are again with five more beer soaked anthems. Side one is a more-metal ANGRY SAMOANS; fast as shit, screaming guitars, and fucking rockin'! Side two is where things get weird... "Check Ya" sounds like an awful third rate NOFX/ HOT WATER MUSIC hybrid, but way worse. Off-key vocals *and* off key harmonies. Then the fourth song comes back with furious fuck-shit-up punk; sometimes four good chords are all you need! And the record closes with a song about partying that sounds like the Fat Wreck clone bands should: melodic, but still tough and gritty—you know, punk. (WN)
(Mad Skull, PO Box 57159 1040 BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS, oebmadskull@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

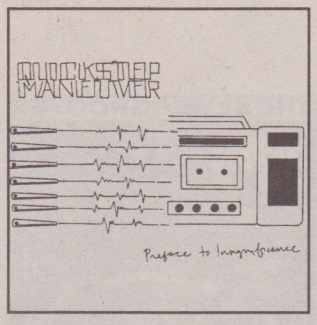
PRIMITIVE CALCULATORS - LP

Wow, I can't believe that this is getting reviewed! This is a really wild reissue of live recordings from 1979. Great package with a bonus single of early noise insanity. Imagine mixing the earliest recordings of the EX and RONDOS with early THROBBING GRISTLE or SPK. Fast paced rhythms with shouted slogan-like vocals. Mixed with jabs and cuts of loops, noise and digital feedback. There's really nothing like this. (LH)
(Au Go Go, GPO Box 542D, Melbourne, Victoria, AUSTRALIA 3001)



PUFFBALL - "Leadfoot Ninja" EP

Well, I've been screaming it for five years at least: nothing beats PUFFBALL in my book. If they came in liquid form, I'd be quite a quaffer. Hopefully my PUFFy preachings have been heard clearly by anyone who'd care before this point, because I feel a bit the fool singing they're friggin' praises all the live long day. "From the Word Go" may be their finest attack to date. Call it what you will but if (some of) punk rock and roll stayed in this MOTORHEAD rut for all eternity, I'd be musically fulfilled. (RY)
(Glazed, PO Box 82006 Columbus, OH 43202 glazed@columbus.rr.com)



QUICKSTEP MANEUVER - "Preface to Insignificance" EP

Emo pop punk here that's a little on the sloppy side which isn't necessarily a bad thing. J CHURCH like with its poppy stylings. Not overwhelming, but still decent. (RL)
(Act Your Age, 3244 Locke Ln, Houston, TX 77019, actyourage@pdq.net)

RABBLEROUSERS – "Street Justice" CD

Mid-paced rockin' and rollin' punk with a street-punk influence, though not exactly oi. From Canada—I think Quebec, given that they sing a song in French. How does Blind Beggar (a German label) find all these Canadian bands? This isn't bad, it just doesn't do a lot for me—not enough harmony. Good song about the Klan though. (AD)
(Blind Beggar, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957, Eppenbrunn, GERMANY, beggarrec@aol.com)

RADIO BIRDMAN - "Living Eyes" LP

A record like this is hard to review for somebody like me. For while I have spent many a night listening to RADIO BIRDMAN's *Radios Appear* LP, I've really never listened to that much else by this band. That is what makes *Living Eyes* so hard, it's a good record, maybe even a great one, it just doesn't stand close with *Radios Appear*. For those who don't know what RADIO BIRDMAN sound like, think '70s Detroit, and surf. In all honesty I'm more stoked on this record than it would appear by this review. (JF)
(no address)

RANDOM CONFLICT – "New World order" CD

RANDOM CONFLICT are punk as fuck. The disc starts off with a soundbite from *Suburbia* (and later there's one from *Repo Man*) then launches into pissed-off, fast, thrashy, old-schoolish punk that brings to mind SUBMACHINE (or remember PUBLIC NUISANCE?) and QUINCY PUNX. Lots of bad (meaning good) attitude with songs like "I Wish it Could be 1987 Again" and "Heavy Metal Slut." The soundtrack to drinking in deserted parks and under bridges. (AD)
($10: Random Conflict, PO Box 12262, Huntsville AL, 35815)

THE RANDUMBS - "Things Are Tough All Over" CD

The rowdy RANDUMBS crank out another, but I was ready for 'em. Some stuff in the liner note Thank Yous make me think they may even have relocated from Sonoma, CA to my very home of Santa Cruz, CA. Not sure though. It might suit 'em—more of a low-class place, less risk of arrest for indecent exposure, bars that serve beer instead of Pinot Noir. Anyhow, you know this band, right? Fast, loud street punks who fall down and break things. Great new bunch of songs, too. (RY)
(TKO, 4104 24th St.#103 San Francisco, CA 94114)

RAW NOISE - "Stench Of Death" 10"

RAW NOISE was an EXTREME NOISE TERROR side project in the late '80s/early '90s, and this contains their *Stench Of Death* single as well as tracks from a split LP and compilations. Oddly enough, it sounds a hell of a lot like ENT, with heavily DISCHARGE-influenced riffs and gruff vocals, but RAW NOISE are somewhat more, well, raw. You know what to expect, and this record certainly delivers; totally unrelenting. These fifteen songs are a must for fans of this style of hardcore—good luck finding it! (WN)
(no address)

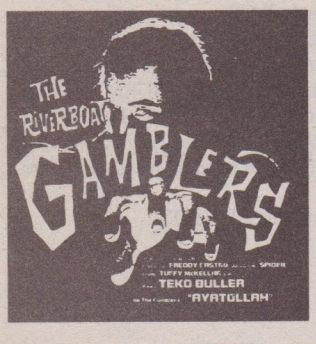
RED LONDON - "Streetlife—The Best Of"

A greatest hits release from this Brit band covering 1983 to 1997. I've always like this band although they have certainly had some uneven releases. Most of my favorites are here although "Bric A Brac Youth" would have been nice. Somewhere in between CHELSEA and perhaps less a punk outfit such as NEW MODEL ARMY, this is a very solid and practical collection. (RL)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY, mosh@knock-out.de)

THE RED SCARE/ORCHID - split EP

Two of the best bands in hardcore, giving us the best material they've produced, on one record. It's your lucky day. The RED SCARE shine through the poor production on their side, but ORCHID really takes the cake with two over the fucking edge songs of mayhem. As Tom said the guitars are like this: (motions with hands making big, menacing, crushing kind of gesture). If ORCHID lost the crummy piano bit (this isn't even good piano, if such a thing exists) this would be genius. Unfortunately with points lost for impersonating an indie rock band due to said piano noodling, they must continue to reside here among the mortals. (ST)
(Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Pl, Newell, CA 91321)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS - "MeanMotorMachine" EP

If you're looking for more heavy rock 'n' roll stuff to fill your 7" box, here are the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS. They could be compared to the HELLACOPTERS, with thick guitars and riffs that are approaching a metal OZZY feel. There are dueling guitars and you can tell that one is a little more punk while the other is more metal, but they play great together. (KM)

($3: Gamblersaci, 2109 Camellia St, Denton, TX 76201)

THE ROTTERS - "Pull It and Yell" LP

It was always my memory that the only good ROTTERS song was "Sit on My Face Stevie Nix." While listening to this record, I decided I'd read the liner notes, you know, in an effort to become more informed. The story of the ROTTERS is pretty interesting. In the last paragraph, Phester Swollen mentions that they've reformed. Why? Anyway, here we have twelve cuts that were all recorded in the late '70s. Adequate early punk rock/new wave that doesn't seem terribly compelling. OK, but certainly not great. Go to your local record store, read the notes on the back cover and then fight with yourself about whether or not you should buy it. If you can't decide, then steal it. (KK)

(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysus.com)

SANDIEST - "Fair Judgment" 45

Solid Japanese pop punk, that has a definite English feel. Actually, SANDIEST remind me of a cross between LEATHERFACE and the JAM. It's nice to hear records with melody that aren't Fat or Epitaph influenced. This record is just another total winner. (JF)

(Sick, 12-1-716 Kojogoaka, Otsu-shi 520-0821, JAPAN)

SCAT RAG BOOSTERS - "Slickat" EP

If I was to go by the first song on this record, I would says this is pretty lame, slow, sludgy, and practically inaudible. Since I have liked almost every other Flying Bomb release I've heard, I will save that judgment until I hear side two. On side two, they pick up the pace a bit. You can hear the vocals and music better. Nice bluesy garage with harmonica. I'll just pretend side one doesn't exist. (CK)

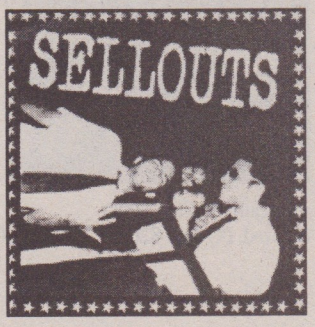
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

SELF MADE MONSTERS - "Love at First Gag" EP

The SELF MADE MONSTERS have an early-1980s SoCal mid-tempo thing going on. Silly themes like "I Need Dog Food", an ode to women's lib: "Burn Your Bra," and the obligatory "TV Sucks" and "Radio Blows." Pretty good, but nothing sticks or stands out. (HM)

(Brain Drain, PO Box 1122, China Grove, NC 28023)

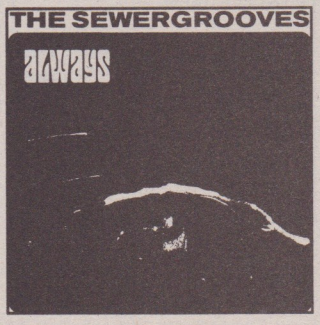
SELLOUTS - "You Leave Me Cold" EP



Brazilian punk rock in the style of the REGISTRATORS—fast, loud, and raw as fuck. This one ain't leavin' my turntable for a while. (DP)

(Gonna Puke, Via Monteverdi 43, 90145 Palermo, ITALY, ambramarco@tin.it)

SEWERGROOVES - "Always" EP



I kind of wish someone had not stuck this piece of paper in this record informing me that this is Robert from HELLACOPTERS' "other" band. Yuck. That doesn't really matter, though, 'cause he's the drummer for the Hellacopters and SEWER GROOVES. I know a drummer is important, but not for the overall sound of the band, so I'll forget that information and put this on the turntable. Anyway, just as you'd expect, this is crappy rehashing of '70s arena rock. The shit I hated back then and still hate now. These bands always compare themselves to the STOOGES and MC5, but I don't see it. Those bands were interesting, and this pales in comparison. This type of music is the reason we ended up with punk, so maybe this crap will give new bands a kick and they'll start playing some cool stuff. (CK)

(Punch, PO Box 60167, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

SHUT UP DONNY - "No News is Good News" CD

Civilization has been discovered in Campbell and it turns out to be pop punk. I mean, this is sound is so associated to the area... It almost sounds like they're playing at Gilman. I really wish some new band from the area would break out in a big way. I mean, this CD is good. It's fine. It's totally adequate. But were bands in Liverpool still playing "Love Me Do" in '72? Probably. (LH)

(Let's Go!, PO Box 156, Campbell, CA 95009, ShutUp Donny@netscape.net)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SIDEKICKS- "The Kids Know Everything" CD

"The Kids Know Everything"!?? Last time I checked "the kids" were still morons, but that is neither here nor there. I think I slipped into epileptic shock around track four...I'm going to be totally honest, I didn't like this very much. It's unoriginal pop punk from a junior high band. It's really easy for me just to tear into these kids, but I'm going to be nice and just point out the obvious flaws and hope they take my words to heart and work on it. The production here is very thin (sounds like it was just miked and recorded, no polishing what so ever), the songs are far too long and monotone, and there is no excuse for butchering a BUDDY HOLLY tune!!! What's more, no band should ever record a WEEZER song unless they are in WEEZER! This really lacks originality and catchiness. There are a few redeeming qualities here though, namely "You Make Me Feel Emo" (it's kinda witty {too bad someone else thought of it first}), but the worst thing here is stealing Johnen Vazquez' (JTHM, SQUEE) artwork for the cover. Not cool. As an artist I would be both offended and appalled. (BM)
(Second Rate, 945 Buckland Ave, San Carlos, CA 94070, thesidekicks@hotmail.com))

SIMPLE MISCHIEF – "Jumping Life's Fences" CD

I listened to this twice today at work while mixing concrete and it cheered me up—no mean feat in itself. Very youthful, juvenile (in a good way) upbeat punk rock with some good hooks and cool harmonies. There was very little info with this (and I can't find any other releases from them so I assume it's their debut). I don't even know where they're from. They get an award for funniest cover of the month for doing the theme from *Fraggle Rock.* (AD)
(No address, orangeetrophy.com)

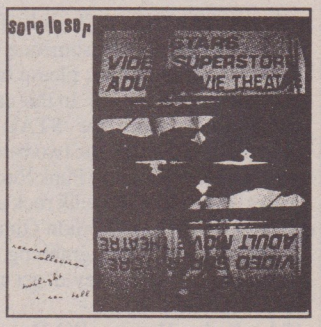
THE SKULLYS/DARKBUSTER – "Skullbuster" split EP

Two Boston bands. the SKULLYS play fun street punk with horns. Like the DROPKICK MURPHYS, they have a big Irish thing going on, and they have a whole song about Ireland's biggest export—Guinness. They also do "California Sun." DARKBUSTER are good—their singer has a great voice for this kinda stuff. Very melodic—not really street punk, not really pop punk, it's just...good. Extra points for having a song called "Some Cunt Sneezed on My Sub." DIY! (AD)
(no address, darkbust@aol.com)

SLIME - "Wir Wollen Keine Bullenschweine" EP

A bootleg of SLIME's first (?) 7" record, which I believe preceded all of the LPs. Classic and great German punk rock. A little rougher than, and not quite as melodic as some of the stuff that followed, but still great. Contains the uncensored version of the title track, which is absolute classic SLIME. The cover is made to look like it is original, but the inner labels are blank. Sound quality is good, but not great. Still if you don't own the original you should seek this out. (KK)
(no address)

SORE LOSER - "Record Collection" EP



The title track here is a great song—very poppy, almost to the point of being a radio hit song. Similar in style to someone like ZOINKS. These are almost over-produced catchy pop punk songs, and though I could see how a full-length record would become tedious, these three songs here work well. Clean vocals, mid-tempo songs, quite pleasant altogether. (PA)
(Arms Reach, 1231 W. Lincoln Hwy #21, Dekalb, IL 60115)

SORE LOSER/DIG DUG - split 45

A good split from the SAMI-AM-esque SORE LOSER and the more rocking DIG DUG. In fact DIG DUG is quickly becoming one of pop punk's rising stars with its WESTON tendencies. Good enough. (RL)
(Rebound, 1231 W. Lincoln Hwy. #21, DeKalb, IL 60115, ReboundRec@aol.com)

SPACE COWBOYS - "Kick Her Loose" EP

I like this. It's fun, it's fast, it's trashy, it's rock and roll... unfortunately it's kinda macho rock and roll. Cars and eyeliner, pin up girls and stars...you get the picture. Two equally as rocking tunes (one on each side) in the SUPERSUCKERS, maybe even CANDY SNATCHERS vein. There's a little lo-fi distortion here, I guess it's just to make it a little trashier and less cute, but I think they should have either used more of it or not used it at all. What's the point in half assing your fidelity? (BM)
(Nomad, PO Box 34829 West Bethesda, MD 29817-4829, sonic.bloom@swipnet.se)

SPREAD THE DISEASE - "The Sheer Force..." CD

Straight-on metal that slips comfortably between hardcore breakdowns and fast-paced black metal. The heavy riffage combined with the growling vocals makes for a solid match. The only drawback to the CD is the trippy electronica they throw between songs. I found it to be more distracting than intriguing. (RC)
(Eulogy, no address, spreadthedisease@hotmail.com)

SPLODGENESSABOUNDS - "I Don't Know" LP

Mostly bad rock. Some of the lyrics are pretty funny and if the music was a bit more fun, this could have been a really good record. But it's mostly like BAD COMPANY or STATUS QUO or something equally staggering. (LH)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

STARVATIONS - "Church of the Double Cross" EP

It's nice to see someone bothering to include some info with a record (aspiring artists, please take note and at least make a half-assed effort at press releases). In this case, I learn from enclosed materials that the a-side is from the STARVATIONS forthcoming *A Black-Out to Remember* LP and the two b-side tracks are exclusive. Also that this is supposed to be "Bluesy Punk Rock," although it's rather slow and "indie" (yikes!) sounding for punk rock and more folksy than bluesy. Remember GALLON DRUNK? I didn't think so. Anyway, the songs go around and around without really grabbing me nor inspiring me to write anything interesting. Maybe they'd get more feeling into them at 4:00 in the morning. (DD)
($4: Kyle Davis, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA 92630, Clownbait@hotmail.com)

STATE CONTROL - "Sinds Wanneer Heb Jij Sjek?!" EP

This has got to be a joke. This is so fucking funny! Crazy, out-of-control grindcore with completely shameless drum machines. I mean, it kind of sounds great in its weirdness. I'm not totally sure that there are actual lyrics for the songs, but they do have great titles like "Don't Kill Us, We'll Kill You" and "Dial 'M' for Mayhem." It sounds like these guys stayed up really late one night and just fooled around with their Tascam four-track and a drum machine. Funny as fuck. (LH)
(Jelle Smit, Beeksestraat 76, 4841 GD Prinsenbeek, NETHERLANDS, ommosmit@concepts.nl)

THE STATIC - "Stab at the Night" EP

Though the members of the STATIC look green, their EP grants them membership into the "even newer romantic" (how's that for snappy coining?) school founded by MURDER CITY DEVILS, etc. In other words, with this EP the STATIC embrace traditional sin. They romanticize a shadowy nightlife populated with bad, beautiful women, booze, and self-destructive rapture. Musically, they pay homage to basic, driving rock 'n' roll and do a good job of it. Lyrically, they don't stray far from a monotone, as if the singer might lose control if his passion (see above) were allowed a free vocal range. In case you were wondering—no, no keyboards here. (AC)
(Rocknroll Blitzkrieg, Berkeley, CA 94712, thestatic@hotmail.com)

STELLINA - EP

I'd say this is the first thrashy hardcore record I've heard in years that has really made my ears prick up. STELLINA sound like a dangerous bastard child of HEROIN and early DIE KREUZEN. All sweat saturated rage and confusion, played with bloodletting intensity. This shit doesn't just growl at you, it grabs you by the throat, then explodes, leaving you with millions of shards in your face, and all the happier for it. Remember this name: S-T-E-L-L-I-N-A. (BG)
(no address)

STENCH BAND - "Pray for the Fred" LP

When people talk about proto-punk and they aren't talking about a band from NYC, they're talking about guys like these. Three avant garde hicks wailing their guts out in 1972 Oklahoma... sound promising? This is one evil, fucked-up, garage rock record that sounds like remnants of the MAGIC BAND doing psych-punk covers of songs they've never heard before. It's not '77 punk or '66 punk or '87 punk, so some of you may be left grasping for a toehold. Here ya go: "It's a bunch of hippie bullshit, you don't want it...buy that STRIFE record instead." The rest of you...limited to 300, so drag your ass out there... (RW)
(Stench, no address)

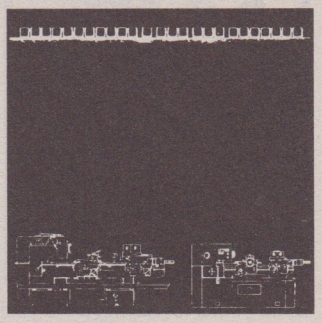
STOSSTRUPP - "Wie Lange Noch..." LP

God bless the bootleggers. This is a boot of a German band from way back when. This is basically the LP this band put out on Rock O Rama made available to the masses and at a much cheaper price, I'm sure. The eighteen tunes here are raw and nasty sing along/pogo punk that smokes. So, ditch all those sissy-ass English band reissues that you've been buying lately, pick up a copy of this and get a clue. (RM)
(no address)

SUPERHOPPER - "Music For Downtown" CD

I am perplexed by this CD.... this band has the ability to write great power popish tunes, complete with keyboards and casios, but then they dick around a bit too much with their instruments. Less is sometimes better, fellas. I can't even think of any bands to compare this to (I've been having that problem lately, either bands are getting more original, or I'm just losing my touch). (BM)
($8: Moniker? No!, 813 1/2 Blair Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105, superhopper_sin@hotmail.com)

SWITCHBLADE/JAM SESSION - split EP



The JAM SESSION has added "power electronics" to the fucked hardcore of their last EP. And no, they aren't a LOCUST clone, you jaded asshole. The electronics come through really strong and set the tone for the rest of the band to work around. Spooky, slightly goth, but the bass and drum pound, with the chop of the guitar keeps it ugly and intense. SWITCHBLADE, everyone's favorite Swedish band with two bass players, appears to be down to one bass. A bit less muddy, but not so much that their gloomy, dark cloud hardcore is fucked up. The guitar work pokes through more but still plenty of churn to keep me bobbing from the waist. (TH)
($5: Insect, Postfack 58, 116 74 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

TASTES LIKE CHICKEN - "Rude Boyz Parade" CD

So if I sit here long enough and tell myself that the mixture of punk and ska is really not that bad of a thing, then this CD sounds OK—Fat/Epitaph style songs, both played and recorded well. Harsh, somewhat snotty vocals, upbeat songs, unoriginal yet catchy writing, with ska parts thrown in every once in a while. Swiss. (PA)
(Hannibal's, 95, route de Florissant, 1206 Geneva, SWITZERLAND)

MUSIC REVIEWS

TENPIN - "40 Hour Bus Ride" EP

A good pop punk EP from that Bill Stevenson's Blasting Room Studio sound factory. In other words, like ALL and the DESCENDENTS. ARMCHAIR MARTIAN? In other words again, you've heard it before but it's still pretty good. (RL)
(Rise, 2347 Oak Hill Rd, Roseburg, OR 97470)

TEENAGE BONEHEADS/RABIES - split 6" flexi

This is a 1997 tour release, and it's great! The TEENAGE BONEHEADS have a garagey, jangly, guitar pop masterpiece along the lines of the BANANAS! The RABIES have a decent song that sounds like it's directly off *Boogada Boogada Boogada* (even down to Ben Weasel's voice!). Good luck finding this treasure that originally sold for only 400 yen. (HM)
(Skippy, 5-24-11-202 Miyamae Suginmai-Ku Tokyo 168-0081, JAPAN)

TENSION – "The Worst of..." CD

First release from this French label which up until now was a *Punk Lives* style magazine. TENSION is Jim of FILTH and EXPLOITED fame's latest band from Toronto (he gets around, doesn't he?), they play a type of hard punk very similar to late period EXPLOITED (after Wattie got into speed-metal) which is well played, and has lyrics that are better than most in this genre. Songs about religion, television, punk sell-outs, and racism. Their second album, it's a must for fans of EXPLOITED, DISCHARGE, GBH, BROKEN BONES, ENGLISH DOGS, etc. etc. (AD)
(Pavemusik, B.P. 5195, 57075 Metz Cedex 03, FRANCE, madpunx@aol.com)

TERMINUS CITY - "My Castle" EP

Plenty of people that I know have been jacking off about this band recently, and although I'm not quite ready to torque out a load over 'em, this record still is pretty good. I think a slightly more melodic version of the BRUISERS would be a fair comparison. Oh, and two of the songs here also appear on their upcoming full-length on TKO Records. (NF)
(Mad Skull, PO Box 57159 1040 BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

TERMINUS CITY - "Justice Isn't Always Fair" CD

This release is kind of hit and miss. Some of the songs are "the hammer," others are just one of those plastic hammers that honk when you hit someone with them. For example track one is a "hammer," two is a honker. All of the tunes are upbeat and catchy punk rock with an English influence, but overall this band has more to do with AC/DC, the MC5, and CHUCK BERRY than the COCKNEY REJECTS. A pretty good release that falls just short of being great. (RM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

TESTORS - "New York City Punk Rock 1979" LP

The title was definitely chosen to perk up the ears of us '70s punk rock lovers, and it works. These guys played back in the day at, guess where, yes, CBGB and Max's, and I'm sure they gave it all the sweat and broken strings they had. This record is a morsel for you to suck up: blown-out rough-and-tough rock and roll. Yum! They've got powerhouse guitars and bass, strong drumming, and a forceful vocalist (Sonny Vincent) not unlike ELVIS COSTELLO. One thing I really enjoy about this album is its diversity, like how "Black Book" and "Lonely Nights" are self-absorbed in a subtle sad way, and "Greedy Fuckers" spews snotty outward cynicism. (KM)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoll 13, 00176 Rome, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)

TESTORS - "Original Punk Recordings Vol. 2" 10"

Sixteen year-old delinquents lurk in back alleys huffing model airplane glue from paper bags, chugging warm Budweiser from the can, and hurling bricks at each other's heads whilst TESTORS play in the the background. Six mangled and fun tracks, recorded in 1976 and '77 by the early New York trio that featured on-and-off scene starlet Sonny Vincent and his new wave novelty sunglasses. Lotsa prime sneers, mangled guitar noodling, and trashy charm wilting in the harsh stage lights. A punk song about Voltaire. Fun, fun, fun. Kill, kill, kill. (JH)
(Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, GERMANY, www.incognitorecords.de)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB - "Dance Party With..." CD

I didn't really dance, nor did I party while I listed to this... it's kinda country twang meets CRIMPSHRINE mentality. Plan-It X records has a knack for the socially aware bands doing something a bit different and they've found one. Not bad, not great, it tends to lag but at least it's uncommon. (BM)
($5: Plan-It X, 5810 W. Willis Rd, Georgetown, IN, 47122-9117)

THOSE UNKNOWN - "Malice and Misfortune" CDEP

This is sort of an odd record. Maybe it's not so odd to the fans who are familiar with the band's previous album, but this is my first encounter with them, and I swear I thought that they were Irish. I mean, that singer has quite an accent (which I'm hoping isn't a total put on) and they cover "Dirty Old Town." It's solid "street punk" or oi or whatever the kids are calling it these days. And they've got no shortage of catchy tunes and good lyrics. I just wonder if they're ashamed of Jersey. (LH)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

MUSIC REVIEWS

TOMAHAWK- "What to Do/ Rotten Roll" EP

Solid, big-assed Detroit derived IGGY shit that the Swedes seems to be obsessed with in a way that the Australians no longer are, oh well... Naturally from the post UNION CARBIDE PRODUCTIONS mode which means it's the STOOGES, cranked up a notch on the rock scale. Blistering, scalding guitars abound here with the vocals barely discernible and just over the top ROCK music. Pretty enjoyable for what it is, good hair-waving music, dig it! (JY)

(Nomad, PO Box 34829, West Bethesda, MD 20817, alieneyes@yahoo.com)

TROUBLEMAKERS - "I'm Not That Kinda Girl" EP

No, you certainly ain't that kind of girl, or any kind of girl, for that matter. Big points to the TROUBLEMAKERS for their "hot she-male" cover concept, which (literally) paints the band as the biggest pack o' nervous nellies since MOTLEY CRUE at their girliest. The record itself, however, isn't their greatest testament. Blame the production that makes everything sound flat and clumsy, since the TROUBLEMAKERS are a better band than this. Too bad "The Legend of Al Sobrante" is an instrumental, 'cause there's a wealth of lyric potential there that could have been tapped. (JH)

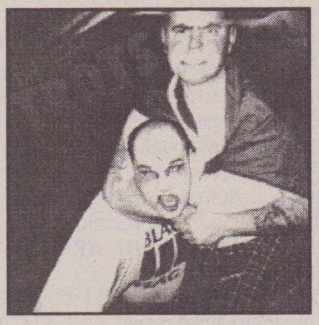
(Larsen, Rue de Crey 73230, St. Alban Leysse, FRANCE)

TRAILER PARK RIOT/BUREAU BRATS - split EP

Punk rock from Delaware that ain't MILLENIUM FALCON—I'm intrigued already. TRAILER PARK RIOT offers up two songs of gravelly-voiced, up-tempo, toe-tapping punk rock, like much less-slick and-way-more-metal LEATHERFACE. My short attention span would have enjoyed shorter songs, but that's a matter of taste. The BUREAU BRATS, after their epic intro, launch into a song that sounds like an emo/metal/hardcore band in its infancy (that's a good thing). They then follow with two much more basic fast pissed hardcore songs that leave me wanting more of either style...I bet they're gonna smoke in a year or two. (WN)

(40 E. Main St. #217, Newark, DE 19711, angelfire.com/de2/bureaubrats)

THE TROTS - "Walk the Plank/ Now I'm a Real Rock 'n' Rolla 'Cause I Drink Whiskey and Coca Cola"



Doesn't say where these boys come from (I get the feeling it's somewhere West of the Mississippi), but I'm sure the Confederacy of Scum would welcome them at any given BB-Q/Pig Bath. Drunk punk, large and fleshy, for sweaty people who may also enjoy LIMECELL, WRETCHED ONES etc. Fine and dandy. (RY)

(Puke, PO Box 1835, Seattle, WA 98111)

TREADWELL/16 - spilt EP

TREADWELL easily dominates this split. Their brand of chaotic thrashing hardcore overwhelms as it pulverizes your senses. Two songs recorded in '98 here, well worth getting this limited EP (only 260). Too bad this is a split. It's hard to tell if this is the same 1992 Orange band, 16, and they moved all the way to Los Angeles in the last eight years. If they are the same, they have gone from slow to slower. This one song drags on endlessly; it induces the same feeling in the pit of your stomach that waiting for the dentist to get done filling your teeth. This kind of repetitive drone is always conducive to an upset stomach. (TJ)

(Badman, Nebrehovice 7, 386 01 Strakonice, CZECH REPUBLIC, mcesky@pvtnet.cz)

U-MEN - "Solid Action" CD

This was what you did in the '80s if you were in a great, creative band that didn't want to play pit-ritual bore-core or program computers to stimulate bored post-disco vampires: you played songs with atmosphere and guts, you did crazy shit in front of dumbfounded audiences full of expectations of what "punk" was supposed to be, and you broke up right before the recognition and dollars started flowing your way. You did what the U-MEN do on this CD, although hardly anyone else did it like these guys. If you want a rough comparison for sound's sake, try an American channeling of the rockingest BIRTHDAY PARTY moments. (RW)

(Chuckie Boy, 2802 E. Madison St, #116, Seattle, WA 98112)

TREADWELL - "Pour It Into Our Bodies/Let Loose the Lions" 6"

Two short bursts of hectic, lurching, new-school hardcore. There's a later BORN AGAINST influence, with perhaps a little more experimentation going on. There's not much more to say—both tracks rock. Going back and checking their earlier output, I realized I'd heard them before—I'd just forgotten about it. That's not a mistake I want to make again. Get your hands on their stuff, and see them live. (AM)

(Redwood, PO Box 6041, Fullerton, CA 92834)

MUSIC REVIEWS

UNHOLY GRAVE/MY MINDS MINE - split EP

UNHOLY GRAVE is creepy and really intense grindcore with dual screeching and deadly groaning vocals. They lighten up a little bit later on. MY MINDS MINE is as intense grindcore but not as creepy at all with the high-pitched wails. You're in for an intense treat with this one. Play it full blast to make your skin start peeling. (SR)

(Rot Away, 3 8913BN, Leeuwarden, NETHERLANDS, shantia666@yahoo.com)

UPHOLSTERS-"Makers of High Grade Suites" EP

Swanky, furniture-repair rock of a grit-retro nature. Rootsy in a JACK-ON-FIRE, In-The-Red Records type groove yet still Motor City in nature to attract the trad rock types. You got the usual distorto vocals, big fat rock beats, two fine covers and one original: "Apple of My Eye," which rocks my world in a CULT (*Love* era) meets classic old GAUNT meets... Includes also some wacky sound asides which is damn fine with me. (JY)

(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

THE URCHIN - "Fragile Songs in Lukewarm Dreams" LP

Well, this band can be summed up in four words, but they are great words: LEATHERFACE, SNUFF, J CHURCH, and JAWBREAKER. I hate to boil a review down to nothing more than nods to other bands (although I do it often enough), but just about every lick and melody on this can be traced back to one of those bands, whether it's intentional or not. I'm not complaining—Japanese bands have a knack for adopting a style of music and then playing it better than ever before, and that's the case here. Ignore this album at your peril—it rocks. (AM)

(Broken, PO Box 460892, San Francisco, CA 94146-0892)

VALENTINE KILLERS - LP

I can't say that there's a band with KILLERS in their name that I don't like. Their label pretty much says it all. Yeah, It's rock, what the fuck's it to ya? Nothin' fancy here, just fast and intense rock and roll with a guitar sound that'll punch you in the face. On tour this year. Yeah, I'll be there. (DP)

(Yeah, It's Rock, PO Box 85775, Seattle, WA 98145, members.aol.com/valentinekillers)

VANILLA MUFFINS -"Gimme Some Sugar Oi!" LP

Gosh! This LP just sparkles with good natured fun- punk! The music is light and fluffy Oi! for pleasant people. You get high-pitched vocals with tight little melodies and nursery rhyme choruses. The music is quite polished and one hundred percent safe. There are more influences from the RAMONES and the TOY DOLLS than COMBAT 84. This is ever so palatable and quite danceable. It's recommended for all genders everywhere. (BR)

(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527, Dinslaken, GERMANY)

VIBRATORS - "The BBC Punk Sessions" CD

All I had to see were the words "John Peel" and I knew this CD would be a winner. Peel Sessions are almost always the best way to hear a band's work, and punk vets VIBRATORS are well served here, the sessions dating from late '76, mid '77, and mid '78 so that you get a cool overview of the first two pogo-au-go-go albums. There's a nine-song live set from '78 tacked on the end, but the fourteen live-in-studio songs are worth the ticket price alone. (RW)

(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

THE VARUKERS - "One Struggle, One Fight"

Fairly boring release from this long-time English band. Eleven songs of generic leather and bristles hardcore punk, similar to THE EXPLOITED, GBH, etc... Whoops, actually this is a re-release of the same album this band put out in 1985 on their own label. I guess that makes this a classic. Oh well, it's still boring. (RM)

(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Building, IF, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

THE VIGILANTES - "City Lights That Lead the Way" CD

The band has a fast, poppy and melodic SCREECHING WEASEL-like sound with a tougher edge, but without the vocals. The singer has a really deep and droning voice that doesn't seem to go with the band at all until you listen to it for a while. This is actually pretty good even though it is something the kids have already heard before. (SR)

(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA, 30333, gmmrecords.com)

SONNY VINCENT - "Parallax In Wonderland" LP

Sonny Vincent drags the near-dead from their convalescent homes once again. Wavering between the fucking blown-out punk rock and roll that you've come to expect from Sonny's all star sessions and the dangerously pathetic bar rock that old punkers often descend into, this is a mixed bag. Line up on this one includes Wayne Kramer (MC5) and Ron and Scott Asheton (STOOGES). Listen to the songs with Kramer on them first, they're by far the best. (ST)

(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

VOORHEES - "Bookburner" EP

Six new tracks of shredding hardcore from one of England's finest. These guys have always cranked out hardcore that sounds hateful as all hell, and this is no exception. With lyrics like "Through this bloody rage I only want to see you dead I hope you die real fucking soon," there is no foolin' where they are coming from. So guys the next time you decide to come all the way over to the States, how abut a brief jaunt to the West Coast. It would be much appreciated. (RC)
($3: THD c/o Jason Parker, PO Box 18661, Minneapolis, MN)

WAIFLE/ANASAZI - split 5"

The WAIFLE sound transformation still throws me for a loop. Distorto crunch and a near German metal-core sound. No more spoken word extravaganzas on the power of emo. ANASAZI is the current bay area word of mouth band. The buzz of the internet. Ex-members of MAKARA! Their song here is way further into the German emo-violence homage than WAIFLE. Strafing and wailing walls of guitar, tinny drums and harsh vocals. Will we hear more? (TH)
(Create A Villain Of Your Own, PO Box 1515, Leesburg, VA 20177)

ANDRE WILLIAMS - "Black Godfather" LP

.....well, so far this one isn't as good as the *Silky* LP from some years back.... more funky this time around, and way more distorted..... this thing seems to be more of a recording project for Mick Collins than an Andre Williams record.... lots of crazy recording styles and what have you..... the vocals are minimal and most of the time distorted outbursts buried in the mix..... a dance party record..... this time Andre is portrayed as one of them hip '70s black dudes outta one of them blacksploitation flicks..... yawn..... what a fucking let-down this one is.... I think Andre has just become a puppet at this point.... (SW)
(In The Red, 2627 East Strong Pl, Anaheim, CA 92806)

WORLDS STRONGEST MAN - s/t CD

Melodic hardcore in the vein of early LIFETIME mixed with ALL. It's well played, though I find the songwriting a little lacking. I guess the ALL comparison is issued, because at times the vocalist sounds like a dead ringer for Scott Reynolds. (JF)
(WSM, PO Box 36700, Philadelphia, PA 19107, worldsstrngman@aol.com)

THE WRETCHED ONES - "The First Song" LP

Yes! This is absolutely brilliant American Oi! from one of this country's oldest and most respected Oi! outfits. This was originally issued on CD by Headache Records in 1993. This LP has classic WRETCHED ONES songs like "Going Down The Bar," "We're Not Stopping Now," "I'm Troubled Within," "Johnny Burnout," "Working Man," "Waste My Time," "Time Marches On," "Oi! Rogers," and the memorable "I Hated School." Get this now— New Jersey Oi! at its best! (BR)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527, Dinslaken, GERMANY)

THE WRETCHED ONES - "Got to Work" LP

Once only available as a CD and a picture disc, this pioneering US street punk band's second album has finally been issued as a standard LP. Twelve great beer drinking anthems from one of the best bands of the last ten years. (RM)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

THE WRETCHED ONES - "We Don't Belong to Anybody" LP

Despite what a few of my friends told me, there's no way in hell that this record is up there with their first two. But it is still better than 90% of the jokers who try to compete in this genre. Oh, and a big thumbs up to Knock Out for making all three WRETCHED ONES CDs available on vinyl. (NF)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

YOUTH GONE MAD - "Oompa Loompa" CD

YOUTH GONE MAD is actually just one person, Ena, with a rotating lineup. They have been around since the early '80s and have put out many EPs of varying quality. This CD, unfortunately, falls in the category of releases that suck. It's all over the map genre-wise, and the lyrics are just plain stupid. There are two songs that DEE DEE RAMONE wrote and played on, and they rival the awfulness of his rap period. Sadly, they are the two best songs on this disc. (DP)
(Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse Cedex, FRANCE, livingmachine@yahoo.com)

YOUTH STRIKE CHORD - "None for All" EP

Fast, pissed off early '80s HC from Japan. The lyrics are extremely well meaning, but I think they lost something in the translation. Still, this band does a pretty good job of keeping up with the bandana-core rebirth, but with a slightly crustier sound. I've got a feeling they've broken up though— the sleeve says "YOUTH STRIKE CHORD is... fuckin' dead!" (AM)
(Sprout c/o Tsuyoshi Konno, 1-10-27, 1-Bancho, Aoba-Ku, Sendai-City, Miyagi 980-0811, JAPAN)

V/A - "Another Boston Punk Comp" CD

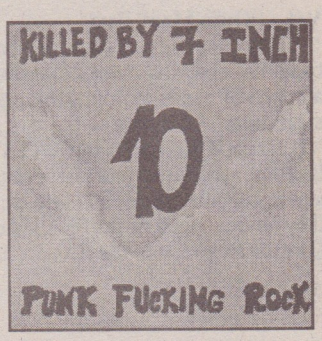
And that's just about what it is! With styles all over the map, this is certainly one of a thousand regional comps that have come and gone. There's always the few high points, and the general low points, and this prescribes to that formula as well. Some of it is certainly listenable (TOXIC NARCOTIC, SHOOT THE HOSTAGES come to mind immediately) and some of it is downright funny (175 GRAMS with some of the most ridiculous lyrics I've heard in a a while—unity around what?). Hit or miss—you'll love it if you're local, and these are bands you know/see /etc. Not really something that will sell you on moving to Boston though. (TM)
(Rodent Popsicle, AT PO Box 335, Newton Center, MA 02459)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "The Best of Belgium Part 2" CD

The 26 of Belgium's best punk bands in this "collection" are either unfortunate or so new that only one band, CONCRETE CELL, appears on any vinyl in the *MRR* library! The other 25 bands are just as melodic and hardcore, but apparently haven't been able to share their wares on vinyl with *MRR*. It's a sad time when so many releases don't come out on vinyl (a far superior product). Anyway, back to the CD comp. It's amazing how all these bands sing in clear, almost flawless, English, and how almost all of them play the same SAMIAM-ish melodic hardcore with lots of guitar riff breaks. It's almost like the first twenty songs were by the same band. It's eerie how homogeneous this comp is. Quite possibly from produced by aliens. Some of the bands include: GWLLIONS, WHYPOAL, BIRO, FRISKO's FOR FREE, SCARROTS, SFP, SKOOL'S OUT, and my fave, FIST OF FURY. (HM)
(Green Leaf, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM)

V/A - "Killed by 7 Inch #10" EP



Split boot comp EP between two US bands and two from overseas. We are definitely dredging the bottom of the barrel for these comps—you get F and the FALSE PROPHETS representing the US Not that either of those bands are bad (I really liked the FALSE PROPHETS—live and recorded, and still think that F were overrated), but it's certainly getting to be the 'B' team. From the U.K. you get the INVADERS (mid-paced garage from 1980—low energy, quirky lyrics, but nothing terribly necessary) and from the Netherlands come AMSTERDAMNED, who are the real standout on this—chaotic, noisy and loose punk from 1983. This has its redeeming qualities, but there's an obvious stretch going on. (TM)
(no address)

V/A - "The Best of Twist-A-Rama" LP

.....what you got here is a reissue comp that came out in the '60s of local teenage bands from the Mohawk Valley..... all the bands were once played by a disc jockey named Hank Brown on a morning radio show called "Twist-A-Rama"... Hank had a television show as well.... this record originally came out in 1965 on some poor ass quality low grade plastic shit so the sound quality is super rough in spots.... this is not the kind of record you wanna spin every night, but as a document it serves as a good dust collector.... this is volume one of new New York garage band series on Norton.... (SW)
(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

V/A - "Modern Radio Presents Vol. One" EP

Four bands from the Twin Cities area. All of them are ex-some popular band or other from that area of the country. AMP 176 play poppy emo along the lines of HOT WATER MUSIC, The HIDDEN CHORD are former emo kids now playing pretty straight-up catchy rock and have the best song on the record. The FORTY FIVE play late '70s rock as well, in the vein of the CLASH. Lastly, the SELBY TIGERS play kind of spacy pop punk with keyboards and snotty male/female vocals. For the most part it's really good stuff. (PA)
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

V/A - "Brewed In Canada!" CD

Six oi bands from Canada play a couple of songs each on this CD, and for the most part, it's pretty bad. The SUBWAY THUGS and the RABBLEROUSERS put forth a good song each, while the KING SIZE BRACES (give me a break with that name!) are the surprise winner here, with the three best tunes on this disc. The other bands all fall flat on their faces. (NF)
(Blind Begger, Bogenstr. 25, D-66957, Eppenbraunn, CANADA)

V/A - "Okara/Kamiloze Benefit" CD

This is a benefit for a political group and a collective space, which are both located in France. They have got a great line-up for this one. Bands like GRIDE, CODE 13, FUCK ON THE BEACH, HIS HERO IS GONE, UNKIND, GODSTOMPER, DAHMER, ABUSO SONORO, CRESS plus a whole bunch more contribute to this awesome compilation. As it says on the cover, there are "13 Countries, 33 Bands, 44 Songs" on this CD. You truly cannot go wrong with this one. (RC)
(Fight For Your Mind, 47 Avenue Gilbert Roux, 03300 Cusset, FRANCE)

V/A - "El Dia De Los Diluntos" CD

Another compilation that equals more space taken up in a landfill. I don't care where the bands come from, when over half of the 26 that make up this compilation are bad ska stuff, like LOOKING UP and the BRUCE LEE BAND, you know trouble is brewing. Than at the end you try to throw on stuff that sounds like RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE rejects. I recommend not to get this release. (JF)
(Hannibal's, 95 Rue De Florissant, 1206 Geneva, SWITZERLAND)

V/A - "One or Two Good Songs and a Whole Lot of Crap" CD

Bay Area band comp that sells itself a little short. The intro is a little long and doesn't seem to have anything to do with the music, and there is a little more ska than I'd like, but over all this is a pretty good comp. B-SIDES, YOUR MOTHER, LOS RABBIS, AKA NOTHING, SIDE-KICKS, there's 34 songs by 17 bands. Even if you only like a few songs it's worth the measly two bucks post-paid they're asking. (DP)
(Pat Riot, 1575 166th Avenue, San Leandro, CA 94578, patriotrecords@hotmail.com)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Outo Maa" flexi

A comp flexi of some great current hardcore from Finland— most bands have previous releases that have been available over here, so it's not a bunch of bands of unknown quality. You get eleven tracks, with the standouts coming from VALSE TRISTE, IRRITATE, VICIOUS WANKERS and KATATSTROFIALUE. It's generally rough hardcore—distorted (not just because of the flexi!), raw and heartfelt. The sleeve contains some band info etc., and this label is worth watching, as they have a bunch of stuff in the pipeline. (TM)
(Hostile Regression, PO Box 37, 55801 Imatra, FINLAND)

V/A - "The Progress for Annihilation" EP

Every band on here hits the first note with a solid GO! and they don't let up from there. The line-up includes WADGE, KURUMA BAKUDAN, LEFT IN RUINS, KILLERS, SIION-IN KEVAT, FUCK ON THE BEACH, PRE HUMAN BLASPHEMY, MAHOGANY, JEANXSEBERG and ARTURO. Have I ever mentioned how much I like the insanity that calls itself FUCK ON THE BEACH. Yes...I think I have. (RC)
($3.50/$5 World ppd: Podruido, 7231 Ensign Avenue, Sun Valley, CA 91352)

V/A- "The Sound of Modern America" EP

Nothing too offensive on this four-artist comp, but nothing that the world needed to hear right away (especially not on a 7" slab), although fans of Manson's *Lie* album might be taken with the neo-tribal slop of the HECKLERS' "They Will Know We Are Hecklers (By Our Noise)"—I was, and if they can sustain this sort of brazen effrontery through an entire LP (which I doubt), I'll be in line to buy it. Nothing wrong with the PANIC BUTTONS' sloptake retardo rip off of "Rosalyn" ("You're Too Hot") by way of SUPERCHARGER, but not beyond the beyond either. DEMENTIA THIRTEEN's rave up is just tight enough that it should've been tighter and BOB CITY is too singer/songwriter-ish for me. (DD)
($4: Zodiac, 88 Cooledge Dr, Brewster, NY 10059)

V/A "They Wanna Fight" LP

Recovered from way, way, back in the annals of lost rock 'n' roll here are twenty lost songs of novelty rock 'n' roll you won't here at Mel's Diner. If you're a '50s rock enthusiast, or just simply like the sound of a hot sax and a hollow body with some cruise-with-me-baby rhythm, you'll love this. In fact, my Dad would really be into this...hmmm, Father's Day is right around the corner. Highlights (Wendi, no address)

V/A - "Tre Venezia...Against Racism" CD

Tre Venezia is the Northeast area of Italy, and all 30 of the bands on this comp are from there. The purpose of the project is to unite the areas punks and skinheads against racism. The music is a mixed bag of everything from straight ska to hardcore punk. I'd never heard of any of these bands before, and to do them all justice individually would take all day and a full page, but after a few listens what sticks out most is the poppy sing-along sugar-sweet punk of TWINKLES. Also great is CSCH who manage to blend surf and mod sounds into a fast angry punk song. the whole thing is extremely well produced, super sound quality for a comp of this size. A very worthwhile release, as the cover says "Love music, hate racism!" (AD)
(Kontro Ogni Barriera, via N. Mazza 65/B, 37129 Verona, ITALY, Kob@bbk.org)

V/A - "Twelve Ounces of Courage" 2x10"

The third in a maybe never ending series of Songs About Drinking comps. BAR FEEDERS, LIZARDS, DING DANG, STRYCHNINE, WHISKEY SUNDAY, HELLWORMS, LOPEZ, BANNED, RANDUMBS, many more. All on green vinyl the same color as when I puked last. (DP)
(Very Small c/o No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, noideanerds@earthlink.net)

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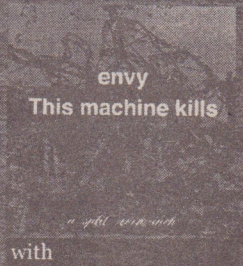

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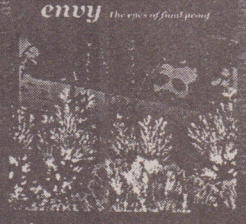

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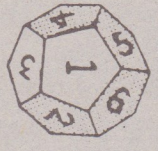

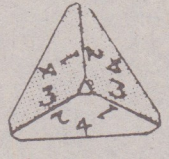

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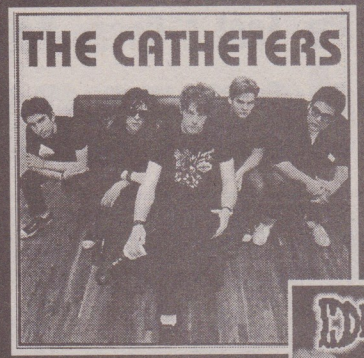

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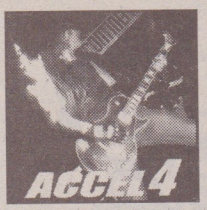

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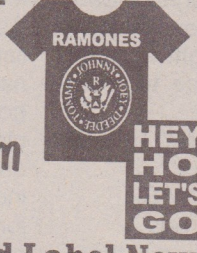

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Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

BARF O RAMA #13 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 22 pgs
This is too short for two bucks (unless you live in the Pacific Rim or something) but there is some good stuff. There's a good but sad story about the editor's friend who died of AIDS and a few cool puking stories. But overall only hardcore emetophiles would find this worth the money. (JM)
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BARK! #1 / $6/year
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 12 pgs
This is more manifesto than zine or even pamphlet, but the journey is worthwhile. The author travels through his answers as to why the world is in trouble (mostly ecological reasons). He travels past the effects of technology on people, right to the need for revolution. He names the revolution, using terms like Socialism and Anarchism. Big ideas. The only weakness (though it's possibly a strength) is that throughout *Bark!* he relies heavily on quotations from the big names in radical thought from the last century (from Marcuse to Mumford). (AR)
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BETTER OFF DEAD #1 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 40 pgs
For all you collector nerds out there, this is your zine. This zine contains articles focusing on a particular scene or band from punk rock history. The first issue has info on the Texas and New England/Boston scenes and the history of the Swedish band Problem. There is also an interview with Existential Vacuume record label. And to show it also has one foot in the present, there is a column about bands around today. Even if you aren't a collector, the in depth history of the subjects makes for an interesting read. (DS)
Tim Brooks / 6 Norton House / Mace Street / Roman Road / London E2 0ST England

BROADSIDE #11 / 3 stamps
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs
Punk influenced zine focusing on other types of music with emphasis on Detroit/Northern Ohio. Bios of local bands and a roots of punk centerfold. (DS)
47735 Fernwood / Box 15209 / Wixom, MI 48393

CARNAGE ASADA #1 / ?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Aside from the brilliantly obvious (or is that vice versa?) name, the editor of this fanzine has damn good taste in music, and can take great pictures of sXe bands doing jumpkicks (in one picture the singer's foot is like two inches away from the camera!). The majority of this is pictures of live bands (*good* pictures) and commentary on their performances, which was surprisingly more interesting than I'd expected. The rest is a bit on MK Ultra (the experiments, not the band) some columns, and a cool bit convincing people to be the worst they can possibly be. Pretty nifty. (RD)
1331 Kelp St / Oxnard, CA 93035

CHUMPIRE # 130 / stamp or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
A short good zine deserves a short good review. Like a letter not a zine. Good and personal. Music and travel. Erie, PA and Michigan. Just send a stamp. (CR)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

CLASS WAR #79 / $3
11 x 17 - offset - 14 pgs
There was some sort of shake-up at *Class War* HQ last year and things just haven't been the same since. Some of the wit and black humor seems to be gone, and it looks more and more like a boring party paper to me. The cover of this one doesn't feature violence, and most of the insides deal with matters solely of interest to those in the United Kingdom. Generally silly if you ask me. Bring back the bleeding coppers, I say! (SS)
London CW / PO Box 467 / London / E8 3QX / UK

COMETBUS #46 / $2.50
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 84 pgs
This is one of my favorite issues ever. Being a worker/owner myself, of a worker-owned grocery co-op, I appreciated the subject of this issue—the evolution and maintenance of the Dead End Cafe, a worker-owned cafe and pillar of community life. I can't decipher what is fabricated, exaggerated, or nonfictional in this zine, but I became really engrossed in the conversations/interviews with workers articulating their definitions of and relationships to the Dead End. I was actually able to hear the voices of the interviewees as I was reading, something that is difficult to convey as an interviewer/writer. (JL)
PO Box 4279 / Berkeley, CA 94704

COTTON FIST #10 / 30p+A3 SAE (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
CF has reviews of music, zines, and books, a few brief rants, and some animal rights activism updates. It's very cut and paste,with lots of handwritten stuff, but not hard to read. I tend to hate poetry, but the page of poems at least did not make me cringe. A good introduction if you want a resource on some European bands and zines. (NN)
32D, Greygates, Stillorgan Road, Stillorgan Co. Dublin, Ireland

DDDD #52 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
This is a very depressing British zine, dealing with alcoholism and breakups and disillusionment. Alongside that, we have an interview with Fidel Villeneuve (a guy who makes dance music), reviews of many bands I've never heard of, and some zine reviews. Old school and cut and paste, there is a likable essence in this if you are a grumpy oldster, or a cynical youngster, like many of us. Trades OK.(MJ)
Marleys / Minstead / Hants SO43 7FY / UK

DORIS #15 / $1.50 (or $1 and 2 stamps)
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
Ahhhh, this issue is sheer genius! Although with a title like "D.I.Y Anti-depression Guide" how could it not be? Tips on dealing with depression which are both informative and smile inducing (I swear just reading the first page will put you in a better mood—it worked for me!) Comics & stories on coffee freak outs, health insurance, masturbation and living the good life (just to name a few). Helpful herbs for those who don't drink coffee and for ridding yourself of a bladder infection. I could go on and on, but why don't you just get off your butt and order a copy for yourself? (KC)
PO Box 1734 / Ashland, NC 28802

DRAZILA & ANASTASIA #2 / stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Sloppy cut and paste, rants that go nowhere, lists of favorite things. Reminds me of things I wrote in high school: giddy and disjointed. I wanted to find something redeeming to mention, to at least acknowledge their effort, but I'm at a loss. (NN)
101 W 3rd St #302 / Duluth, MN 55806 / thirty-four-f-n-c@mailcity.com

THE EAST VILLAGE INKY #7 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 - copied - 40 pgs
I love this! Tiny, handwritten and cramped with text, this is just fabulous and the best thing I have come across in ages. Inky is the daughter of the creator, and in this issue she is growing up and about to get a baby brother, and the family has moved to Brooklyn. This issue also includes some movie reviews, great cartoons, and just a fabulous style. The spirit in here is amazing—somehow she is able to make the tiniest details interesting. It comes out four times a year (on a regular schedule, even) so go get it! (MJ)
122 Dean St / Brooklyn, NY 11201

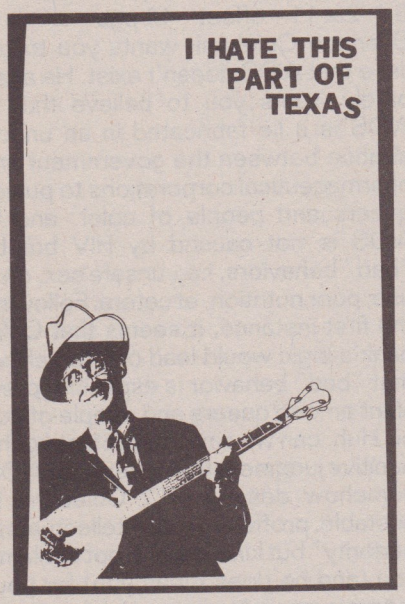
(EM) ZINE #14/ $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 73 pgs
This is the food issue of *(em) zine* and I gotta say I'm pretty impressed. I was expecting a pretty boring series of columns written by semi-literate punks about Ramen and Taco Bell, followed by a series of lame interviews where the bands answered a series of lame questions about

food. Instead, I was impressed by the depth and expansiveness of the writing. They cover a wide angle of food issues. The columns cover topics from mustard, to asparagus; bulimia to womens food issues, recipes and a food survey. There's a great interview with a school nutrition coordinator, a white trash cookbook author, and a restaurant owner. I can't speak for past or future issues, and the interviews and reviews didn't really excite me, but this issue was great. (CR)
PO Box 14728 / Portland, OR 97293-0728

FILTERLANES #1 / $2 ppd, trade
6 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
This writer claims to be 14. Pretty articulate! Really short mail interviews with Spazz, Avail, Krigshot, and locals Plain Sunset. Pieces on scouting and going on some cruise ship. Kind of simple, but still interesting, I'd love to hear more about Singapore! (GF)
Zu Boon / Robinson Road Post Office / PO Box 343 / Singapore 900643 / Singapore

FLASHPOINT #3 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
Shannon Colebank wants you to believe that AIDS doesn't exist. He alternately wants you to believe that a) AIDS is a lie fabricated in an unholy alliance between the government and pharmaceutical corporations to punish queers and people of color, and b) AIDS is not caused by HIV but by "bad" behaviors, i.e., unsafe sex, drug use, poor nutrition, et cetera. Following the first instance, it seems that Colebank's logic would lead one to believe that "bad" behavior is especially prevalent among queers and people of color. Huh, can we say, "perpetuating the punitive judgment that those with AIDS somehow deserve it"? Colebank is unstable, proffering his "intellectual superiority" but kind enough not to blame you (and he does mean you) for your moronic mentality (ruined by sugar and pop culture). Your various ailments (asthma, multiple sclerosis, whatever) do not exist, and your grandmother who is dying of cancer gets no sympathy from Colebank, because she should have known better. I'm not even joking. Meanwhile Colebank blatantly fakes articles from *Spin*, *Rolling Stone*, *The New York Times* and questionable "medical journals" to support his claims that AIDS doesn't exist. (The most obvious sign being the atrocious writing, too horrible to have *ever* passed an editor's desk. The second is the total lack of crediting—he doesn't cite authors, the issue number or year. Then I checked the on-line archives, thank you, just for good measure.) Colebank, purveyor of *Whizzbanger* as well, has been lurking around the "zine community" for years now. For some odd reason, he once sent me an incredibly abusive letter he wrote to a fifteen year-old riot grrrl in response to her zine. (Keep in mind that Colebank is in his forties.) When she reprints a print ad for some local pizza parlor—one featuring a bikini-clad model—and protests its sexism, Colebank chastises her for not taking a hard line against the parlor. He suggests she salt the lawn of the parlor owner and cut the brake wires of the pizza delivery truck (effectively ending the life of the hapless driver who is obviously to blame, right?). He then goes on to express his impatience with riot grrrl feminism, angrily writing that he is waiting by the door

with a guillotine, ready to bash some misogynists, but riot grrrl isn't delivering the goods. Um, okay, this doesn't bespeak "stability" to me. (MN)
PO Box 5591 / Portland, OR 97228



FSHUT STONCA #7 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 64 pgs - Polish
This zine covers mostly the hardcore side of punk with a good dose of anarchy. All the featured bands are Polish including Alians, Psychoneurosis, Veritas, Nard and Antichrist. Plus there is a short but sweet article attacking NATO and the fourth reich. This zine proves punk is alive and well in Poland. (HH)
Rafal Grodzicki / ul. Sloneczna 79 / 38-200 Jaslo / Poland

GET BENT / UNSHAVEN CHI #6 - #2 / $2
8 1/2 X 5 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
This is a double issue of comics by a guy name BenT. The first time I read his comics I didn't know what to think. They were geeky, but I dug them. Now I've come to appreciate his perspectives and stories, which I think have developed over the past six months. This is definitely the cleanest and best laid-out issue to date, but it didn't have candy or fun stuff like the other ones. *Unshaven Chi* is BenT's personal story of having his comics business fold and having to move in with his parents and shave his beard to work at Dominoes (in previous issues). This issue reveals that Dominoes now allows its drivers to have beards, in which case their may be no need for a zine about being unshaven. It also contains a rant on mediocrity in the media. *Get Bent* continues the story of a ska band being persecuted by the devil and ignored by the music industry. This installment is a tribute to Star Trek, in honor of DeForrest Kelly (and if you like comics and zines you're a big enough geek to know who that is) who died recently. It also has an aside on the movie *Trekkies*, which I've seen like six times in the past month. BenT, like me, sees the people in the movie and is thankful that is not what he became after a geeky childhood. It also has a well-done tribute to Don Martin of MAD fame. I think I liked this more than the other issues I've seen because I identified a lot more with being a geek than with being in my late thirties (I'm not old enough to drink). (BC)
PO Box 7273 / York, PA 17404 / bsteckler@netrax.net

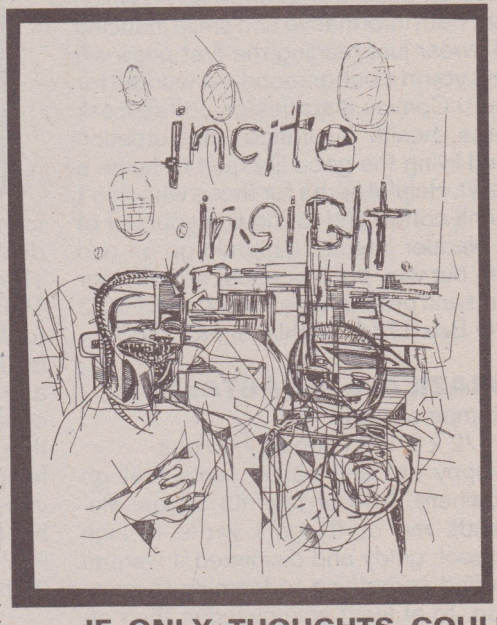
GET OFF MY LAWN #8 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A mixture of personal stories, scene stories, and political info on multi-colored paper comprise *Get Off My Lawn*. I'd say this is a must-read in Tulsa, OK and fairly interesting elsewhere. About half is devoted to Tulsa show reviews, Tulsa inside jokes, and an interview with a Tulsa band, which don't have much relevance to me. Some of the headlines go out of the way to make PC folks mad, but then the articles are about how the movie *The Beach* destroyed a beach in Thailand (which in all fairness was mentioned in the mainstream media), being vegetarian, suburban sprawl sucking, and overcoming Blink 182 addiction. Also has thorough, but few, zine and music reviews and an interview with the Sissies. It didn't have much I haven't heard before, but I still liked it. I guess I'd call this interesting but non-essential reading. (BC)
PMB 141 / 7107 S Yale Ave / Tulsa, OK 74136 / killmorecops@hotmail.com

GET ON THE STAGE #3 / $3
8 x 6 - offset - 120 pgs - Serbian
After getting punched on by the US military for 78 days one won't think such a well produced, good quality zine could be published from Serbia. Most of the bands featured are from the US as are the ads and record reviews. But there are loads of cool Yugoslavic zine reviews with great graphics. This zine may be primarily for the Yugoslav audience, but thanks to all the US labels for making contact with Serbia. (HH)
Vladimir Orescanin / Aleksandra Stojanovica 9 / 22300 Stara Pazova / Yugoslavia / stagezin@yahoo.com

HADES WORLD #5 / $1
8 x 6 - copied - 28 pgs - Dutch
The bands featured in this issue are Diesel Boy, Of No Avail, and the Dwarves. There is plenty of punk gossip and ads. Good reading if you like the Dutch scene.
Steltlopen 24 / 5683 LW Best / Holland / hadesworld@hotmail.com

HIGH HEELED SLUT #3 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
This Euro rag's got interviews with the Lewd, Safety Pins, Bad Preachers and tons and tons of well-written reviews focusing largely on the rock n roll side of the international punk rock community. Not bad, but I hoped for a little more. (SS)
Bozestraat 108 / 8501 Heule / Belgium

I DISAPPEAR #1 / postcard trade
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs
A personal zine that dares to ask Godstomper and Dystopia who killed JFK. Josh doesn't want your money, he just wants a postcard with a story for trade. Can't beat that, and this zine is curiously endearing with its teenage tales of punk rock whatever and cut-and-paste chaos. The run-on (sentences, that is) run-in with a McDonald's manager after a session in the plastic ball pen was (for lack of a better word) adorable, and there's nothing like dead mice in your sister's roll-away bed for accidental quirk. The question is not "why," but "why not?" (MN)
112 Vista Del Mar / Redondo Beach, CA 90277



IF ONLY THOUGHTS COULD KILL #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 18 pgs
This definitely seems like a first zine. I don't mean that in a snotty way, but it is very rough around the edges, choppy, and important enough to write about and share. This zine contains a story

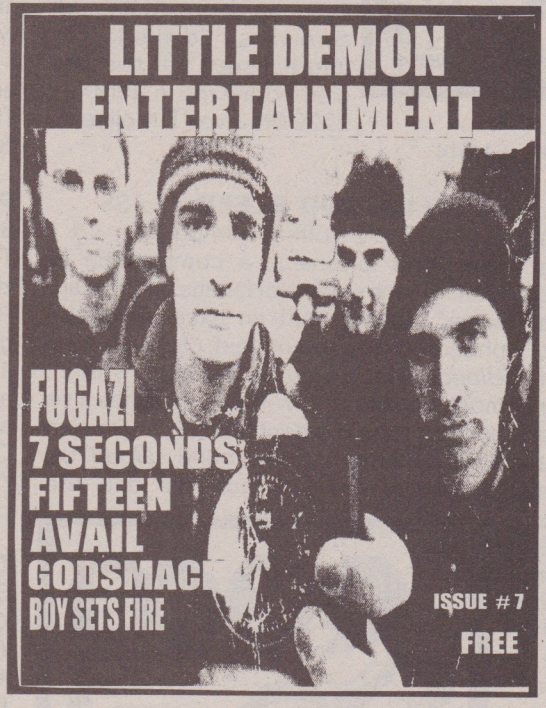
about setting a warehouse on fire, the state of punk rock, violence and some random graphics and comics that I don't really get the point of. Like I said, it is a first try. (JL)
9605 Deer Trail / Haslett, MI 48840

I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS / $1.50 (or stamps)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
One of those personal, rambling, emo, friendly zines that opens itself to you and gives you a big zine hug. Cool graphics, cool writing about life, wandering, moving, adventures, train tracks. You know the score. There are work and travel stories, and information on getting a vasectomy. Above average for this type of thing. (MD)
PO Box 251766 / Little Rock, AR 72225

IMAGINE #2 / $3
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 72 pgs
For serious anarchist political theorists who like their tracts straightforward, forthright and (er) thick, there's *Imagine*. I want to take this moment to ask why *so* many serious anarchist zines are laid out identically—blocks of text, text, and more text, with the occasional squared graphic popped in to break up the monotony? John is intent on dialoguing about "how to get there from here," engaging everyone from Howard Zinn to Noam Chomsky to Ursula LeGuin. Flaws? This is politics by the book. The very lengthy, somewhat orthodox, and not very innovative book. Moreover, John seems to boil all social injustice (no mention of cultural injustice, by the by) down to class and superstructure. Mind you, I didn't have time to read everything herein and frankly, my attention wandered, but I'm always rubbed the wrong way by the suggestion that racism is just unacknowledged class warfare. This always indicates to me a kind of critical laziness, or maybe myopic vision. Sincere, incredibly thorough, and obviously committed, I'm not moved but you might be. (MN)
PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507

IMPACT #26 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Whenever I get a submission from Florida, I get nervous. I hate that place, though some pretty freaky stuff does come out of there. This time, I didn't have to be scared. Impact is a pretty straightforward political zine. Apparently, it has a circulation of 12,000—pretty big. This issue contains articles on a wide range of topics, from censorship to John Rocker to rape shield laws and more. The articles are OK, but somehow failed to grab me. What bugs me is how they are "continued on page..." like a big magazine. That drives me nuts. There are an amazing amount of record reviews. The best thing is a short column for questions about HIV/AIDS. So, not bad, but not my favorite. (MJ)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd./ Orlando, FL 32817

INCITE INSIGHT #1 / $1 (stamps or trade)
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 36 pgs
A healthy (or maybe not, considering) dose of angst and existential prose is juxtaposed here with pen-and-ink drawings of the abstract, modernist sort. Justin indulges in vagueness, paranoid desires, estrangement, loneliness, musings on the nature of humanity, et cetera. The art, I like. The prose, eh. It's not that it's badly constructed, but the sentiments don't engage me, personally speaking. Some of you with more modernist literature leanings might enjoy this, though, and it's executed well enough to make it worth your dollar.(MN)
260 Forest Dr / Goleta, CA 93117



JESUS COME BACK #3 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Lots of photos of boys jumping around. Yawn. This is a hardcore zine featuring some decent interviews, a strong layout, and lots of pictures. The interviews are with What Happens Next?, Life's Halt, and Youngblood Records. There's also a Battalion of Saints "photo spread." Every article has a cross at the end of it, which made me wonder if there was some sort of subliminal Christian brainwashing thing going on. The zine is called *Jesus Come Back*, but there was no mention of Christianity within... so I'm not sure. Well, if you're a hardcore boy you'd probably dig this, because for what it is, it's well done. (MD)
4047 8th Ave #3 / San Diego, CA 92103

LITTLE DEMON ENTERTAINMENT #7 / Free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 22 pgs
I can't say there was anything in this zine that made me very happy. There's mediocre interviews with Avail, 7 Seconds, Godsmack, and Boy Sets Fire. A pretty crappy interview with Fugazi, and a boring one with Jeff Ott. I really wish interviewers wouldn't transcribe interviews verbatim. I don't need to read Jeff Ott say um, and like over and over again. And c'mon, isn't it time the people stop asking Ian MacKaye about straightedge?! There's also about five pages about rape that seems to be a reprint from a pamphlet by Tori Amos's anti-rape organization. The rape article left a bad taste in my mouth. There was no point of reference or authorship to it. I couldn't tell where it was coming from and how it related to the author. I also found it somewhat ironic that the zine editor chose to include these pages on rape in the same zine as an interview with Jeff Ott. (CR)
4238 Glenforest Way / Rosewell, GA 30075

MAYHAP #7 / 55¢ ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I actually received numbers 7 and 8 but I will condense my reviews into one since both zines were similar in many respects. This zine revolves around anarchist politics, current events that are significant to the author, personal stories about friends and travel, and fiction. Overall, this zine is thoughtful, if not incredibly original. Zine number seven and much of eight, was focused on the WTO protests and experiences of anarchists in Seattle. One weakness of this zine was that it tended to oversimplify issues, summing up the cause of all oppression and evil in one word, concept, or catch phrase. But, like I said, this zine is thoughtful and engaging. A few words of advice for the next issues: don't drink Mickey's and most of all, don't write about drinking Mickey's. (JL)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

MOTION SICKNESS #9 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
This music zine rocks! This is the "punks

over 30" issue (although, you know, *MRR* did this years ago, isn't it time for a Punks Over 40 zine?). Very cool idea. My only complaint is that the interviews were done in a form letter style (everyone was asked the same questions)—but this is still way cool. The interviews are with Capitalist Casualties, Cynthia Connolly, *Probe* zine, Loudmouths, Al Quint, the Buzzcocks, Slap a Ham records and way more—not just bands, which is also cool. As someone getting closer to 30 rapidly, it was nice to hear what all these people who have been involved in punk for a long time have to say. To round things off, there are tons of reviews covering a decent variety of music. Two thumbs up! (MD)
PO Box 24277 / St. Louis, MO / 63130

OH LORD... #1 / $1 (or trade)
4 1/4 x 5 1/4 - copied - 20 pgs
This is filled with short rants and weird, Vermiform-style illustrations. There's talk of child rearing, discipline, and abuse—both in her own upbringing and in raising her kids—and some Christianity vs. hardcore stuff (hardcore wins). I'd like to see future issues but this one didn't draw me in. (JM)
2222 6th Ave / E Moline, IL 61244

NO LONGER BLIND / UNIFIED FURY #0 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
As with most split zines, I can't help comparing the two with each other. The *No Longer Blind* half was great. This issue contains a series of interviews with zines including *Slug & Lettuce, Maximumrocknroll,* and a couple of hardcore zines. I like zines (believe it or not) and thought it was cool to see a zine focus strictly on what different zines are all about. *United Fury*, on the other hand was not as interesting. There's some pretty well-worn politics on environmentalism, rape, and the ever-so-cute Amnesty International, a couple of interviews and reviews. Both zines come from the world of hardcore, and do a decent job of covering the music, zines, and politics around them. You could always send away for this and tear it in half. (CR)
74 Gladstone Ave / Wollongong, NSW / 2500 / Australia

NOODS #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 42 pgs
Reading this was like reading someone's diary, if someone has a diary laid out on Victoria's Secret ads with a Betty Page cover. Jeana reflects on finishing high school and moving out of her parents' house. What's neat is that it was written over a period of several months, so in the intro she's not quite done, in the middle she's on spring break, at the beginning of summer she doesn't know what she'll do, and in the end she moves to Edmonton with her best friends. Mainly, it wasn't written looking back on the past six months, it was written during the past six months, which ads to the sincerity and insecurity she expresses. *Noods* is a well-written and compelling personal zine that is neither self-conscious nor self-righteous. (BC)
10967-72 Ave / Edmonton AB / T6G-0B1 Canada

OPEN UP AND BLEED #7 / $5
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 44 pgs
The word fanzine is a combination of "fan" (which stands for fanatic), and "magazine". If you want an example of the phenomenon, I'd suggest *Open Up And Bleed.* This is one of the best written, most engaging new music fanzines I've come across in recent memory. Focusing on the classic punk sound, *Open Up* interviews Thee Headcoats and the Buzzcocks as well as an article on record collecting, a review of the new Sex Pistols movie and the best article on *A Clockwork Orange* I've ever read in a fanzine. This is great stuff. Get it. (SS)
9a Priory Villas / Colney Hatch Ln / London / N11 3DB / UK

THE PRESSED PRESS #4 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
This zine is very silly, which makes sense, since the theme announced in the intro was celebrating immaturity and silliness. Thumbing through it, I predicted this zine to be extremely annoying. I was wrong. This zine was full of lots of entertaining tidbits, in addition to several interviews. *The Pressed Press* talked with Cave In, Page 99, Muckafurgason, Errortype 11, Spazz, Saves the Day, and Himsa. There are also articles about the radio show produced by *The Pressed Press*, a freaky toilet, a surprise from GG Allin, and a road trip to mention a few. This was a solid zine that did not disappoint. I actually felt motivated to read the entire issue. (JL)
The Pressed Press / PO Box 1650 / Beltsville, MD 20704

PROMENADE #9 / $3
8 x 6 - copied - 56 pgs - Swedish
There are three band interviews in this zine, Wildcat Strike, Backpockets and Projekt Barrikad. The zine also has a good balance between music and politics. There are record reviews, but no ads. The interesting reading of the zine are the short columns by Fredrik. (HH)
Osterlanggatan 65, 3tr / 503 37 boras / Sweden / promenadefanzine@hotmail.com

QECE #11 / $3
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 56 pgs
Question Everything, Challenge Everything, out of Pennsylvania has been around for a while now, but this is the first I've seen of it, unfortunately. It pricks at your intrigue with a thousand questions, some of them good ones. These are the premise of the zine, and they are scattered throughout articles, rants, and streams of consciousness questioning topics from marriage to bottled water to *Star Wars*. Analyzing your own culture's current myths is a challenging task, for sure—and this attempt isn't as loopy as it may sound; though sometimes surreal, it's an engaging read. (AC)
406 Main St #3C / Collegeville, PA 19426, qece@yahoo.com

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #14 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 92 pgs
Over the last few years of its existence, *RITH* has turned into quite a force to be reckoned with; its latest issue clocks in

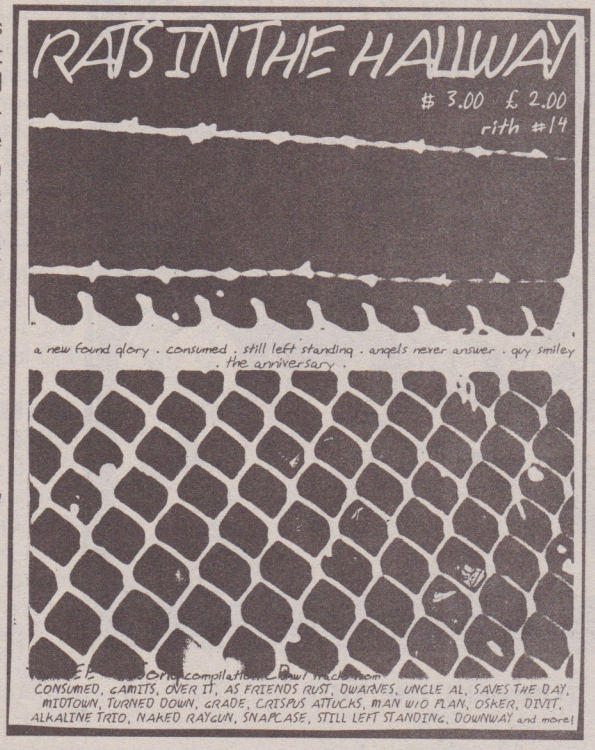
with a whopping 92 pages and a 29-song CD sampler with the likes of the Dwarves, Naked Raygun and Alkaline Trio. The reviews, musings and interviews (Consumed, Angels Never Answer, Guy Smiley and The Anniversary) are all exquisitely laid out and well conceived. These guys seem like they can only go up. (RD)
PO Box 7151 / Boulder, CO 80306

REJECTED BAND NAMES #4 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
I have mixed feelings about this one. There's some solid stuff in here, like the twelve-page review section from the Alternative Press Expo—an excellent selection of zines you may never have heard of, including ordering tips for first timers. Weird death stories, rejected band names, contact woes, a trip to Scotland in the throes of lust and the analysis of the emotional aftermath—I liked all of these bits. I guess the combination of a "fat chick" comic and the excessive use of the *word* "chick" in the piece entitled "A Little Bit More to Hold Onto" rubbed me the wrong way. I don't know, maybe I'm too sensitive, but I still find the usage of "chick" very demeaning when describing a woman. So it goes. Who knows, maybe you'll feel differently. (KC)
PO Box 13838 / Berkeley, CA 94704

RIEN A' FOUTRE #1 / 50¢
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs
Don't be alarmed, this isn't a zine in French, just a zine by a French person. It's a small zine of thoughts and acknowledgements of other female artists. Also includes a very sparse travel diary. Ok read, could grow into something more interesting. (DS)
PO Box 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

SCHUELL #K/ $2
6 1/2 x 9 1/2 - offset - 64 pgs
I love the size of this! Unfortunately, the mechanics of this music zine outshine the content. Interviews with The Ataris, Dynamite Boy, The Workin' Stiffs. This zine is good, and written well, it just falls into that all too common rut of looking better than it reads. When the ad rate page that comes with it looks this good, I start to lose interest... (GF)
PO Box 4663 / Lafayette, IN 47903

SNAPSHOT #6 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Pretty depressing journal type entries, some comics and photos. I enjoyed the feeling behind a lot of this, but found most of it to be too brief. If you want to make a zine exposing yourself and your feelings, I think you have to go into it a bit more... (GF)
4956 Kester Ave Apt 6 / Sherman Oaks, CA 91403



STANDING #3 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Well it is a little thin for two bucks, but there's a lot of great material inside. I liked the news column a lot, and wish it had been longer and more detailed. There a lot of writing about the WTO protests, some well-done reviews, and a few other pieces I also found interesting. If you've got two bucks to spare, I say "hell yeah" for *Standing*. (JM)
5265 University Way NE #177 / Seattle, WA 98105

SUBVERSIVE THOUGHT #4 / $1
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 20 pgs
For starters, the composition of this zine is quite odd—each page is one-sided and stapled to the front or back of white stock paper. Strange, and certainly neither economical nor ecological. The zine itself is pretty standard fare, with anti-everything rants on school, columns on how to pick up chicks, and a critical (if not myopic) overview of punk today. This general burn-it-down-and-piss-on-it philosophy is all wrapped up in a cover depicting someone on the toilet and a cartoon punker chucking a molotov cocktail. You get the idea. (RD)
PO Box 706 / Evans, GA 30809

SUMMER'S OVER #3 / 2 stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Judging by the note inside, I thought this zine would be stupid and obnoxious, and parts of it were, but overall it was good. The longest article was about how cars are a pain in the ass, which I liked more than I would a preachy bicycle diatribe. The fake advice column and a barely readable free verse poem sucked hard, while the short pieces about living at the Y and drinking coffee were really good. I was most surprised when I read the interview with Reverend Norb all the way through, since interviews usually drive me to tears. Basically the writers of this zine have some pretty cool stuff to say, but also some really stupid shit to say, and not a lot in between. I guess you can't judge a zine by the note that reads in part and for no apparent reason "poop: it's in your nose" and "suck my clit, please," which I think was written by a guy. Also includes reviews and some political stuff, including info about a memorial fund for Brian Deneke, slain punk. (BC)
101 W 3rd St #302 / Duluth, MN 55806 / meanpeoplerock@mailcity.com

TEENAGE UNDERGROUND #3 / $1 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Man, is this painful. Here at the Maxi-pad we don't throw around terms like "worse than Hitler" often, but this hurts. Crudely scrawled rants on the writer's generation, even more crude cartoons all invariably revolving around farts (or things reasonably close, e.g: poop, vomit, septic tank water), all over a terribly helter-skelter cut'n'paste layout. Avoid like the plague. (RD)
2 Tinkham Glenn / Wilbraham, MA 01095

10 THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW #22 / $3 N America, $5 world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs
If you've never seen this zine before (which I hadn't), here's the rundown: letters, columns, interviews, photo spreads, music, zine, and porn (video) reviews, and scene reports; largely focused on the Northwest; with a respectable distribution. This issue had lots of good WTO protest photos. The scene reports were extensive—from

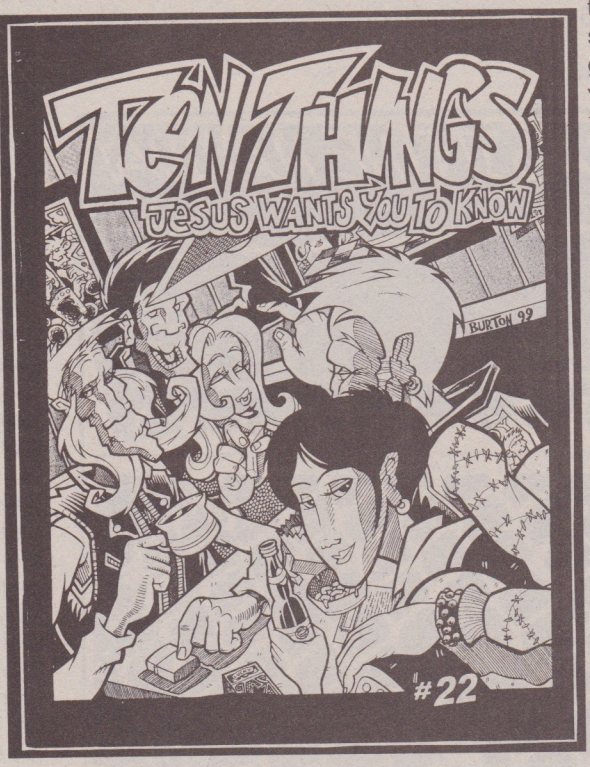
all over the Northwest. I'd like to see hot, half-naked guys in addition to the sections with hot, half-naked girls. (NN)
PMB #192, 8315 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #45 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
This zine is heavy on reviews of shows, and also has interviews (Star Death, Bubba Factor, a terse interview with Sleater-Kinney), record reviews, zine reviews, a less-than-incisive rant on police brutality, and a difficult-to-follow prom story written more than a decade after the fact. Despite some good ingredients, the trouble with this zine is that it's too dry. The writing is dispassionate, and frustratingly full of typos — the editor needs to edit, or at least use spell-check. My favorite part was the ads: DIY stuff, independent publishers, etc. If that's the best thing about the zine, you get the idea.... (NN)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO / 65205-0329 / ttwn@hotmail.com

THROW THAT BOTTLE AND LET ME SHOOT AT IT #1 / 50¢
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
A rival trend to the personal zine is the personal comic book. As opposed to an exploration of an interesting person explored stylistically, a comic usually relies on a certain amount of talent. *TTBALMSAI* attempts to explore personal issues through the storytelling (and short) medium of the comic book. The caveat is that there are actually no drawings within the pages. What this really means is that you have a comic book with no comics, a personal zine with no style, and snippets of life in Alabama. (AR)
223 Ford Ct #3, Auburn, AL 36830

TOO MUCH INFORMATION #2 / $1 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
A quick, fairly sloppy read about a road trip, some inside jokes, school, and writing a couple of articles for the UMass Dartmouth's newspaper...oh yeah, and being surprised that there were a thousand kids at a Suicide Machines show. (KC)
PO Box 915 / Hyannis, MA 02601

TOXIC FLYER FANZINE #29 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
This is the image that I have in mind of Baltimore, made real. Interviews with Jeff Dahl, Gwar, the Trash Brats, Supersuckers, and Other Star People, an assload of reviews (and yes, that is a precise number), some show reviews, and just a punk-rock-fuck-you aesthetic. You know you want it. (AR)
PO Box 39158, Baltimore, MD 21212



TURNING THE TIDE vol. 13 # 1 / 4 issues for $15
11 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
Heck, I always like *TTT*. This time I read about the history of welfare in the US, some opinions on the census, a long interview with Leonard Peltier, and what David Duke, William Pierce, and Pennsylvania homophobes are up to. In this issue they say that if people don't subscribe, the next issue will not come out—they need people to subsidize all the free copies they give away. (JM)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232-1055
98115

VENUS #6 / $3.25
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 52 pgs
I really wanted to like this zine devoted to women in music. There are some cool interviews with Le Tigre, Tara Jane O'Neil (Rodan), Jen Wood, Jennifer Herrema (Royal Trux), Cake Like and other women musicians. My main beef is that it's very "acoustic-girl" focused and too indie rather than punk, if you know what I mean. I would just say it's an OK read, but kind of bland, and not as revolutionary as the idea behind it. (MD)
420 Indiana St / Vallejo, CA 94590

WOMEN'S TESTIMONIES OF HERBAL ABORTION #1 / free
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 24 pgs
As you may have gathered from the title, this is a collection of personal experiences involving herbal abortions. The stories have been compiled from around the world and the author plans to make this an ongoing project, with subsequent issues coming out as she gathers more submissions. This is very well written, and is not intended to promote or prescribe recipes or remedies, but rather as a tool for self education and communication. Each account in here varies greatly in describing the usage of herbs, the effect of various herbs on the body, the emotional state of the writers and (ultimately) the end results. A very powerful read...I highly recommend it. The editor says it's free, but be nice and send some stamps if you can! (KC)
PO Box 2971 / Oakland, CA 94609

WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO ZINE DISTRIBUTORS #4 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
This cover says "self-descriptions of 150 distributors from 29 countries." That pretty much sums it up. When I looked at this, I could only think about how much effort this person put into this project. There is also listings for zine libraries, info-shops and other resources. Pretty darn amazing. (DS)
P.O. Box 5591 / Portland, OR 97228

MORE LISTINGS

CLITTY LITTER #? / $1
Free zine about feminism, animal rights, hunting, mullets, billboard activism.
454 Aber Hall / Missoula, MT 59801

HECTIC WORLD MAGAZINE #3 / $1
This zine has almost no substance. Orangetree and Boy Sets Fire interviews and record reviews.
PO Box 199 / Clawson, MI 48017

SNEUS SUBJEX #29 / free
Truly trashy and DIY coverage of all the CPR (Cincinnati Punk Rock) fit to print. About ten pages of coverage of the nastiest, rawest bands (think if the Electric Eels and the Epileptix put out a fanzine) and you've got *Neus Subjex*.
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018

NOTENGEZETER #8 / 2 DM
This German-language zine is a scrappy (in a good way) effort, with a sense of humor and a lot of energy. Dumbell's tour diary (in English) of the Eastern European countries makes for a good read. Sorry, kids, I can't find their address.

Nosedive is a synthesis of art, history, and revolution. It's about finding hidden resistance history and celebrating the underground present. It's not clean or slick at all, and it's not about music. It's a labor of love and research, time spent in libraries, on the bus, biking around, building stuff and tearing it down, writing, cutting linoleum prints, and drawing comics. It's about Portland and New Orleans and travels, one part of life not being separate from any other part, and it's got bits by lots of different folks. Nosedive is a zine more people should read. Plus it's fun to watch Icky silkscreen, copy, collate and staple large quantities of it, disheveled and high on coffee. This interview was conducted rather spastically with Nosedive's creator Icky Apparatus on the roof of the warehouse where we live in New Orleans. It's hard to interview someone you spend so much time with and to ask questions you think you already know the answers to. Questions drummed up and tripped over by Brice.

iNOSEDIVE!

This is gonna be painful...

MRR: I'm sitting here with Icky ApparatusIcky does Nosedive, it's a zine, and you are on issue nine now. When did you start?

Icky: Umm... 1992

MRR: So what's that, almost one a year?

I: Yah, the first three I did in in the first year and I don't really know what's happened since then.

MRR: What was the initial impetus?

I: I guess I was around a lot of people doing music, and I didn't play anything, but I was doing a lot of art for bands, making posters and graphics and stuff, I liked zines a lot, that was a big part of it. I was dating a girl and I thought it would be a good activity to do together

MRR: So the first issues were a team effort?

I: No things kinda went downhill, so I just did it myself.

MRR: The most obvious thing I notice is the art - mostly your own art. What role do you think art has in Nosedive? Is it an outlet that you don't have otherwise?

I: No, not really, because I don't think it's terribly hard to find an outlet, but it has been one way of disciplining myself to keep doing stuff, especially a lot of the writing and thinking. The art has never been hard to do and I like putting it in the zine... I have no desire to be a part of the gallery art scene, that's a really depressing world... art is about trying to express something or communicate, and when things are in a painted white gallery it's nasty. When I've seen friends stuff in that kind of setting it's weird, it's so sterile and hoity, it's like seeing a friend in a hospital. It makes me feel small and seperate, which sucks. But I've never thought of being an 'artist' or anything like that. When I was a teenager, I maybe had thought of myself as artsy or creative or I was at least attracted to it, but I never took art classes. One of the ways I started doing art, which is a way a lot of punk kids started doing art, is by doodling in high school when you were bored (which was pretty often.) After high school I started making flyers and I became a poster boy for the X-ray [Portland all ages club], I did that for three years. I was going around town putting up a lot of posters every week, some that I'd made so ... there is a different appraoch to art when you are doing things like that, it's disposable or it can be thrown away. It's not as serious; it can be more experimental or more playful. When I started doing the zine it had a lot of the same values for me. I liked making posters and I liked constructing things on paper, putting stuff together and seeing how it looks.

MRR: When I read Nosedive now I see it as a synthesis of art, history, radical politics and contributions from your friends, right? Instead of seperate parts I see it as more of an attempt at trying to make a whole.

I: That's probably true. I have an idea of how zines can be and it's not just writing or art, or whatever... it has a fairly open format, but it is fairly unique. Especially in punk, zines are more of an expression of a community. I think they are a good medium for looking into issues or things that the music can't, they're good for recording our history beyond anthems or slogans. The zines that I like a lot have a few different voices, and an aesthetic of some sort that matches those voices.

MRR: Nosedive has a lot of Portland pride- do you wanna talk about that...or your relationship to Portland?

I: I'm in New Orleans, I've been here the last 2 and a half years, so I'm actively pursuing a non relationship with Portland right now, but Portland is where I grew up, and I think I was lucky for that. There was a pretty healthy supportive environment around being a freak or a weirdo and there wasn't much of an idea of success, so it was a pretty easy place to start doing a zine. There also wasn't the hype and bullshit there until much more recently. I think with how things worked out in the norhwest with grunge, and riot grrl and then with punk on the west coast all these things gave me tons of input but also made me really treasure keeping things underground.

So there was that and the other thing that was really important about Portland was that the neighborhood that I grew up in, that I really didn't like while I was growing up, I grew to love a lot and really kind of identify with. That neighborhood became really heavily gentrified. It was like this avalanche that you could see coming and you were totally helpless.

MRR: In Portland, when you began to see these things happen did you feel like other people in the community you were in saw that as well?

I: Yes, there were a lot of people... we talked about it a lot, but there weren't many people I knew trying to deal with it. Some people, I guess the older punks, were dealing with it on a very local, very personal level ... how you relate to your neighbors, how you relate to your block, how you relate to your neighborhood. And that's a really good start, looking at the immediate & the real personal, and that's definately something that I still work on constantly. My friends were very open people, very vocal, and until then I'd never really heard white people talk about race honestly & non-academically, unless they were racists. Those people had a huge impact on how I began to understand things, but I don't think there was much vision about how things could move beyond just your personal actions. They were really cynical about organized politics, or maybe just about political people and I was also really cynical about "political" things, but I hadn't really ever been involved with anything either. It felt like we were stuck and powerless and that was really frustrating for a lot of people, including myself, so I tried to think of something I could do. I

started researching, and I started doing a poster project about all of this, and I organized a show that was supposed to be about history, but it was kind of these underlying themes of gentrification and our community and trying to tie us into a larger world, trying to radicalize ourselves and our scene. 'Cause I think we come from a very empowering place, or at least my involvement has been that way for me. We can make thousands of copies for free, or we know how to lay out a poster, we can feed forty people on a building occupation with 3 dollars and food from a dumpster. There's a desire to strive forward. We know that

it's good to yell and it's ok to be mad, and breaking stuff sometimes is fun. We are good scrappers and bullshit detectors, I think we have a wariness of dogma and jargon. And punk and DIY gave me room to deal with my voice and my opinions and be honest. This is what I got at least. And I think if this community can continue to deal with politics outside of a specifically punk area, we can do a lot and we have a lot of important skills.

MRR: In the context of you getting to that point personally, you did all this stuff and then you moved right?

I: I was having a hard time with things changing and with things moving in a way that I thought was negative and I was also having a hard time leaving. So doing all these Portland related projects was defineately a closure.

MRR: What kind of role did your zine have with all this?

I: Well, it wasn't anything too thought out. I was kind of a wreck; I was pretty depressed and excited at the same time for one thing. The winter was starting, I quit drinking, I decided to be celibate and I didn't have anywhere to live. I went to libraries all the time, and I started figuring out how to use research libraries and the city archives. I had an increasing obsession with the idea of gentrification, with the idea of capitalism and its kind of suburban style death culture, with racism and classism and feeling like I was right in the middle of it all. There was something about just being frustrated and bitter, I knew it was a dead end. So I was trying to find a way out of it. There were other people around me who did zines, Pete who does Dishwasher and Moe who does Xtra Tuf, who were tying their own issues and ideas into a larger historical context. The first time I saw something like that was in a Cometbus about kind of old west figures of old San Francisco. I remember reading those and thinking they were really fascinating. I knew a lot about weird Portland history. At the time I was thinking of weird Portland punk history, like noisey art punk history, and there were some amazing stories that I knew from being friends and acquaintances with a lot of the people from that scene that I thought would just be lost. And I didn't want that to happen because the kind of weirdness and fucked uppedness and quirkiness of Portland was the thing that was being paved over and repainted. Top 40 bands like Everclear had these bullshit songs like 'Portland Girl' or whatever. The New Bad Things kids and I used to make fun of those people, we said they were living the 'Portland dream', like nice vintage bikes, fancy old cars, 50s clothing, sunglasses. Ugh! I hated those people,

and I felt like they were the people who were profiting off of the gentrification of our scene and our neighborhood. It sucked, but I ended up seeing those people as less important in the big picture, that those hipsters and us, we were pawns in this much larger history. I found some documents at the library about development and a history of development plans in NE Portland. And it spelled out a longer process to the gentrification of NE Portland, that it was really heavily tied into race & class, and had been brewing in Portland ever since WW II when a large population of black people came to Portland to work in the shipyards. And I think it is a process that has happened in probably almost every larger city in the US, neighborhoods are isolated that are predominantly African American & poor. They are heavily policed. Commercial areas in those neighborhoods get torn up to put up freeways. There are preferential zoning and real estate practices. There are things like the CIA helping fund and operate drug-running throughout the 70s and 80s. FBI harassment, oppression, and assasination of radical people especially people of color in the late 60s and through out the 70s, Then Reagan began pulling tons of money out of social services and public housing in the 80s. All these things contribute to these neighborhoods being very poor, very bleak, and very desperate. I'm sure that by the mid 70s and definitely by the 80s that it was apparent that there were these huge tracts of land that were very central and ripe for any money to come in and do whatever they want. So I was getting into that and then with the rest of that issue I thought I'd try and connect some of the radical history I knew. I knew a little about the IWW, and I knew there'd been race riots in NE, and I knew, shit not really much else actually. I started calling people, and I began to figure how to do research, which is a fairly basic process, but I had never had to do it before.

MRR: Do you feel like you have a role in telling history or in documenting alternative history?

I: Yeah, I do think there is a need for that history. I have been really influenced by radical historians that I'd ended reading right after I did all this. People like Howard Zinn or Meredith Tax or Eduardo Galeano, who I think are real committed to doing what they might call a people's history,

meaning you look at what's been done and what's been done to you, you look at things honestly and not heroically. And it's not just a history of defeat or successes, but it's a history of what is possible and of what people did at times that were equally as dormant or apathetic or oppressive. People did some crazy shit and organized in ways that were truly amazing and very daring. I think knowing history and applying it can be really powerful. There's a lot of interest in this type of stuff, but it doesn't amount to much yet.

MRR: You have a distinct kind of graphic style where did that come from?

I: Well, when I was 20 I went and worked for my friend Kathy who put out an underground newspaper called Snipehunt and she taught me tons about lay-out. Then there were other folks like Sean Tejaratchi who does Craphound zine, and my friend Scott Gregory who taught me how to print. All three of these people had been involved with underground music and made beautiful posters and did layout in the paper, and all had a real strong bold graphic sense. I think that was a real big influence on me. Kathy also worked at a bookstore and had all these crazy art books and I devoured all of those. My favorites were these two big books on Alexander Rodchenko and Varvara Stepanova, who were a husband and wife graphics team in Russian in the 20s. I really liked their posters, some of which are pretty famous, like the one of the woman yelling "books" through a bullhorn, the one that the Ex used on that 7" series. I'd seen that before and I liked communist style art, I liked socialist realist boldness and that sense of style and their kind of surreal quality. But I really liked the constructivist stuff, and really tried to emulate it, and I stole a lot from it. I got real into it and read a lot of the writings and I realized that I totally disagreed with a lot of their conclusions about art, cause they had these ideas about the supremacy of straight lines and machinery and the absence of emotion. I see their posters and art as being super strong & emotional, and as opposed to a lot of Stalinist and socialist realist art it's not very dogmatic or cheesy. They were really celebratory of people and of the revolution that they lived through. That had a huge influence.

MRR: You used the term "you stole" and you're always kind of stealing style in the way that everyone is always stealing style and adding their own thing. You do this art that is really, as you said, decentralized and cheap or free so the question here is how is that different...

I: I guess the thing that was so powerful to me about those people's art was that they were like me, they were making posters. And I think I was trying to say this before, when you do art on a mass scale, your art is temporary or disposable. When you do art for posters or shows or when you are out just trying to peddle your own zine, you're keeping things very real, you are dealing with the fact that the things you do are gonna be covered over, ignored, and it's not even a big deal, it's gonna sit out in the rain, or people will tear it down and one of the best things that can happen is that someone will tack it up in their room. I think it's an attempt to have a healthy attitude about something that a lot of people take too seriously.

MRR: Well, the one thing I think about in contrast to all that is the amount of time you put into all your stuff, not just in the text, but you print or screen a lot of your stuff too...

I: Well, like with those Russians, they thought that they were doing this art for the people or for the revolution and I don't claim to be doing anything that worldly, I don't think art is sacred, but I do think that it should be more prevalent anywhere you go, and that it's not hard to put a little extra effort in to make things nicer. More people should do it.

MRR: If anyone picks up Nosedive, they will see almost an entire lack of computer use

I: One thing about that is that we don't have a decent computer or a printer where we live, so to do stuff by computer would not be easy. Two, I think a lot of computer art and computery layout is really ugly and sterile. I like the things that I do to be intricate, but I also like that the process is visible, I like things to be transparent. Like I try to be open to errors happening and seeing how it goes from there, and also things like tape marks can show, or having a border made of duct tape.... I also think that that aesthetic can be really easily faked to show authenticity. I want to make things that look pretty or bold or make them look the way I see them but I also want to show the steps in the process.

MRR: You use a lot of insect imagery, and things like the parasiticism manifesto which was in the last issue, where did that come from?

I: The insect imagery comes from two places, one from my friend Scott who collects dead things and insects and he does a lot of insect art and he taught me how to print. And also I ended up working at an environmental education program for Portland Public Schools and one of things I would do there is hang out by a swamp all afternoon and have 6th graders ask me questions about freshwater insects. I was trying to understand what being a sentient being like an insect would really be like, and it's really weird. There is something about them that is really appealing to me, they are complete utilitarians. There's not a lot of excess with their biology. And along the same lines parasiticism was a concept I was real into and shared a real enthusiasm for with my friend Moe. She was gonna do a zine called Parasite and it was gonna be an inch thick and it was gonna be an insert to be tacked on to various zines in the margins, you know parasitically. The first zine was gonna be Sty zine but Moe never did it, so Sty zine came out with big margins and I printed the parasitism manifesto in Nosedive. The idea was there and I still kinda believe in it, of being a parasite on this country, less of the idea of trying to change things and more of the idea of living extravagantly off the shit and blood and garbage of this society. When I'm in a bad mood that's how I feel... but I think if you're acting only parasitically, it's really ineffectual, it seems really simplistic and spoiled.

MRR: There's usually one thing hand done on every copy... how many of your zine do you usually print up?

I: This one is at about 200, not really very many, I sell them mostly by hand... this one is the smallest print run yet, there isn't much of zine infrastructure or network or even interest here in New Orleans. The gentrification zine has had the largest so far, 600. I go through distributors; I gotta work on that more.

Get in touch.

Nosedive is $2 ppd. or trade. Also will do print trades with other printmaking punks.

Icky
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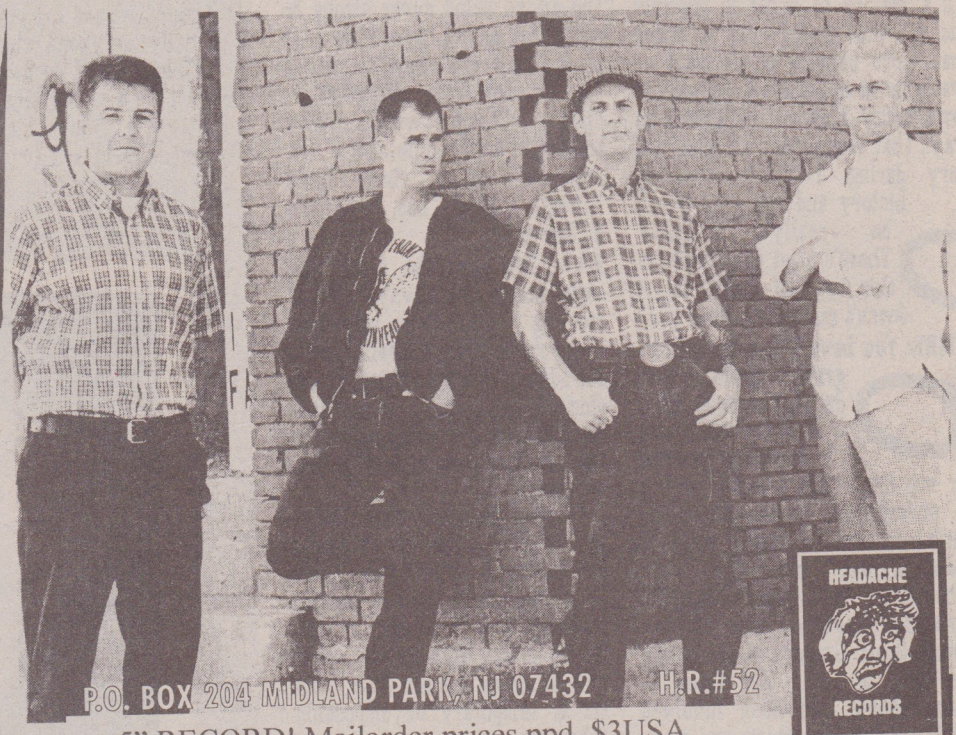

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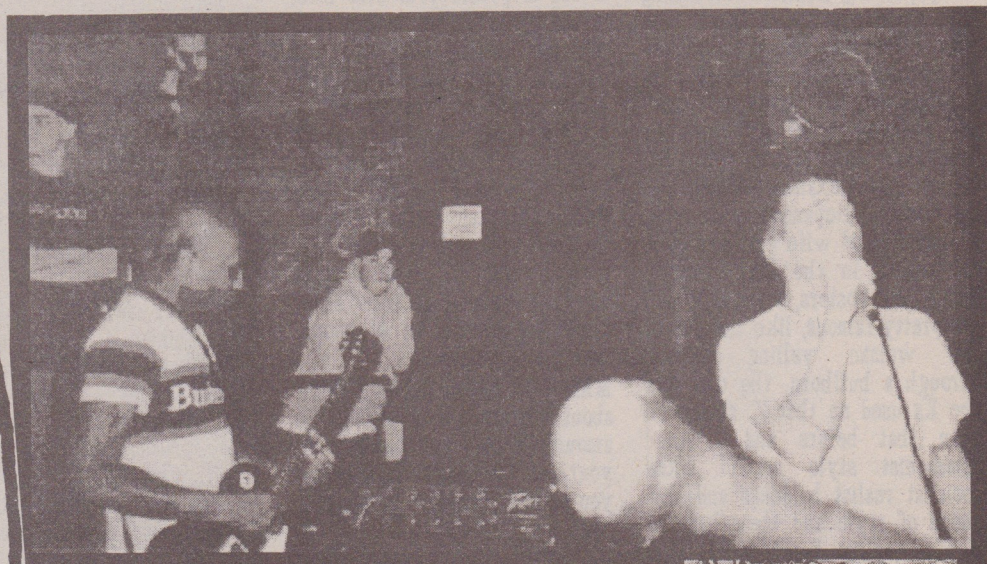

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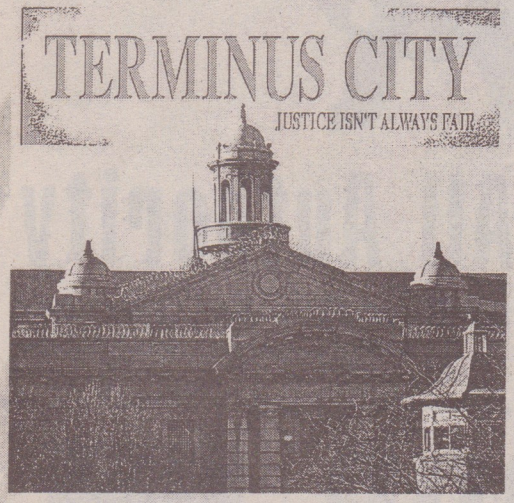

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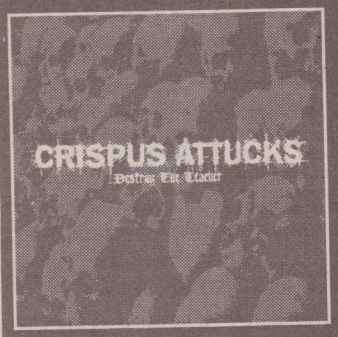

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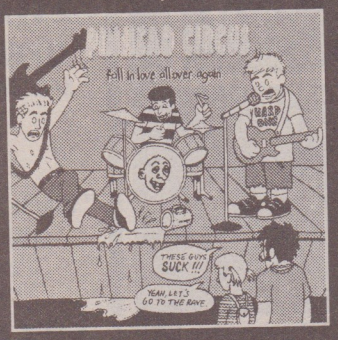

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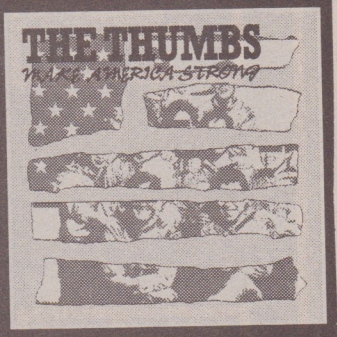

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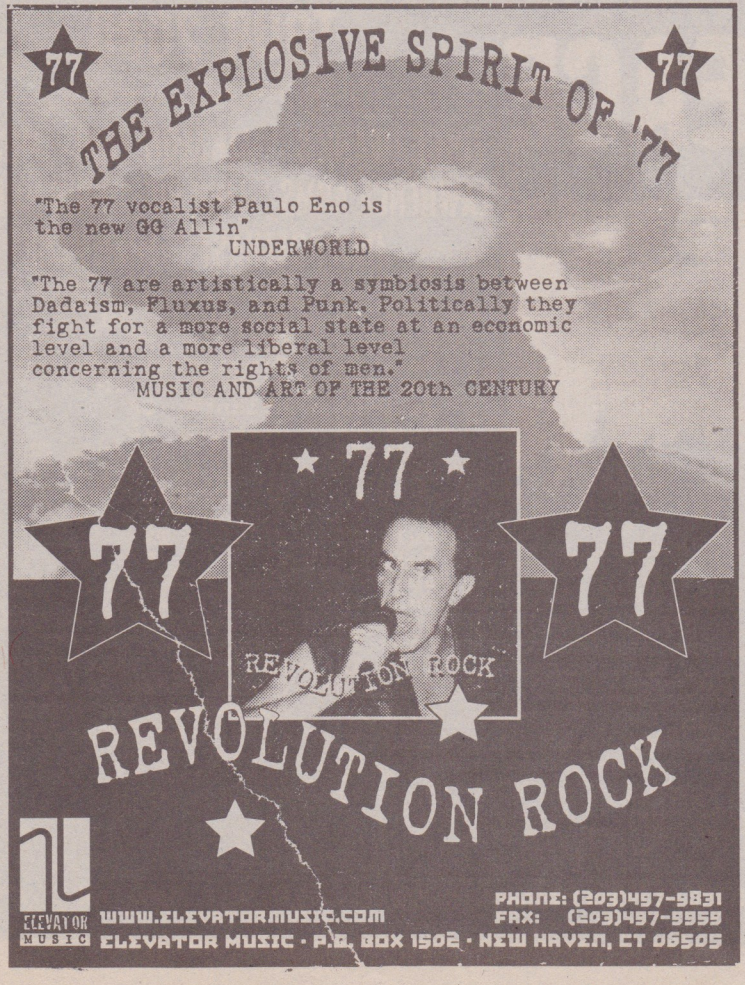

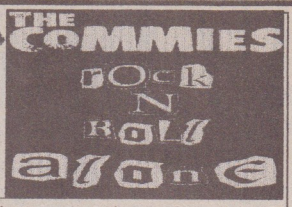

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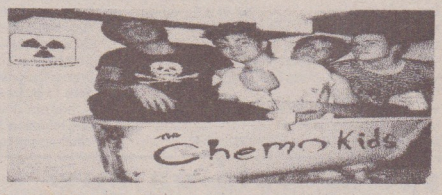

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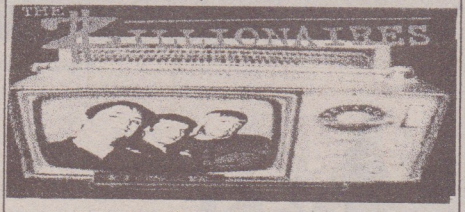

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june

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CHARLES BRONSON	Double CD	This is the thing you've been waiting for - check that video! Awesome - move quick, limited quantity.	625/Evil Noise	2xCD	12.00
CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS		Reissue of the First Ep - '400 Fascists'. Classic moment in furious brutal and raw European hardcore. Essential stuff.	dunno	EP	2.75
CRISPUS ATTUCKS	Destroy the Teacher	Return to the old school - basic, straignt on hardcore without distractions - rough and raw stuff - hella catchy	Soda Jerk	LP/CD	8./11.
CROSSED OUT	1990-1993	The definitive collection - 47 tracks proper sound quality - EP split 5 split EP demo's and so forth - still the best	Slap A Ham	LP/CD	7.50/11.
DAMAD	Burning Cold	Ken called it 'metallic fury...hypnotic rhythms thundering destructo-core'. Whoa - accurate by me - great Pushead art	Prank	LP/CD	7.50/9.
DEATHREAT	Severing of the Last	Everything you hoped it would be - large gatefold cover, short and sweet songs continue their onslaught	Partners in Crime	LP	9.00
DYSTOPIA	Aftermath	Necessary collection CD - all of the splits, comps and so forth - awesome Dystopia quality as you know it	Life is Abuse	CD	10.00
FEAR IS THE PATH TO THE DARKSIDE		Stack (Germ) members pump out a wall of noise attack - sporatic without relief, engagin European hardcore	625/Scorched	EP	3.75
FISHSTICKS	Disko	I've been waiting! Discography comp - 31 tracks from this great LA hardcore band - humor speed impact. Top dog.	Theologian	CD	12.00
POINT OF FEW	Beneath the Surface	Another smoking release from these Dutch hardcore heros - ten songsgreat layout high energy. Excellent stuff.	Coalition	EP	3.25
HIS HERO IS GONE	The Plot Sickens	Amazing stuff - their latest and perhaps last. Color gatefold package questioning and prodding music and life again	Ne Vous Laissez	LP	8.50
MEANWHILE	Same Shit	New Millen. Another 18 track blast from these Swedish veterans - thundering Discharge 'simpler + faster' angle.	Sound Pollution	LP/CD	7.50/9.
V/A ACURSED / FALLOUT		Great split LP - top notch Swedish hardcore meet one of the best from down under - raging stuff all around	Putrid Filth	LP	11.00
V/A BAD MUSIC FOR BAD PEOPLE		Great comp of current day East Coast Legends - Drop Dead/Ag Nosebleed/Converge/In My Eyes/Grief etc etc	Trash Art	CD	9.50
V/A COALITION AGAINST SHANE / THOR		Pretty funny stuff - Thor is everything you'd think he'd be - ridiculous - COS rage on similiar to their CD - furious.	Carmichael	CD	9.00
V/A CRY OF SOUL		Sure to move quick - limited Japanese comp with Crow Selfish Final Bombsand an unreleased His Hero is Gone trk	Crow Records	EP	4.50
V/A DOUBLE DOSE OF DICKS		C. Bronson/Killers/MK Ultra/Trepan Nation/Eucharist - great double EP - 16 songs total - long out of print	Disgruntled	2xEP	6.75
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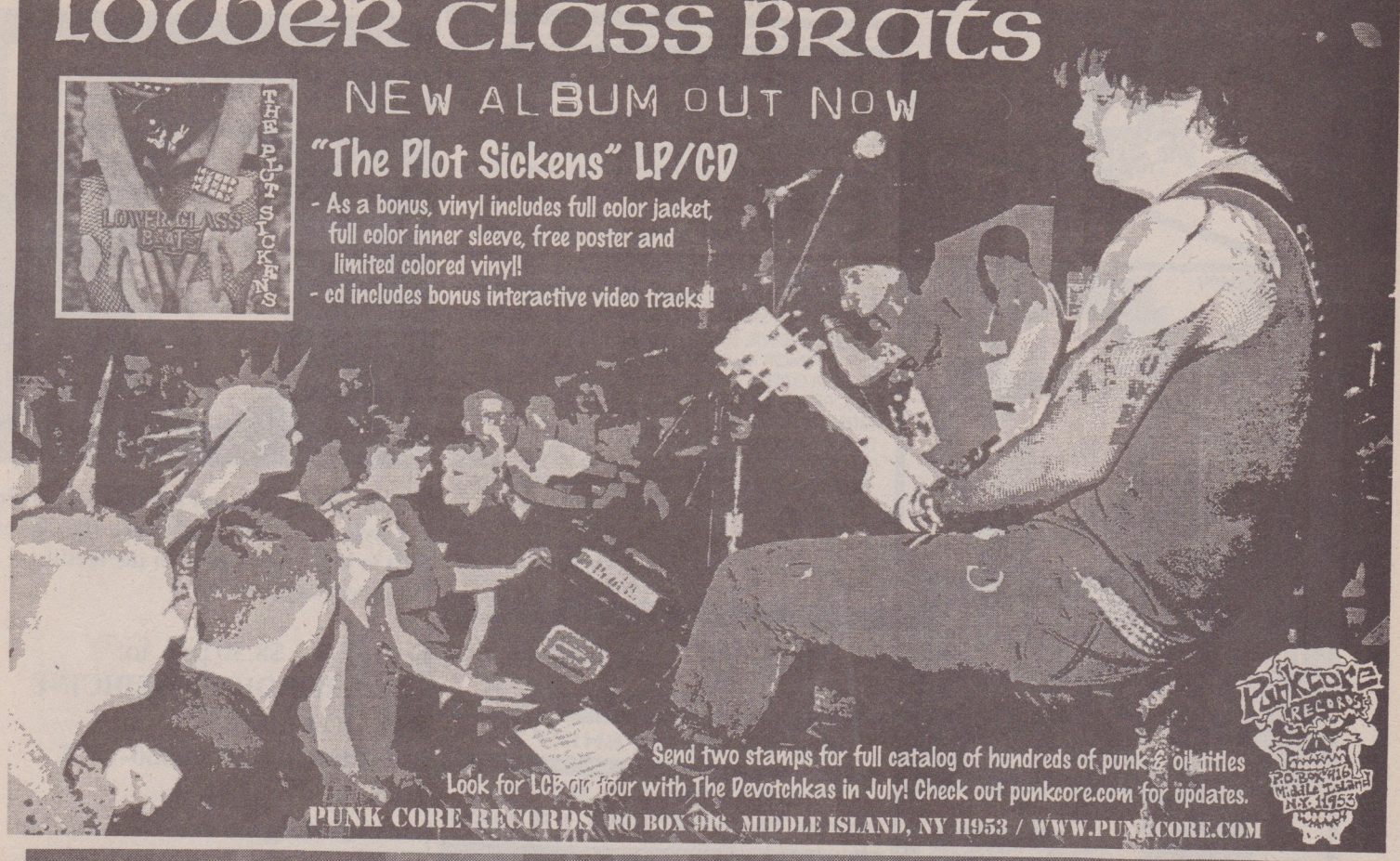

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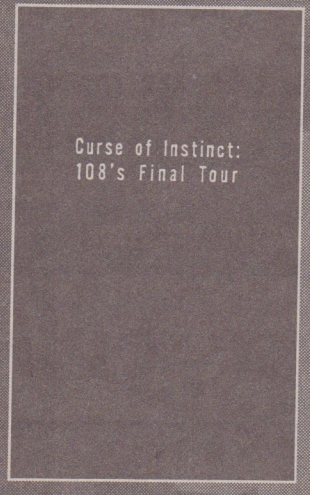

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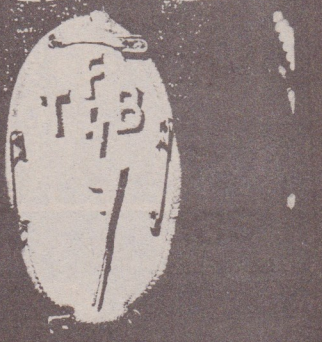

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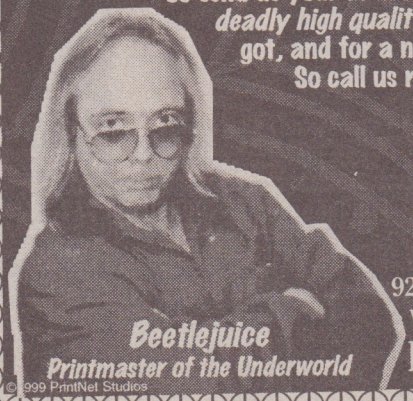

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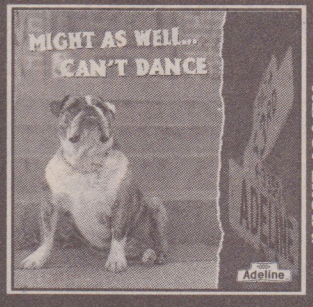

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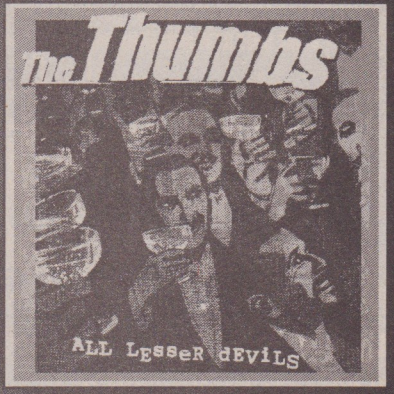

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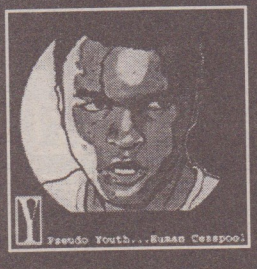

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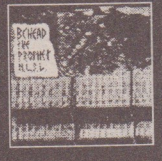

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL classifieds

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. I can't tell you how scared I feel when I see an ad that begins "16 year old girl running away from home needs places to crash..."

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DE-MO-ZI-NE is a flyer-zine dedicated to reviewing international Punk/Crust/HC/Thrash?Grind/ etc. tapes and vinyl. Each label or individual that contributes gets multiple copies of the zine to distribute. The coming issues will be sectioned off into easy to read categories, with the best releases of each issue highlighted. Demozine is a subsidiary of Nomansland, a new label that's focused on D.I.Y. band's in need of recognition. Be heard. Send your contributions to: Demozine/504 1/2 West Marshall St./Richmond VA 23220/USA.

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PHILADELPHIA, PENN is where I'm moving to in late August. I'm a songwriter/guitarist (and vocals) in a hardcore-punk band in England. influences=Kid Dynamite, Hot Water Music and Ensign. If you want to start a band or will show me around/go to gigs please write; Sam Preston (age 18), 72 Madeira Ave., Worthing, Sussex BN112NE, England or sam_preston88@hotmail. com.

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